

LEATHERNECK

•
MAGAZINE
OF
THE
UNITED
STATES
MARINES
•



PRICE 25c

• ANNIVERSARY EDITION •

NOVEMBER 1941



MARJORIE WOODWORTH
 Chesterfield's Girl of the Month
 in the Hal Roach hit
 "All-American Co-ed"
 a United Artists Release

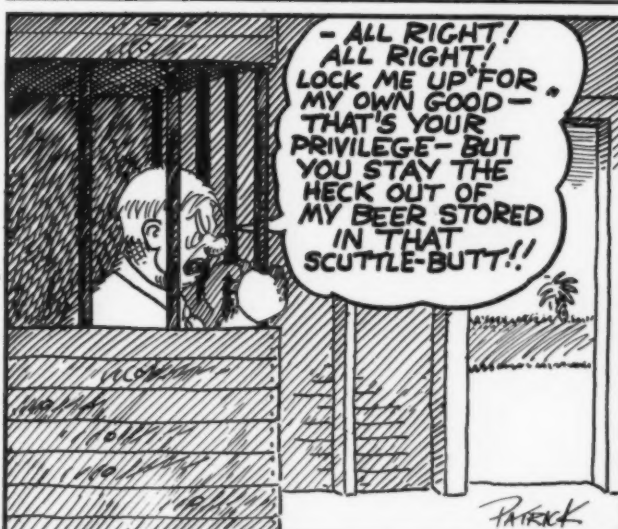
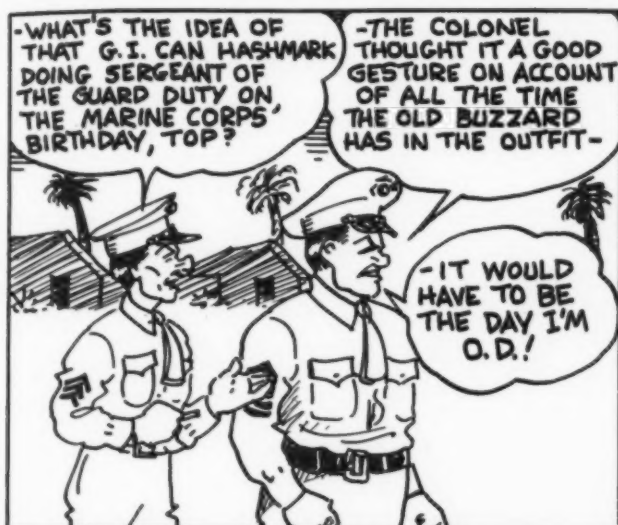
Let's Celebrate **IT'S CHESTERFIELD**

*Pass around the Chesterfields and
 it's pleasure time for everybody . . . smoking
 pleasure that only the right combination of
 the world's best cigarette tobaccos can give you.*

*Chesterfields make good friends . . . they're
 milder, definitely better-tasting and cooler-smok-
 ing. Everybody who smokes them likes them.*

They Satisfy





WONDERS OF AMERICA

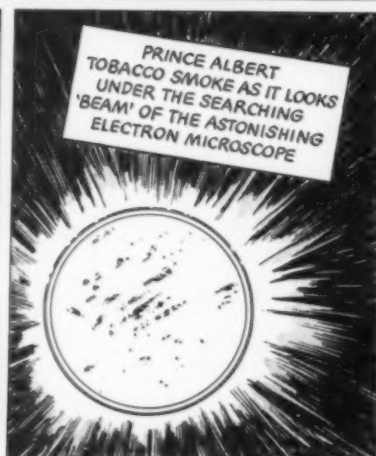
World's Mightiest "Eye"!



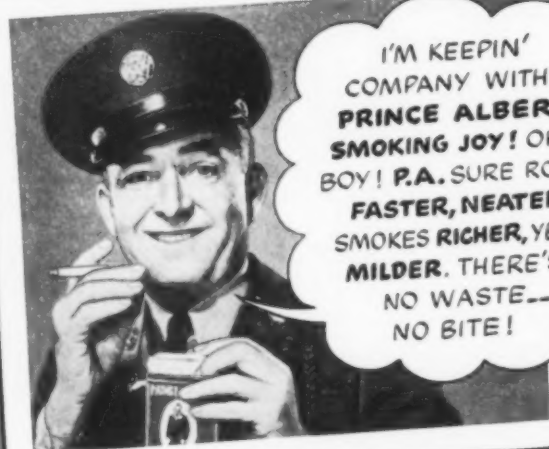
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED — **COOLEST OF ALL!**



B. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



I'M KEEPIN' COMPANY WITH PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING JOY! OH, BOY! P.A. SURE ROLLS FASTER, NEATER... SMOKES RICHER, YET Milder. THERE'S NO WASTE... NO BITE!



PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy tin of Prince Albert

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert



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SHEAFFER'S

THE STANDOUT IN QUALITY PENS



A

The exclusive Sheaffer "Over-riding" U.S. Service clip...rides lower in pocket than others, conforms to all service requirements.

B

The exclusive Sheaffer non-bulge, end-to-end streamlining...eliminates bulge when pocket flap is buttoned.

C

Identify the *Lifetime* pen by the White Dot. It's guaranteed for the life of its owner...In service and out, it's your pen for life.

D

Full-length Skrip visibility (or warning-to-refill in lever models)...no need to be stranded without writing fluid supply.

E

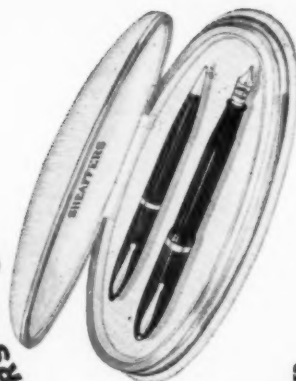
Sheaffer's large capacity, one-stroke filling and flushing action...keeps the pen in prime condition.

F

The exclusive Sheaffer Platinum-in-the-Slit Feather-touch point...Writes smooth as oil.



GET LETTERS BACK
GIVE SHEAFFER'S



ALL ADD UP TO MAKE THIS YOUR GIFT TO GIVE OR GET

Here's a Service man's idea of the perfect set of writing tools to own or give. Read the U.S. Service features above, then make up your mind to get one for yourself and those most dear on your gift list. W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.—Fort Madison, Iowa.

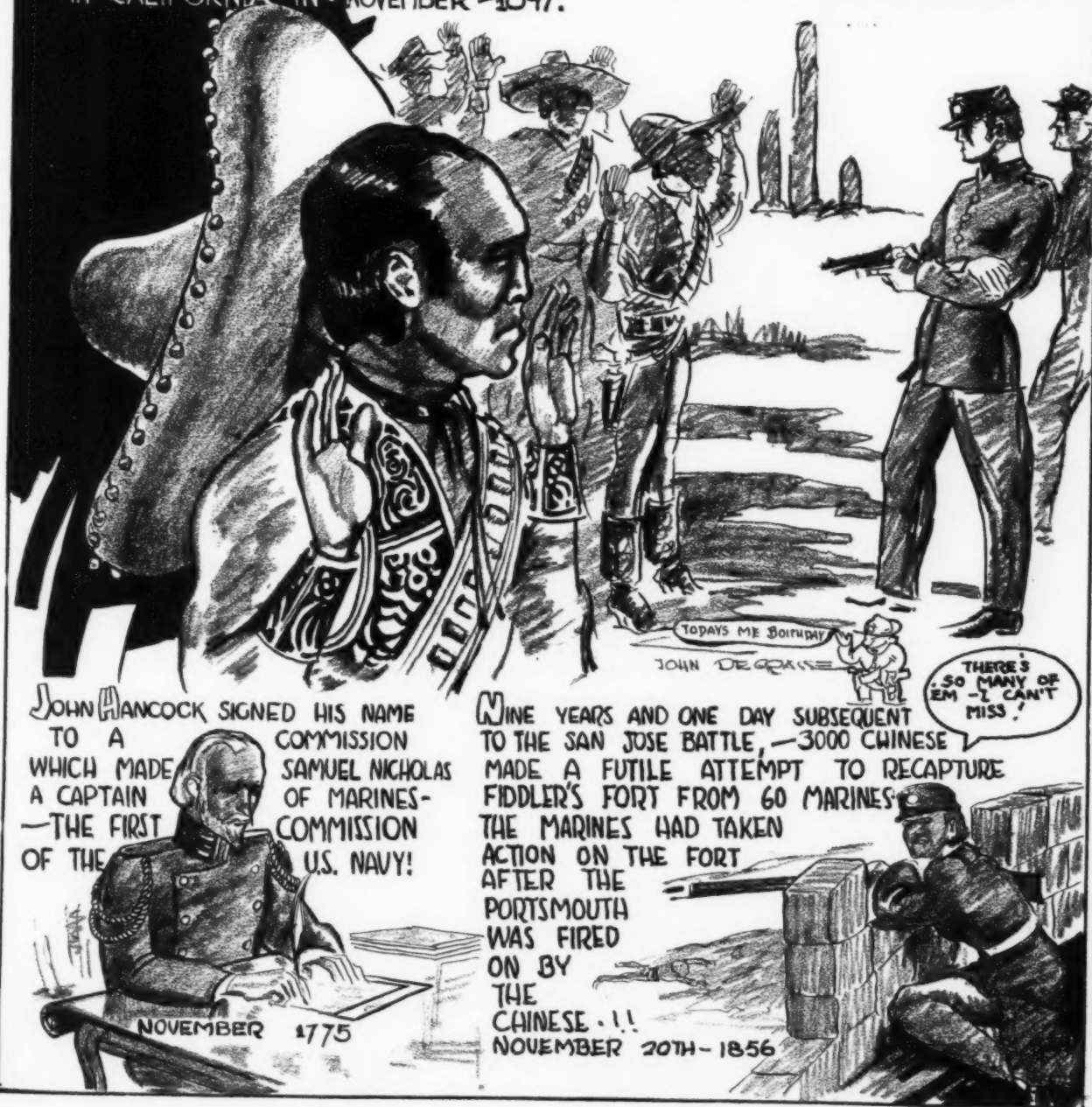
*All *Lifetime* pens are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the owner except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c.

THE FINEST IS NONE TOO
GOOD FOR "HER." SWEET-
HEART, WIFE, SISTER, MOTHER

You'll get letters back when you send her this handsomely cased Lady Sheaffer set with civilian clip. And don't forget—Sheaffer's *Lifetime* means, "My sentiment is the lifelong kind."

LEATHERNECK TRADITIONS

SAN JOSE - AND TWENTY MARINES! SEVEN AND A HALF TO ONE — TWENTY MARINES OVERWHELMED 150 MEXICAN REBELS IN A REVOLT IN CALIFORNIA IN NOVEMBER - 1847.



TOWARD A NEW



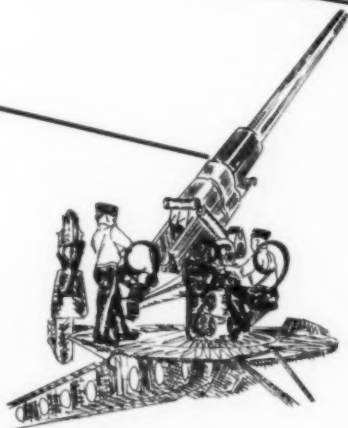
Bearing borrowed arms, wearing nondescript clothes, the Marine of 1775 was a far cry from the trim, snappy leatherneck of today. But his huge muzzle-loading musket, in his skillful hands, began the tradition of marksmanship that has been carried on to the present day.



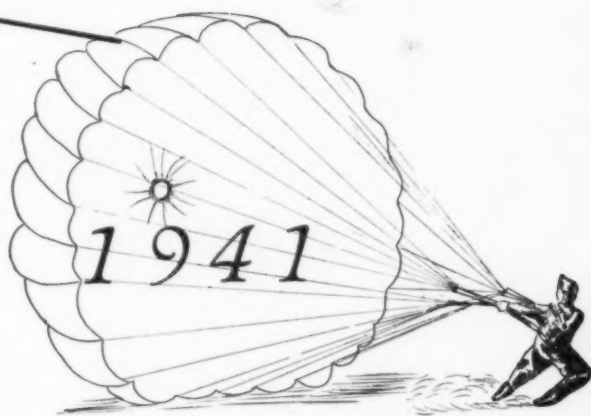
Hardy, inexperienced, the 1918 Marine, by his flaming courage, his *Esprit de Corps* carried the battle to the enemy and stemmed the tide of the onrushing German hordes at Belleau Wood, Chateau Thierry, and other blood fields of France.

- - - ON LAND, - - - SEA, - - - AND IN

NEW ORDER OF WARFARE - - -



Carrying his rifle eye to the anti-aircraft guns of the crack Defense Battalions, our 1939 Marine mans the far-flung chain of outposts encircling the United States, where he will be the first to meet the enemy, and keep our shores inviolate.



"First to Fight" is epitomized to the nth degree by the rugged, cocky Parachute troops of the 1941 Marines, who will fly off to meet the enemy on his own ground, reaping confusion and defeat to the enemy behind his own lines.



ND IN THE AIR - - -



JUMPING GYRENESES

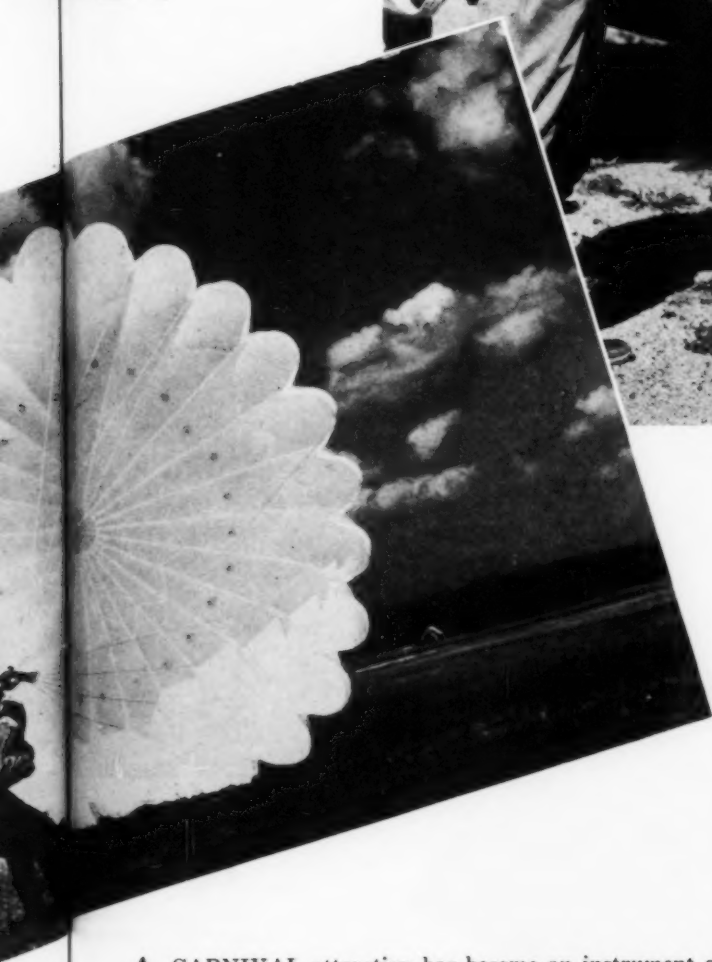
By
PAT DENSMAN



THE LEATHERNECK



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A CARNIVAL attraction has become an instrument of sudden death in the hands of the master practitioners moulding the course of modern warfare.

The "Oh's" and "Ah's" emitted as a daredevil parachuted to safety after a delayed descent have turned to gasps of despair today as heavily armed, superbly trained

men plummet to the ground behind impregnable bastions of defense, bringing disaster.

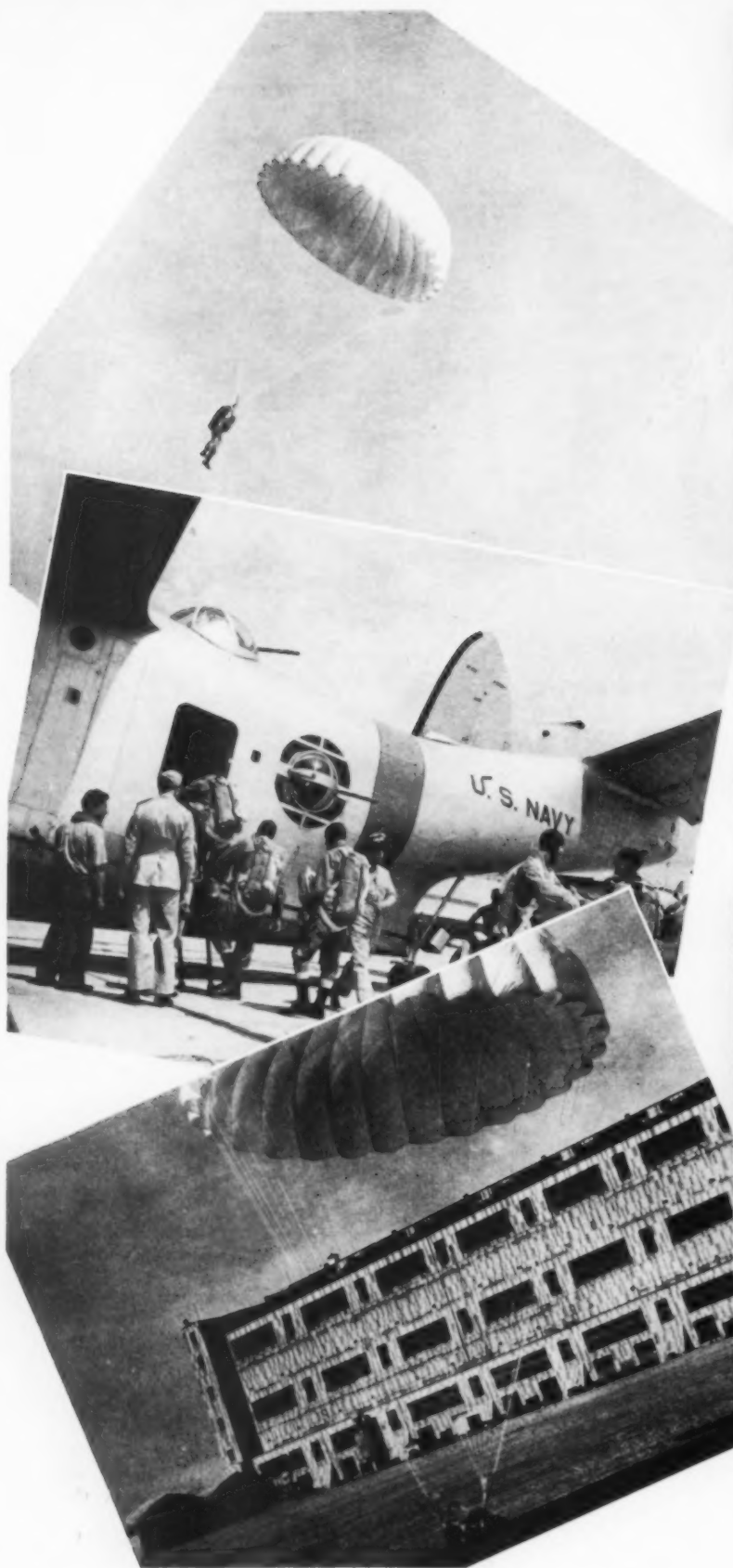
Since September 1930 when Hitler's mechanized juggernaut began to roll, the value of the paratrooper in this day of lightning war has been proven over and over.

Dutch airports, barracks, and forces covering bridges were subjected to intense bombardment by the German air force on the morning of May 10, 1940. German parachute troops attacked Waalhaven, the chief airport at Rotterdam, and soon were master of the field.

At the same time parachutists and air infantry arrived at the great Moerdijk bridge in time to prevent its destruction by the Dutch. Other parachutists took the bridge at Dordrecht. The Dutch vainly counter-attacked at all points. Their inundated canals, their forward defense positions were inviolate, still stubbornly held against the "Wehermacht" but the Germans had seized vital links in the chain of communications from the Fortress that was Holland to Belgium and to the allied forces that were then pushing northward. The ultimate result you know.

This startling, ingenious use of the silken canopy as a means to open up staunchly held defense works has been the hallmark of the victorious progress of the Nazi war machine.

The paratroops also succeeded where sea-borne troops failed in the taking of the island fortress of Crete.



★ ★ ★
 Marines of the 2nd White Batt
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THE LEATHERNECK



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2nd White Battalion demon-
strates parachute dropping in the enemy
★
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November, 1941



A mass jump by Marine parachutists

What about the parachutists in our own country?

The biggest surprise of the recent army war games in Louisiana was the work of the 127 paratroops deposited by the Blue army behind the Red army lines. By agreement all were to surrender, if not captured, 20 hours after landing. When the time limit expired, more than half of them were still on the loose, slashing wire and generally playing havoc with Red communications.

To relate on the work of the Marine Corps parachutists it is necessary to go back a few months.

Forty tough and heavily armed young gentlemen of the Marine Corps almost disrupted the maneuvers of some 17,000 soldiers of the Forty-fourth Division, as they staged a surprise parachute attack on a military airport in the Army's new Caroline County maneuver area near Fredericksburg, Va., July 29.



Dropping from the skies in three groups of 10, 10 and 20 men, the Marines landed safely while the soldiers looked up in amazement at the unexpected touch of blitz warfare. It was the first major use of 'chute troops in U. S. maneuvers.

Staff cars and umpires' cars started arriving at the airport, where the 119th Observation Squadron is based. Colonels, majors, and captains jumped out and wanted to know what was happening. No one knew just who the parachutists were fighting for, or with, or what.

The Marines, however, weren't interested in the fraternal warfare of the Forty-fourth Division. They were just making a test landing to determine how effective their parachute training has been. Soldiers of the Forty-fourth Division seemed relieved when told their sham campaigns were not jeopardized by the unscheduled attack.

Capt. Robert A. Williams, commander of Company A of the Semond Parachute Battalion, was the first to step out into 750 feet of thin air over the Nottingham (Va.) Airport, which had been designated the objective of the paratroops.

As a big Douglas transport plane, marked with the Marine Corps insignia, roared over the field, a door opened and the captain stepped out. It was his thirteenth jump, but he's not superstitious!

Forty seconds later he had landed. Less than a second after he stepped off, a brilliant blue parachute came tumbling down—the "cargo" chute which in time of war would have carried "Tommy guns," automatic rifles, grenades, ammunition and other lethal supplies for the 'chutists.



Next, in less than nine seconds nine other men stepped out, all landing within a few feet of their commander, each armed with pistol and grenades.

Then a second transport roared over the field, and 10 more men dropped to earth.

The real thrill came as two more transports droned over the field and 20 men leaped at the same time.

A thunderstorm was making up, and as the men jumped the wind increased in velocity and suddenly shifted about 90 degrees, sending the men spinning toward a forest off to one side of the airport.

Ambulances raced across the field, as several men narrowly missed landing in the trees. But all came down safely except one, Corporal Carl Grover, whose chute fouled in a tree and left him dangling about 10 feet in the air.

All of the paratroops wore a uniform that has been modeled after that used by the German 'chutists, a knee-length overall and a new type of crash helmet.

A Marine 'chutist carries plenty of equipment. On his right hip is a .45 caliber automatic pistol, and on his left a pouch for grenades. On the left breast is another container for extra pistol ammunition.

On his chest he carries a spare parachute, in case the regular 'chute does not open. On his back is another container for emergency rations and more ammunition.

And on the left side is perhaps his most vital tool, a knife with a spring blade, so he can cut himself free from the 'chute shrouds if he should be entangled.

While the men jumped from 750 feet, in combat they would probably leap from around 300, putting them on the ground in just five seconds.

A week following the Virginia jump the peace of the North Carolina countryside betrayed completely the deadly

purpose of a D C-5 which was winging its way through the sky, carrying in its aluminum maw one dozen living bombs of sabotage. These living bombs were the parachute troopers of Company "B," 1st Parachute Battalion.

The work of these winged saboteurs was comparatively easy that day. After their departure from Mitchell Field, New Bern, N. C., they bailed out and landed at the proper field. Two of the non-combatants collected the parachutes, the remaining 10 dividing into three patrols under the central control of the Battalion Commander.

Patrol one swooped down on lines of communication; patrol two also cut communication lines and rounded up stragglers, interrupting them in their movements, while patrol three snipped communication lines, and captured many Army and Marine trucks, rendering them useless and leaving them in such a way as to block all traffic and troop movements along the road.



The patrols were eventually captured. The very nature of their work in addition to their small numbers could allow for no other alternative. The work accomplished in crippling the communication, water, and food channels, stalling any large-scale offensives planned by the "enemy" made the mission a complete success.

The first group of Marines to be trained as parachutists was assembled at Lakehurst in October, 1940. It consisted of Second Lieutenants Walter S. Osipoff, Robert C. McDonough and 38 enlisted men. When the decision was made by Headquarters, Marine Corps, to train parachutists there was no one in the Corps who had an extensive knowledge of the subject though of course many aviators had at one time or another been forced to jump for their lives and a few had made some experimental jumps.

The Parachute Materiel School at the Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, N. J., where parachute riggers are trained was chosen to undertake the job of training Marines to jump. This assignment called for a broadening of the materiel school's program and outlook. Heretofore the function of the school was to train competent riggers to pack the parachutes worn by the fliers of the U. S. Navy and Marine Corps. Before being graduated and receiving their riggers' certificates the students were required to make at least one jump from a blimp. The emphasis however was altogether on packing, upkeep and repair of parachutes, not jumping. Overnight the Materiel School became also a jumping school with the mission of teaching men to jump as well as pack

their own parachutes, but with the emphasis on combat jumping technique.



This was accomplished very successfully. The first class, after qualifying as jumpers, was kept at Lakehurst to take the riggers course because it became immediately apparent that parachute troop units would need their own riggers and Marine instructors would have to be trained with a view to eventually taking over all training from the Navy and establishing our own parachute training center.

The second class, which eventually became the first organized parachute company and of which the writer was a member, was assembled at Lakehurst in December, 1940. On February 26th, 1941, both the first two classes were graduated, the first as parachutists and parachute riggers, the second as parachutists. In March the second class together with several riggers from the first class were ordered to San Diego where Company "A," Second Parachute Battalion, was organized with an initial strength of 2 officers and 32 enlisted men.

Lieutenant Osipoff had preceded the majority by two or three weeks in order to supervise the construction of packing tables, dry lockers, cabinets and the many other items necessary to set up a parachute loft. At first they had no parachutes or parachute supplies and no airplane, but loft construction, combat training and getting shaken down at Camp Elliott kept them very busy until this equipment arrived. Finally the day arrived, April 27th, when a Marine Parachute Company, for the first time jumped on its own. Practice jumping continued twice a week at Camp Kearny Mesa until the Company was ordered to the East Coast. During April the strength of the Organization was doubled by the arrival of the third class from Lakehurst.

The fourth class finished Lakehurst in May and was ordered to the First Division at Quantico where it became Company "A," First Parachute Battalion, on May 24th, commanded by Captain M. J. Howard. It was augmented in June by the joining of the 5th class from Lakehurst. Company "A," 2nd Parachute battalion arrived in Quantico in June temporarily assigned to the First Division. It was quite confusing having two Companies "A."

In July Company "A," First Parachute Battalion was ordered to temporary duty at Norfolk where they jumped from Navy Patrol Planes and made the first massed flight

(Continued on page 84)



On the ground and ready to start operations



THE MAJOR GENERAL COMMANDANT
Maj.-General T. Holcomb

WAR DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF STAFF
WASHINGTON

Oct. 8, 1941

Major General Thomas Holcomb,
Commandant, United States Marine Corps,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR GENERAL HOLCOMB:

With the approach of the 166th Anniversary of the establishment of the United States Marine Corps, it is a pleasure to extend greetings and congratulations from the Army.

The present year has seen the renewal of active teamwork between the Army and the Marine Corps, through our joint training program. As always in the past, the personnel of the two forces are serving together with efficiency and with mutual esteem. This closer association will still further intensify the admiration with which the Army regards its sister service.

Faithfully yours,

/s/

(G. C. MARSHALL)

Chief of Staff.

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE MARINE CORPS:

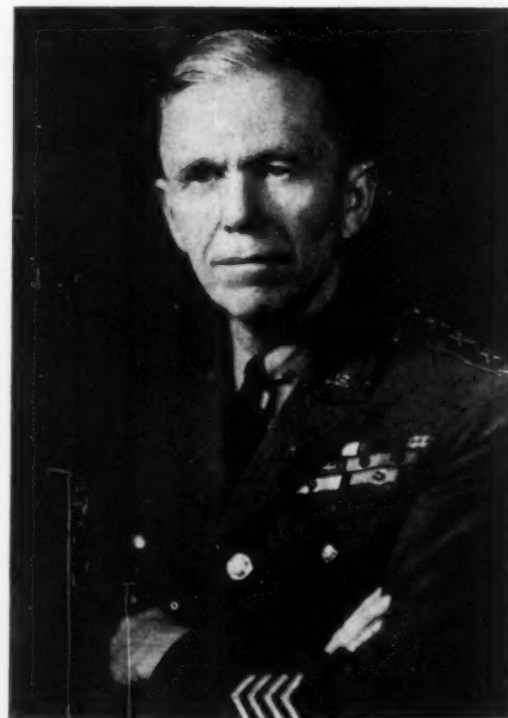
To Marines November 10, 1941, signifies one hundred and sixty-six years of Marine Corps history.

This history has been made not by time nor by chance but by men who were Marines.

It is well that we Marines of 1941 should observe the anniversary by considering the achievements of those who served before us; from their deeds to take our inspiration; from their faith, our ideals.

The Major General Commandant congratulates the Marine Corps on the development of its stature and its strength, and confidently joins in the eagerness of Marines to live and to fight by the tradition that is the history of the Corps.

T. HOLCOMB,
Major General Commandant.



THE CHIEF OF STAFF
Gen. George C. Marshall, USA

THE LEATHERNECK

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY
WASHINGTON

MY DEAR GENERAL HOLCOMB:

Warmest greeting to the Marine Corps from the entire United States Navy, both ashore and afloat.

Your beginnings were contained in one of the early acts of that brave body of patriots in a new land, the Continental Congress, in a Resolution passed on 10 November, 1775.

Never once since that beginning has the shining honor of the Marine Corps been dimmed. Its service and actions stud history's pages beginning with the Revolution, and up through Tripoli, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and up to the present day. On many occasions its men have seen action when all the rest of the country was at peace—the Marines have always been ready to uphold this nation's honor under any conditions and in the face of any odds.

But the Marine Corps is not merely a part of our past history. Its contributions to present-day Naval efficiency—in aviation, at sea and ashore—have been an important factor in providing us with the strongest and most modern Naval sea-air force in the world today.

In this present crisis the Marines once again are ready to carry on. No one need doubt that, if the call comes, it will be answered as it has in the past.

Sincerely yours,

/s/

(FRANK KNOX)



THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
Hon. Frank Knox



THE CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS
Admiral H. R. Stark

November, 1941

NAVY DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS
WASHINGTON

MY DEAR GENERAL HOLCOMB:

I am most happy to add my felicitations to the countless others being received as part of the observation of the 166th anniversary of the United States Marine Corps.

Every member of the Corps can look back with pride on a record of gallantry and accomplishment that is unexcelled by any branch of the Government armed service. Each member of the Corps can be proud that he is part of an organization which is still adding to this record, always faithful and ever eager to answer the call of National duty.

In training, in loyalty and particularly in morale, our marines admit no superior in any armed force of the world.

It is a pleasure for me to join this anniversary celebration and to say to the Marine Corps officers and men—Well done.

Sincerely yours,

/s/

(H. R. STARK)

Major General Thomas Holcomb, U.S.M.C.
Commandant, United States Marine Corps,
Washington, D. C.

A CHILD'S toy has today become one of the deadliest instruments to be introduced into the new phase of warfare.

Striking silently, unseen, from darkened skies, troop transport gliders, manned by heavily armed men, have proven their worth in the taking of the Belgian fortifications along the famous Albert Canal and in Crete. Learned military observers believe the troop carrying glider is the "secret weapon" the Nazis boasted of at the fall of the supposedly impregnable fortress of Eben Emael.

The Treaty of Versailles not only provided the scrap of paper with which to kindle the fires of a second World War, but apparently provided Germany with the means of waging it. Limited in the size of their fleet, the Germans developed the powerful pocket battleship. Restricted as to the quantity of their standing army, they evolved small but highly mechanized forces.

And divested of power planes, they turned to gliders.

Otto Lilienthal, a German, was the first man to learn the art of flight from the birds. After years of study and aerodynamic experiments, he produced the first treatise on flight that had appeared at that time. Lilienthal made his first flights from a springboard he built in his garden. He moved from there to the low hills in his neighborhood, and finally he built an artificial hill from which he could more efficiently carry on his experiments.

He moved his operations to the town of Rhinow, where his flights became longer, attaining a height of 900 feet. It was also here, in 1896, that he lost his balance on one of the flights, and fell, fatally injured. His work was continued by a few faithful disciples—Pileher in England, Ferber in France, and Chanute, Herring, and the Wright brothers in America.

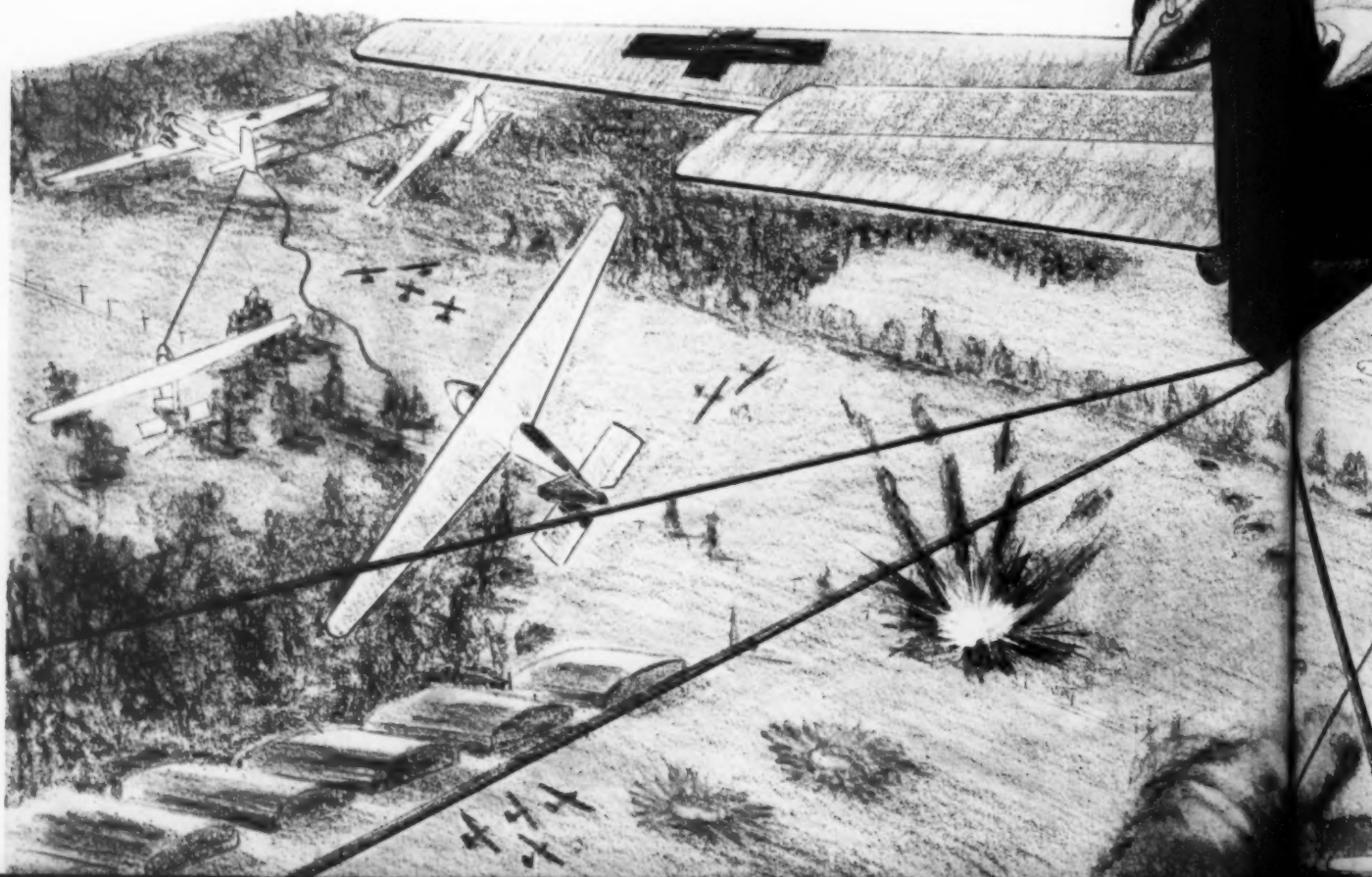
Due to the enthusiasm which greeted gliding in Germany, it is estimated that today they have no less than 100,000

Whispering WINGS

competent glider pilots and perhaps as many as 500,000 with some sort of glider experience. Today glider-trained pilots constitute a major proportion of the Luftwaffe personnel.

In the early 1920's German youth was given an opportunity to buy plans and specifications at cost. From these they built gliders costing less than \$100, had them inspected by the government before covering the framework, and were ready to start gliding.

Today airmen of America's fighting forces are learning to use the new wings. At present the Navy, through the Marine Corps, is working on two designs for troop or cargo-carrying gliders, according to recent testimony given the House Naval Affairs Committee by Commander Ralph S. Barnaby, the Navy's expert on



motorless flight, and president of the Soaring Club of America.

Since the paramount duty of the Marine Corps throughout the years has been landings, one of these types would be capable of water landings. Glider costs will come down as mass production methods are introduced.

Design and piloting of troop-carrying gliders, which the Army is also working on, present no special problems. Such matters are governed by the power and stalling speed of the tow plane. The latter is important because the gliders constitute quite a drag and the tow plane must be flown as slowly as the aerodynamic characteristics of the gliders require.

For several years the Russian Army has been experimenting with tow trains of troop-carrying gliders. Trains of huge gliders, each glider carrying 8 soldiers, including 2 pilots, towed aloft and brought within gliding distance of enemy territory have been used. From 20,000 feet a glider with favorable wind might travel 70 to 100 miles, unseen and unheard in the darkness.

A multiple tow take-off is done as follows: the tow plane is stationed as far down the runway as is necessary to spread the motor-less craft behind it. They are placed on the ground in the same position they will occupy in the air. The formation may be tandem, one ship behind the other with a rope lining each unit, or fanned out with an individual rope between each unit and the tow plane. The

length of the rope between the plane and the first glider is 300 to 500 feet. A wire or a $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch stranded rope is used.

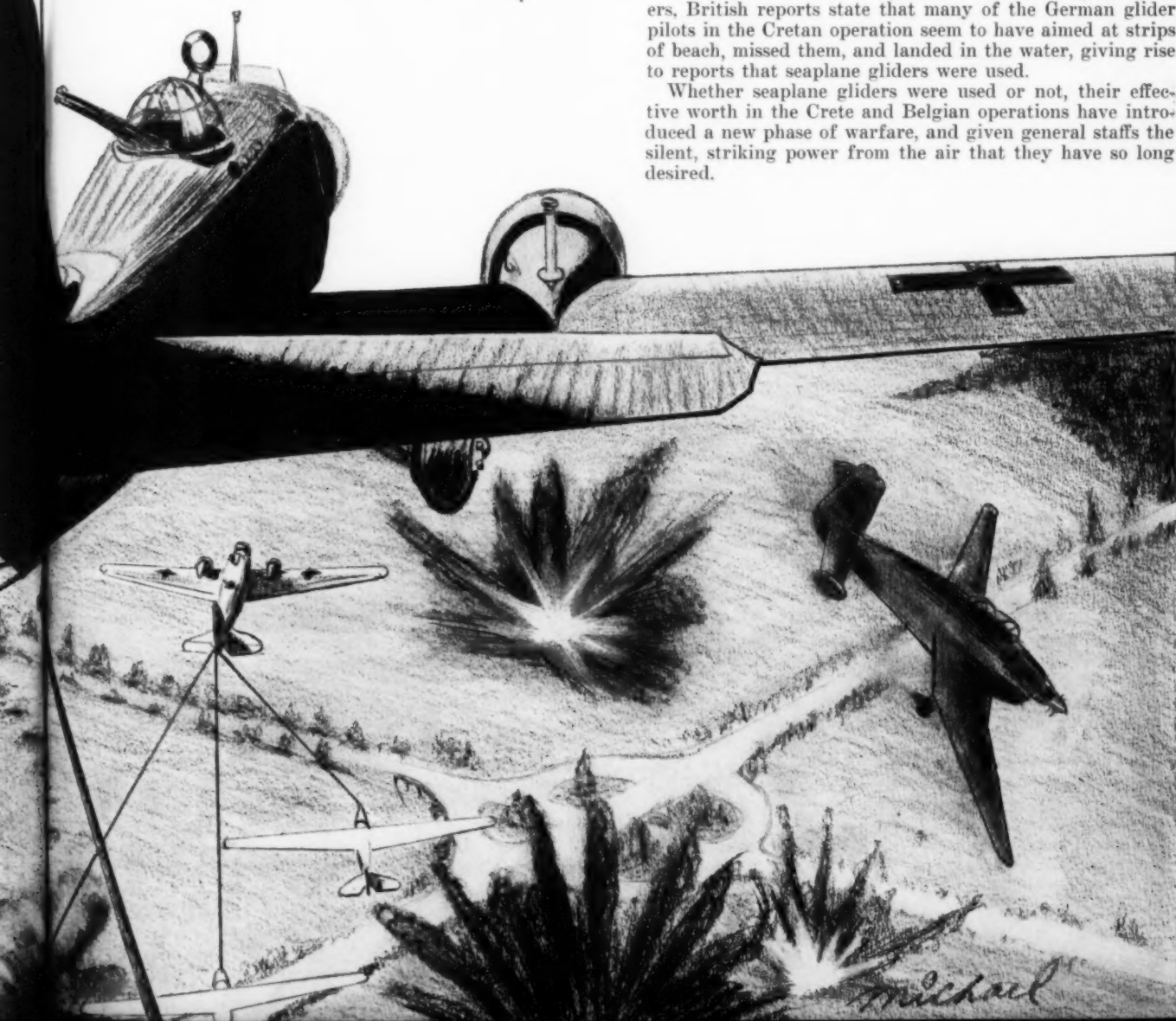
On signal the airplane pilot moves the throttle ahead gradually. As each glider gains flying speed, which they reach before the plane attains flying speed, it takes off and then is held close to the ground until the plane is in the air. From then on the gliders keep slightly above the plane and in regular step formation. Each glider pilot can release from the tow plane as desired, and the tow pilot can cut loose from his charges behind. Usually there is an automatic release in case an excessive pull is exerted.

No information as to the number of men or equipment to be carried in the American gliders has as yet been released. According to eye-witness reports in Crete, the German gliders used in that operation carried from 10 to 12 men and equipment. This included 6 Schneisser "tommy" guns, one heavy and one light machine gun, and two portable radio sets. The empty weight of the gliders has been given out as 1,800 pounds and the loaded weight 4,500.

Glider were reported seen towed by aircraft in numbers varying from one to 6. Although reported to be 50 feet long, with a span of 80 feet, the round numbers and the frenzied nature of the fighting in Crete make one a little doubtful as to whether the measurements were taken with a steel tape or by eye while shooting at parachutists. Fuselage construction was of tubular steel, and the wings were wooden.

Although the Navy is experimenting with seaplane gliders, British reports state that many of the German glider pilots in the Cretan operation seem to have aimed at strips of beach, missed them, and landed in the water, giving rise to reports that seaplane gliders were used.

Whether seaplane gliders were used or not, their effectiveness in the Crete and Belgian operations have introduced a new phase of warfare, and given general staffs the silent, striking power from the air that they have so long desired.



BIG FELLOWS POWERFUL

By

PATRICK LAUGHLIN

The German *Lutnant* crouched against the side of the trench. The light had begun to fade from the sky and a light rain was falling. Men slouched along the trench walk taking their position for the night watch. Ammunition carriers rushed along bringing up new supplies to replenish the machine guns, rifle men and the *minnenwerfers*.

The *Lutnant* was writing in a soiled note book with a stubby pencil that occasionally he wet with the tip of his tongue. As he wrote, he glanced from time to time from his position — new to him since this morning's fighting — across the thin strip of land that separated him from the enemy.

He was writing his account of the fight just finished.

He was puzzled. He seemed to have trouble in placing his thoughts on paper.

This was what he wrote:



"Attack on morning of June 11. No fire preparation. Attacked twice in succession, frontally, at intervals of ten minutes. In the first attack a strong detachment advanced through stream bed and came around against the rear of the 2nd Battalion, 40th Fusilier Regiment. Gangs of 10-20 men. Some

of the wounded kept on in the attack. Dashing conduct. Our men threw hand grenades into these gangs which were simply ignored by the enemy. No idea of tactical principles. Fired while walking, with rifle under the arm. They carried light machine guns with them. No hand grenades, but knives, revolvers, rifle butts and bayonets. All big fellows, powerful. No sort of leadership."

Below the *Lutnant* made a note:

"Our casualties:
130 dead
220 wounded
50 missing."

He was reporting an attack on his position by American soldiers, the first he had seen. The *Lutnant* was apparently impressed. In his message, simple and somewhat disconnected as it is, is compressed a story of the combat behavior of the army we sent to France in the last big war. His conception of "big fellows, powerful" making up in reckless courage the technical knowledge of war they lacked has been borne out by our own official histories of American participation in the War of 1918.

The young men who caused the German officer to write that report were not legends who come out of a dim Valhalla. They were average Americans who a short time before had been civilians. Like the young men who in camps throughout the land today are girding themselves for battle, they were interested in such diverse and fascinating subjects as sleep, pay, leave, when will the war be over and how's Brooklyn doing this year. Their courage and capabilities were those of average men, though their achievements were something more.

Other reports made at the same time by German front line troops on the fighting qualities of the American civilian

soldier should hold a note of cheer for the men in our army. For, as their training progresses and they come to know more of the exacting business that is war, they're going to wonder privately how they will behave if ever they find themselves in battle. The young men their fathers faced has his own story to tell.

Reports from the Belleau Wood, Meuse Thierry front in the Spring of 1918 have been selected, chiefly because it was on these fronts and at that time that serious contacts between Germans and Americans really began.

There had been earlier actions, of course, at Cantigny and around Verdun, but these had been neither violent nor extensive enough to produce conclusive evidence. Since they would be the most fruitful source of information, the Germans based their reports largely on prisoner interrogations.

This should in no way detract from their value, nor should it cast any reflection on the men who gave the information. In the confusion of shifting, badly defined lines and rapidly changing fronts, it was easy enough for brave, determined men to find themselves prisoners. It must be kept in mind that the reports were made by soldiers to other soldiers. They were intended for the information and guidance of all concerned, and so would be free of the sort of coloring that characterizes information given the civilian populations of the belligerent.

During the spring and early summer months of 1918, increasing numbers of American troops were moving into the lines, taking over sectors from the French and British. They were regulars, volunteers, National Guardsmen, conscripts. They knew to war and untried in battle, but eager to learn. And their schooling began immediately.

On the night of April 19-20, 1918, a German patrol composed of one officer and 24 men from the 10th Landwehr Division clashed with an American patrol of unknown strength. In spite of the fact that the Americans were Marines, two prisoners and one light machine gun were captured. One of the Americans was wounded. In the course of the interrogation of the prisoners which followed the return of the patrol to German lines, it developed that the unwounded American had been captured because he didn't think it was proper for him to leave a wounded comrade.



The light machine gun taken, presumably a Browning Automatic Rifle, was praised as "a light and easily handled rapid fire gun." The remainder of the uniform and equipment was good, the Germans thought, and the report concludes. "Our men praise the crawling ahead of the American patrol which was carried out very much in the manner of Indians." One wonders how many of the Germans had scouted on the old frontier.

Three seriously wounded Americans from the 7th U. S. Infantry, 3rd Division, gave their captors a good impression. Commenting on the combat value of the Americans, the examining officer wrote: "The men appear to be in good health and are strong. They carried out their raid in the Bois de Belleau with much valor but somewhat awkwardly."

The division may be accepted as a good average division whose combat value is apt to increase with a little more experience." In time, this proved to be the case.



A blow to Yankee pride, but because of the false conclusions reached not necessarily fatal, is contained in another report which was based on the statements of 25 prisoners from the 9th U. S. Infantry, 2nd Division. These led the examining officer to the conclusion that: "The Americans are much clumsier than the French and simply lack the knack of learning quickly anything that even pertains to the military profession. Disinterested in everything that does not immediately concern his own person, the American knows but little in regard to his positions and the organization and armament of his unit."

"Those interested are usually the non-full-blooded Yankees, especially the ones in whose veins flows Polish, Spanish, Italian or German blood."

"Generally speaking, the prisoners make a good military

impression. They are men of whom something may be made in due time."



It would seem here that the Germans mistook either genuine ignorance, not unnatural in men new to military life, or a simple refusal to pass on to the enemy information which might be useful to him, for a lack of capacity to learn such things. Certainly to assume the failing was true of most Americans was a grave error, though one von Buy, another lieutenant, came to somewhat the same conclusion after questioning prisoners taken from the 30th U. S. Infantry in June, 1918, somewhere near Chateau Thierry. The *Lutnant* wrote: "The prisoners, who possess only a limited military knowledge, can give no information relative to boundaries and limiting points or of the employment of other regiments."

Insultingly, he concluded: "The prisoners gave an impertinent and harmless impression."

One of the reports made by the Germans about this time contained a sentence: "According to the statements of prisoners, the 5th and 6th Marine Regiments should be classed as units of somewhat higher value in view of their picked replacements and their better training."

Whether aroused by their fighting qualities, of which so many proofs were given during the summer of 1918, or by the statements of prisoners, the Germans early evinced an unusual interest in the U. S. Marines. Speaking of prisoners captured between June 14 and 18 near Bouresches and the Bois de Belleau, one investigating officer specified: "The various attacks by both of the Marine Regiments were carried out with vigor and without consideration of losses. The moral effect of our fire-arms did not materially check the advance of the enemy. The nerve of the

Americans is still unshak- en."

On June 24, 1918, a special interrogation of prisoners of the 2nd American Di-

vision was instituted for the purpose of gathering information relative to the Marine Corps. A chart was drawn up, showing the organization of the Corps, noting such detailed information as the names of officers

commanding battalions. After various speculations as to the armament of the regiments, the report considered the training the men had received:

"The training in musketry was accorded special value. The good marksmen were decorated with a small metal badge, the designation of the respective firing class engraved thereon. The high percentage of the men thus decorated, as perceived among the prisoners, allows a conclusion to be drawn as to the quality of the training in rifle marksmanship the men received." Thus was recognized one of the Marine Corps' greatest sources of pride.

Under the heading "Miscellaneous" the report goes on: "The prisoners are mostly members of the better class, many of them artisans, and they consider

Please turn page



their membership in the Marine Corps as something of an honor. They proudly resent any attempts to place their regiments on a par with other infantry regiments; call themselves Soldiers of the Land and the Sea, and are well informed as far as the glorious history of their regiments during the period of the Revolutionary War is concerned." Morale was high among those Marines, in spite of hard fighting, wounds and the fact they were in the hands of an enemy previous reports had given them no reason to trust.

Nothing if not thorough, the report had nice things to say about the replacements:

"The personnel may be considered excellent. They are healthy, strong, physically well set-up men from 18-28 years old, who, at present, only lack the necessary training to make them a dangerous foe. The spirit of the troops is high and they possess an innocent self-confidence. A characteristic expression of the prisoners is 'We kill or get killed'."

A trifle dramatic and perhaps a little brash for a prisoner to make, the statement shows there was nothing wrong with his spirit.

While the Germans were making these detailed notes about their new enemies, they were observing their behavior in large groups, under varying conditions. The Americans had a tendency to attack in close formation, making machine gun or artillery fire especially effective against them. Their intentions to attack were often carelessly revealed by staff officers who moved around too conspicuously. Such intentions being known, attacks were often broken up on the line of departure by well-placed artillery fire. One field message mentions "the bloody losses" suffered by the Americans under the German barrage.

These were the natural failings of new troops, corrected as they learned the peculiar ways of war. Their mistakes were many, but their determination and the courage they always displayed were to constitute a source of genuine alarm and concern to the German foe. On June 8, 1918, the situation had become serious enough to warrant a warn-

ing to all hands in the Daily Report of the 28th Infantry Division:

"Should the Americans on our front gain the upper hand only temporarily, this may have the most unfavorable influence on the morale of the Entente and on the continuation of the war."

"In the fighting that faces us it is therefore not a matter of the possession or non-possession of a village or wood of indifferent value of itself, but the question of whether the English-American publicity will succeed in representing the American Army as one equal to the German Army or as actually superior to it."

In the end, the American Army was "one equal to the German Army" and in some cases "actually superior to it." There can be little doubt that this was due in part to the fact they were new troops and there were endless streams of them. But the spirit, the courage they continuously displayed were elements that contributed enormously to their ultimate success over an experienced war-wise enemy. For in too many instances spirit and courage had to take the place of training and leadership. There were American soldiers who were taught the night before an attack how to load a clip of bullets into a rifle. There were others who, ignorant of the fact artillery shells have to be fused, sprayed the German lines with iron pineapples that did not explode. There were officers, the so-called ninety-day wonders, who led troops in column into machine gun fire.

The fact that their fathers refused to be stopped, in spite of these manifest and serious obstacles to success, should constitute a source of pride and encouragement to our new soldiers who shortly may have their own battles to fight. Their self-confidence should be increased by the knowledge that they have had the time to learn how to handle and use their weapons — time that in some cases the men of 1918 did not have.

And any nation on the face of the Earth would do well to take into consideration the sons of those "big fellows, powerful" who ignored hand grenades and while wounded kept on with their attacks.





Insignia of the Marine Corps Units, 2nd Division, A.E.F., was an Indian Head on white star with background in colors and shapes varying according to tactical unit. Creation of a truck driver who practiced on the side of his truck.

UNDER THESE SYMBOLS



The staff planes of the First Marine Aircraft Group, Fleet Marine Force, carry on their fuselages a pair of conventional wings, bound together with an "A" and a "1," which are the designating symbols of the First Marine Aircraft Group.



The squadron insignia of the Second Marine Aircraft Group, Fleet Marine Force, consists of a shield, upon which is inscribed a golden sun setting into the sea, the surface of which is broken by small waves. Surmounting the shield is a winged bomb.



When Marine Scouting Squadron Three was engaged in 1919 in bombing the Haitian Caco bandits, the planes of the squadron came to be called "white bats," "devil birds," and "oiseaux diables" by the bandits, and were held in great awe by them. The insignia of the squadron is designed around this idea of the winged devil. The black shield represents the Black Republic of which Haiti is very proud and the yellow and red half sections at the top of the shield are the national colors of Haiti.



Marine Fighting Squadron Two was organized in 1937 and shortly thereafter adopted the plunging lion as the squadron insignia. The swift and destructive rush of the king of beasts well represents the attack of a fighting squadron. The green field, through which the "lion rouge" springs to the fight symbolizes that the squadron will stand out in sharp contrast in its field as the lion does in his.



The spirit of performance of practical functions by Marine Fighter Squadron 1-11 is animated by the mythical Devil Dogs derived from a soubriquet given the United States Marines by their opponent.

Its chief character — loyalty, fearlessness, determination.



The insignia of Marine Scout Bombing Squadron 232 portrays a very active devil on a diamond shaped field. The devil signifies the ability of the squadron to make things hot for any enemy which might be encountered.



Marine Scout Bombing Squadron 23 insignia consists of a reproduction of the card "ace of spades" on a circular field. The ace represents the high calibre of the squadron personnel, while the spade signifies the death-like precision with which the mission is carried out.

DEVIL DOGS....

By

JOHN J. OBOYKOVITS

NOVEMBER 10, 1775. The First Continental Congress, assembled in Philadelphia, was tense with the creative feeling that had arisen from the founding of a United States. Amid heated debate concerning the establishment of a Navy, there arose a question. "Do we need Marines?" Three famous men stood in accord, Silas Deane, John Adams, and John Hancock, were each determined to establish a "corps of Marines" to support the proposed Navy. Their cry, heard through the legislative body, was "As we are to have a Navy, Gentlemen, LET US HAVE A MARINE CORPS!!!"



The Colonies received their Marine Corps. Even before the Navy became official or had one ship at sea, the Leathernecks were ready to go into action. But the men whose famous words now repose amid the records of the Old Continental Congress little realized the gift America received when they voted for the birth of that "corps of marines." They gave us the UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS, an organization which through the intervening years gathered to its rolls a fabulous wealth of tradition and "esprit de corps"; a fighting force whom all the world respects, whose unequalled promptness in being "on-the-spot" when needed, earned for them the reputation of being "The First To Fight." The Corps selected for its motto, "Semper Fidelis" (Always Faithful), and has never failed to live up to it.

Philadelphia, the birthplace of the Marine Corps, has been linked with the Corps throughout Marine history. It was in Philadelphia and to a Philadelphian that the first naval commission was given. On November 28, 1775, John Hancock signed his name to a commission which

made Samuel Nicholas a Captain of Marines, and antedated the earliest commission issued an officer of the Navy.

It was here the first "Soldiers of the Sea" volunteered to serve their country. Robert Mullan, the proprietor of Tun Tavern, a famous hostelry of Old Philadelphia, located at South Water and Chestnut, was appointed a Captain and his Tavern became recruiting headquarters for the Marines and a rendezvous in which the first "Marine Tales" were told.

"Tell it to the Marines." If it's trouble, tell it to them. They'll take care of it in short order; they always have. But if it's a new yarn by all means tell it to them, for a Marine's nearest and dearest pastime is yarning. The peculiar thing about "Marine Tales" is that most of them are true and can be verified by delving into history books and records. Of course any story gains added color by repetition, but the tales you'll find scattered throughout this narrative can each be proven if due time is allotted for a serious search of the record. The next time you hear one that's hardly believable, "TELL IT TO THE MARINES."



"Tell it to the Marines" was naturally originated by someone. It was certainly not incorporated into the articles of the Navy which govern our organization. Back in the days of old when knights started riding ships instead of steeds and charged down the sea-ways of the Atlantic to discover new places and things, Marines were already in existence. A British Marine Captain endeavored to yarn the Royal Court with a tale of his travels. He spent some time trying to convince the lords and ladies he had seen fish in the Atlantic's tropic waters that

"flew on wings" like birds. King Charles II overheard the conversation and scoffed at the Captain, but when the story was later proven to be true, he complimented the British Marines each time a new or interesting fact was brought to his attention, by saying, "Tell it to the Marines," implying that if it were true, the Marines would probably know about it. Some claim that the story is pure fiction and that the English monarch was not its originator. Tell that to the Marines.

Having rewarded the Continental Congress for bringing them to life, the men of the Corps rewarded their country by their heroic bravery against all odds at sea and on land, under George Washington.

Unawed by the might of the English Empire and the red-coated militia that were thrown against them, the

Marines again demonstrated their true worth in a vain attempt to save the capitol of the United States at the Battle of Bladensburg.



Hark back to that gloomy day, with the army under General Winder in full retreat before the advancing British army, and a handful of Marines and sailors under Commander Joshua Barney and Captain Samuel Miller, remaining on the battlefield to obstruct the elite divisions of the invader.

Decimated by shot and shell, cut off from all supplies and ammunition, with enough powder to withstand one more charge, the red and blue clad leathernecks dared attack the enemy and drive them from the field. Reforming, the British veterans returned to the attack, but this time



George Washington congratulating Capt. Andrew Porter of the Marines after the Battle of Princeton, Jan. 3, 1777.



Landing of Marines under Capt. Daniel Carnick at Puerto Plata, Santo Domingo, to spike the guns of the Spanish fort during the French Naval War, May 11, 1800.

there was no galling fire to cut them down, only grimlipped men awaiting with cold steel. The little American band fought with silent fury, hacking great gaps in the oncoming British ranks as the redcoats rolled over them, going on to burn and sack the capitol.

Ragged, powder-blackened, drenched with sweat and blood, these men had faced four thousand British veterans and done what their country and the Marine Corps had asked them to do.

"Don't give up the Ship" cried Captain James Lawrence as he lay dying in his wrecked cabin aboard the Chesapeake, and a handfull of Marines perished obeying his

last command.

"Semper Fidelis" was born that day on the battle-scarred, bloody shambles that had been the proud ship Chesapeake as a huge boarding party from the victorious British ship Shannon slashed away at a small group of Marines who refused to admit defeat. The sole survivors of the great American Ship-of-the-line, the Marines, led by a Corporal, the only remaining officer alive, withstood and repulsed the British tars until overwhelmed and slaughtered to the last man.

Well might President Theodore Roosevelt, in his book, "History of the War of 1812," exclaim "the only thorough-

ly disciplined men on board the Chesapeake, the Marines behaved with superb courage and fought to the last."

But battles in which Marines have distinguished themselves are not limited to one locale, nor to any form or mode of combat, and the Libyan desert has echoed to the sharp crack of muskets in the hands of sharpshooting Marines.

Lt. Presley O'Bannon and seven staunch Marines, after a grueling march over the hot sands of Libya, together with a motley crew of Arabs and Greek mercenaries, attacked the heavily fortified city of Derne. Outnumbered,


but not outfought, Lt. O'Bannon and his men stormed the fortifications in the face of a withering fire from the defenders, and raised the American flag for the first time over a city of the old world. This victory over the Barbary Pirates forced their ruler to abdicate.

From the maelstrom of the World War have come hundreds of official reports of acts of individual heroism and bravery. The archives of the Corps are filled with stories of blood and iron, sagas of the Big Scrap, stories of great

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Death of Capt. Will Shippin of the Pennsylvania State Marines at Princeton, Jan. 3, 1777.



FROM every great national conflict there emerges in the popular mind a picture representing the spirit of each war in summation—a picture embodying the individual fighting man in battle, typical and representative not only of the country, but of the war itself.

From the huge mounds of informational pigments accumulated since 1918 to paint the picture of the last World War, the collective American mind has sifted enough to portray its spiritual hero of that era—the doughboy, invariably crouched in the slough of a shellhole, or hidden by the narrow confines of a muddy trench. In any event, he was an immobilized soldier, a member of a great land-locked battle, driven to earth by screaming artillery barrages and the chattering machine-gun.

If, in the course of events of the months to come, there is highlighted in the public eye a picture of an American doughboy typical of this present era, the portrait may well be one of a khaki clad Yankee jouncing along in a "Jeep."



From amongst all the myriad mechanical gadgets and devices and machines that form the complement of a modern mechanized force, the present day soldier has allowed the "Jeep" to take first and strongest hold upon his imagination.

What was but a few months ago a monstrosity in a comic strip is now the unofficial and pet monicker for one of the most useful and versatile products of the preparedness effort in land mechanization. The "Jeep," known variously as "Blitz-buggy," "Iron Pony," and the "Bantam," is officially known as the $\frac{1}{4}$ -ton liaison truck. Its development was principally due to an urge in mechanized cavalry forces to see a substitute for the motorcycle sidecar which had been found wanting as a tactical vehicle. In addition, the motorcycle sidecar presented many problems in regard to maintenance, the need for repairs being frequent, and

the costs high. It was felt that the deficiencies mentioned warranted the design and manufacture of a substitute machine, one in which could be incorporated the combined virtues of easier maintenance, greater stability, more power, increased versatility, and added dependability.

With these desirabilities in mind, the $\frac{1}{4}$ -ton liaison truck was designed and produced, and then field tested. It was during the latter process that the enlisted men fondly christened them "Jeeps" in honor of their ability to churn through seemingly impossible amounts of mud, splash through water, scramble up and down steep banks, push through brush, jounce over rough ground and willingly tackle almost any kind of terrain that presented itself without losing a stride.

The official mind, too, was well pleased with the little car. It passed all expectations of the military authorities and of the manufacturer, and after varied tests, turned out to be one of the most versatile pieces of present day equipment.

THE LEATHERNECK

jouncing jeeps

By EVERETT WHIPPLE

To the new doughboy, whose feet are heatedly engaged in the process of acquiring callouses, the jouncing "Jeep" is subject to admiration as it clears the top of an embankment with all four wheels held sprightly off the ground, or as it roars up a 60% slope without too much visible effort. It may be seen in sundry poses but all of them are "action shots" for the lively "Jeep" is still being tried and tested to play many roles in the modern war game.

And the "Jeep" is surprisingly good at all of them. Being short-coupled, they handle easily, and since they are equipped with a dual range transmission, they possess extraordinary power which is transmitted to all four wheels for superior driving traction.

On good roads, the Bantam can travel at speeds varying from 55 to 65 miles per hour depending upon the model and weight of extra equipment carried.



On a tactical march, it will travel about 25 miles for every gallon of gasoline consumed and, on a cross-country run, from 16 to 20, depending on the terrain over which it operates.

The car itself weighs about 2,200 pounds. Its power plant is a 45 horsepower Continental motor which is sufficiently flexible when coupled with dual transmission to perform at maximum

speeds on highways and develop maximum pulling power over boggy terrain.

As a result of the original tests conducted in the field, various modifications have been made on the Bantam. It was found advisable to weld $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch steel plates to protect the vital parts of the undercarriage for travel over rough terrain and to lessen resistance when the bottom of the car dragged on the ground.

Also, the position of the emergency hand brake was changed from its original location, where it interfered with clutch operation, to a place along side the driver's seat.

Other minor adaptations included the addition of passenger belts in order to enable the men to keep their seats without too much effort when coursing over rough country,





and the belting of an emergency gasoline can to each front fender in order to increase range of operation.

With these adapting measures completed, the jouncing "Jeep" has emerged as an unqualified success. It has run the gauntlet of field assignments and been proven deserving of all its names by reason of almost unlimited versatility.

The ¼-ton liaison car has done practically everything and gone almost everywhere. It has crossed rivers with no more preparation than a wrap-up in a truck's canvas with its own personnel manning the oars, and it has crossed larger streams under its own power when equipped with a raft constructed from boards secured from a nearby fence and several empty gasoline cans. It swims well, making 11 miles an hour when equipped with raft.

The "Jeep" has served as point in a reconnaissance patrol in which capacity it speeded down highway and old trail alike searching for suspected ambush, and ducking off the road into cover at any sign of trouble where its low silhouette easily disappeared in the brush.

As a march outpost, this little car moves quickly and quietly to the halted platoon, and gives fair warning of the approaching enemy. It may provide flank protection, too, and has been found a great help during maneuvers in this respect. The "Jeep" is also ideal for secondary reconnaissance since it is not stopped by weak bridges or poor roads which would otherwise prohibit mechanized scouting or at least take longer to effect.

In keeping contact with the enemy and covering the

withdrawal of friendly troops, the "Bantam" has shown its mettle by carrying machine guns and men from one successive position to another in a hurry, thereby keeping the guns in action for longer periods between jumps.

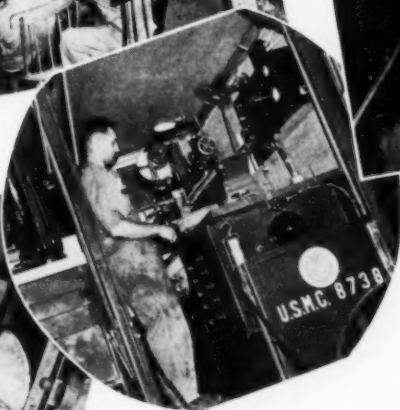
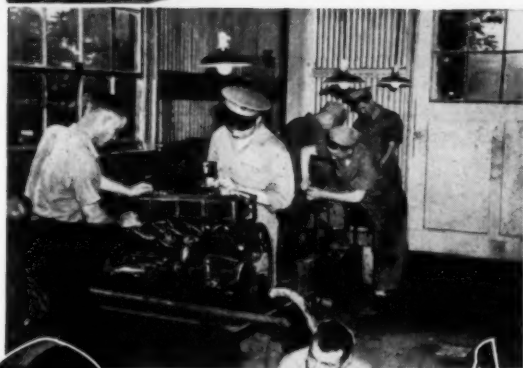
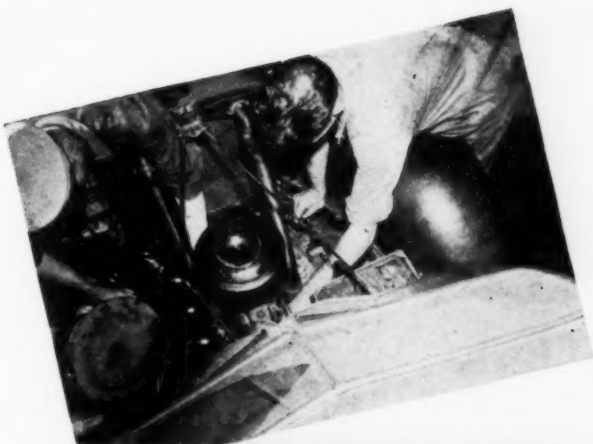
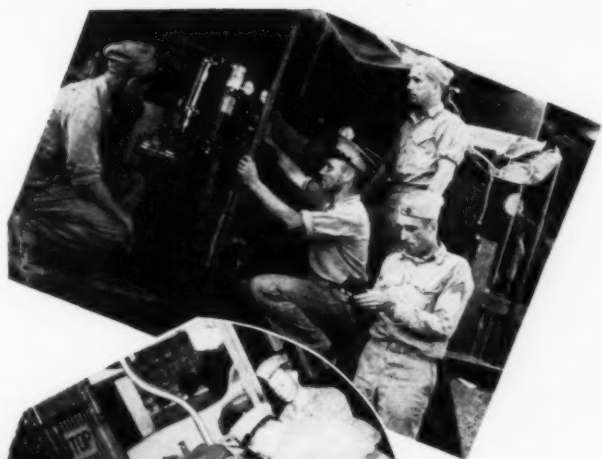
It has been used in emergencies to bring up to the front lines chow for the men, ammunition for the guns, and medicine for the "wounded" during various maneuvers.

The "Jeep" has towed anti-tank guns across all types of terrain, had thirty and fifty calibre machine guns mounted on it, and is now being tested as a mount for a 37 calibre anti-tank gun.

If there is any one word which characterizes in essence the performance of the "Jeep," it is versatility. Created primarily to replace the motorcycle sidecar, the "Jeep" represents an overcompensation in design for not only is this little car capable of all the missions previously assigned to its predecessor, but it accomplishes additional ones without compromising quality of performance.

Besides this advantage, the liaison car is more economical and easier to maintain, is more dependable in the field, safer, and easier on the personnel who operate it.

All in all, the "Jeep" is a very popular piece of modern mechanized equipment and may well become typical of our modern American Army. Those who drive them, and the officers that command them, say they may be short on size but they are long on performance, and the ¼-ton liaison truck, "Bantam," "Iron Pony," or jouncing "Jeep" is here to stay.



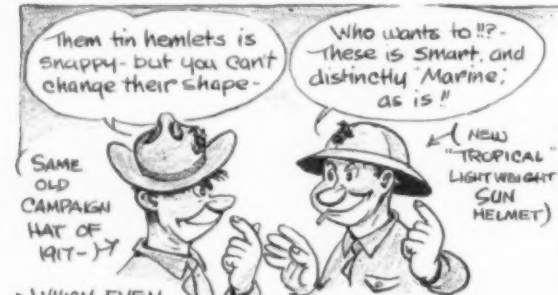
THE TRAINING CENTER, QUANTICO
 Specialists are shown undergoing schooling in water distillation and purification, refrigeration, and motor transport. Upon completion of the courses the men are assigned as needed throughout the Corps.



SNAPPY DRESS BLUES ARE STILL THE ENVY OF OUR 'AUXILIARIES', THE ARMY, AND THE NAVY— ONLY THE NEW CAPS ARE BETTER 'LOOKING' TODAY



FOREST GREENS HAVE BEEN MODERNIZED TOO— WITH LAPEL ROLL COLLARS INSTEAD OF THE OLD 'CHOKERS'— AND NO MORE WRAP-LEGGINGS TO UN-WIND EITHER



THEM TIN HELMETS IS SNAPPY— BUT YOU CAN'T CHANGE THEIR SHAPE— WHO WANTS TO!!?— THESE IS SMART, AND DISTINCTLY 'MARINE' AS IS!! (NEW 'TROPICAL' LIGHTWEIGHT SUN HELMET)



WHICH IS ONLY ONE OF THE MANY 'LUXURIES' ENJOYED BY THE TROOPS IN THIS NEW 'MECHANIZED' OUTFIT—



THERE ARE MORE SCHOOLS— AND THINGS TO SPECIALIZE IN— TODAY— AND DO THESE LADS GO FOR THE SPECIALIST RATINGS!!?



US MARINES STILL MAINTAIN OUR PROUD SUPERIORITY WITH RIFLE— AND BAYONET, ETC..



THE CORPS OFFICERS ARE GENTLEMEN, LITERALLY— AND NOT ONLY 'BY ACT OF CONGRESS'—

AND THEY STILL HAVE THEIR 'TRADITIONAL' 'HARD-BOILED' NON-COMS— THE FINEST GROUP OF FIGHTING MEN IN THE WORLD.

THE LEATHERNECK

Wally

By
WALTER WOOD



'Tenshun!
Marine Private Abian A. (Wally) Wallgren reporting for duty, sir.

Wally, battle-scarred and beloved cartoon-comic historian of the World War is the fellow who gave the doughboys, gobs and Leathernecks a laugh for every shot in the World War and who today is still the Charlie Chaplin of caricature and cartoon.

Wally! Ask any World War Marine. "Yeah, I know 'im; he's the guy who drew the funny pictures for *The Stars and Stripes*."

Know him—they almost worshipped him—every mother's son of them. He was to the Yanks what Bairnsfather was to the Tommies—their poet laureate of the pen who wrote the real history of their war and in a way they could feel and understand—with pictures. Not photographs, but cartoons with a laugh in every line. Wally's funnies made them pack up their troubles in their old kit bags and smile, smile, smile.

French mud, cooties, trench rats and slum! Wally made his buddies take them lightly. He, too, as a fighting Marine, had been jawed at by the "top"; he had hiked for miles and lay for hours in the rain trying to catch a wink of sleep.

Wally knew what he was drawing; he just drew his daily life in the A.E.F.

Wally was churning out comics for the sports pages of the *Philadelphia Ledger* when war was declared. Patriotic exercises in Independence Square opposite perked up his ears and the fiery posters of the "First to Fight" of the Marines got under his skin. He enlisted and began a life of sitting-up exercises, bayonet drills and a lot of hell from the top.

On June 7th he was on his way to France on the transport *Hancock*. This was the Corps' famous Fifth Marines. He saw duty with the Marines, as he says: "Painting 'Officers Only' signs," until the following March, when the problem of how morale in the Army could be increased appeared. The idea of a doughboys' newspaper, edited by doughboys, was the answer. This was the origin of *The Stars*



and *Stripes*, with Wally sitting in the cartoonist's chair.

Here is the way that Wally today recalls his assignment to the paper:

"My outfit was making packs for the front when orders came for me to go to Paris. I was to add my talents to the staff of the newly established *Stars and Stripes*. So I put in a night painting the insignia of my outfit on all regimental property and at dawn the outfit was off.

"'You may now go to Paris,' my C. O. told me. He failed to indicate how I might get there or where Paris might be found. There I was somewhere in France, just where I or nobody else seemed to know.

"So I ask: 'Sir, how does Private A. A. Wallgren get to Paris?' Here the Major broke down and told me that three miles distant was a highway where I might catch a ride on a truck headed Parisward.

"So there I was with my rifle, gas mask, helmet, full marching pack, sea bag and a drawing kit two by four feet square and there was the highway three miles away. The blood of my Swedish ancestors rose within me and steeled me for the ordeal.

"I was exhausted when I got all my stuff to the highway," Wally continued. "A big American truck came snorting along and I tossed my stuff aboard. It was then I discovered that it was loaded with freshly-slaughtered cows. It wasn't long before me and all my worldly possessions were covered with blood.

"At the famous little village of Hommes-Dames the truck stopped. From here the cows and I were supposed to get a train for Paris. It was hard to tell the difference between us by that time. While waiting for the train, two Marines, who knew a cow when they saw one, happened along, and when informed of my departure for Paris suggested a party.

"The details of that party are pretty dim. Came the train and sad partings. 'Are my bags aboard?' I called, 'Sure!'

they yelled back, and that was the last I saw of my gear. "The train finally dumped me in Paris in the middle of an air raid. But it wasn't until the next afternoon that I managed to get to the paper's office."

That, in his own words, is how *The Stars and Stripes* and he finally met.

Wally today is a jovial man whose greatest joy is keeping up with his many friends and buddies in the service and with talking A.E.F. In his Drexel Hill, Pa., home he has his studio. To spend an hour in that studio is to see parading before your eyes the history of the A.E.F. Once again the doughboys of World War I come to life in the drawings and photographs covering the walls. On the walls also are Wally's successes since being mustered out of the service in 1919. Since 1921 he has been doing a panel for the American Legion magazine and the antics of "Hoosgow Herman," "The Saluting Demon," and many others are well-known to members of that organization.

Let's let Wally tell his own story:

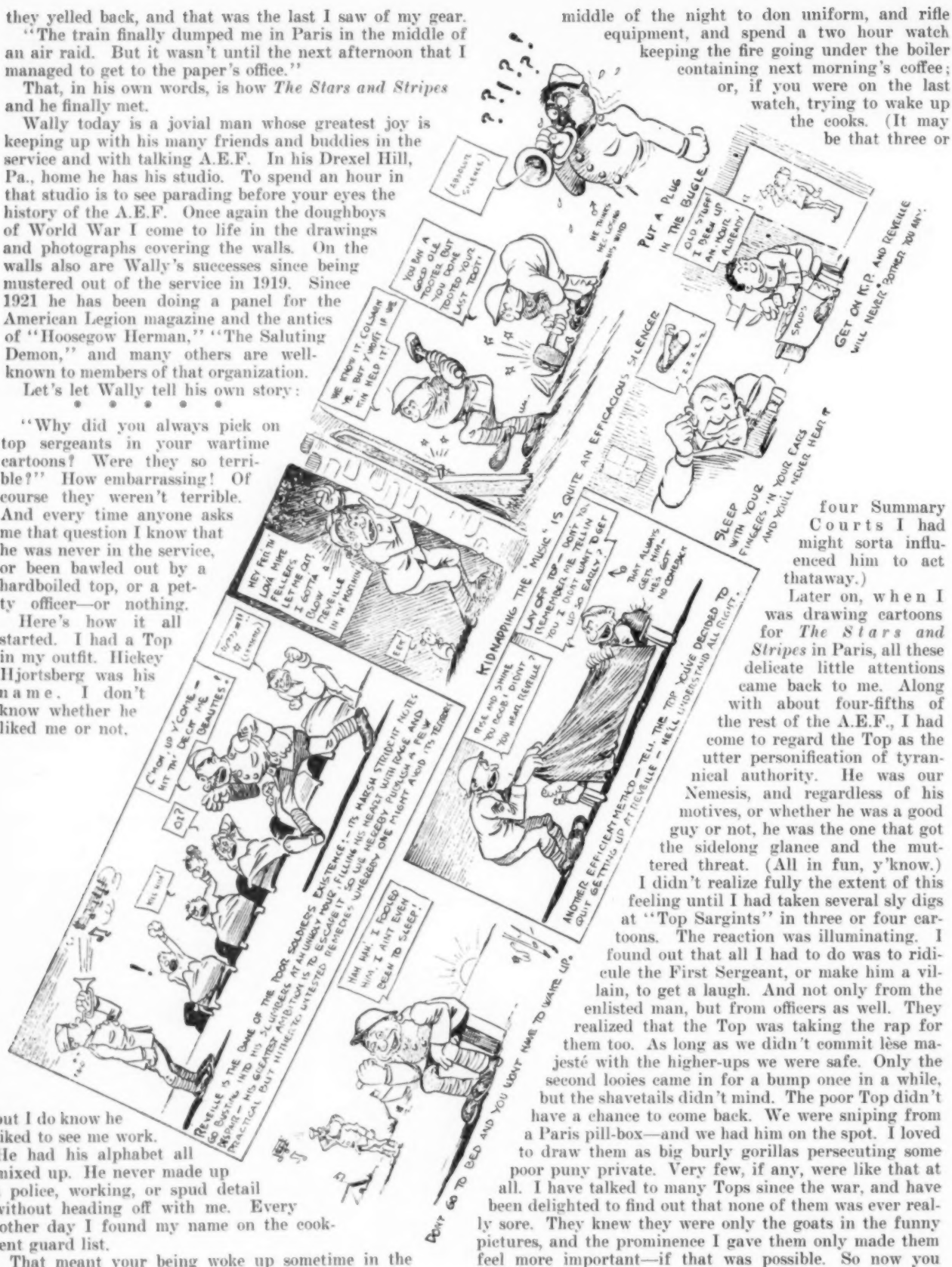
"Why did you always pick on top sergeants in your wartime cartoons? Were they so terrible?" How embarrassing! Of course they weren't terrible. And every time anyone asks me that question I know that he was never in the service, or been bawled out by a hardboiled top, or a petty officer—or nothing.

Here's how it all started. I had a Top in my outfit. Hickey Hjortsberg was his name. I don't know whether he liked me or not,

but I do know he liked to see me work. He had his alphabet all mixed up. He never made up a police, working, or spud detail without heading off with me. Every other day I found my name on the cook-tent guard list.

That meant your being woke up sometime in the

middle of the night to don uniform, and rifle equipment, and spend a two hour watch keeping the fire going under the boiler containing next morning's coffee; or, if you were on the last watch, trying to wake up the cooks. (It may be that three or



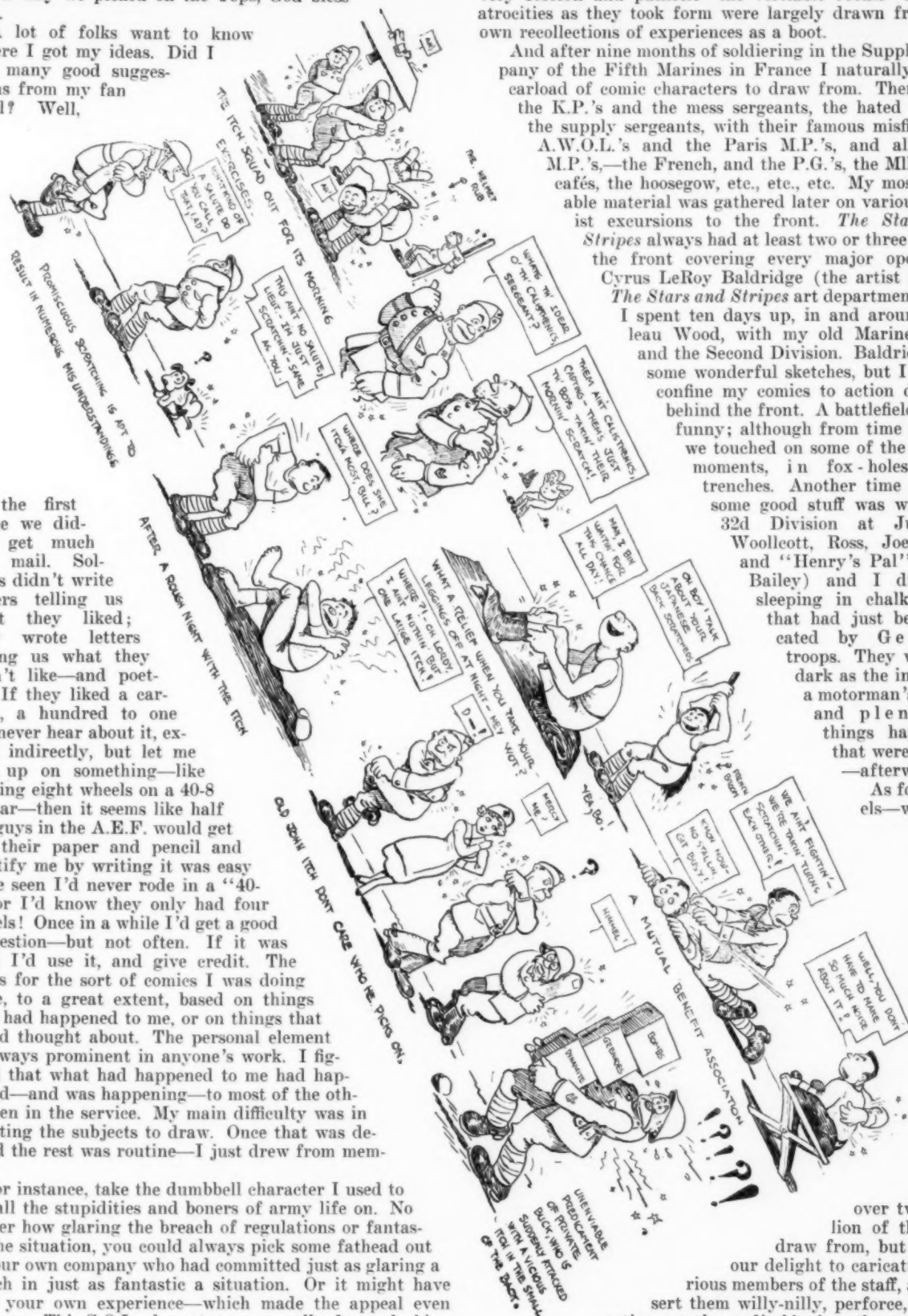
A lot of folks want to know where I got my ideas. Did I get many good suggestions from my fan mail? Well,

For instance, take the dumbbell character I used to pin all the stupidities and boners of army life on. No matter how glaring the breach of regulations or fantastic the situation, you could always pick some fathead out of your own company who had committed just as glaring a breach in just as fantastic a situation. Or it might have been your own experience—which made the appeal even stronger. This S.O.L. character was usually drawn looking

And after nine months of soldiering in the Supply Company of the Fifth Marines in France I naturally had a carload of comic characters to draw from. There were the K.P.'s and the mess sergeants, the hated bugler, the supply sergeants, with their famous misfits—the A.W.O.L.'s and the Paris M.P.'s, and all other M.P.'s,—the French, and the P.G.'s, the Milles, the cafés, the hoosegow, etc., etc., etc. My most valuable material was gathered later on various tourist excursions to the front. *The Stars and Stripes* always had at least two or three men at the front covering every major operation.

As for models—we had

over two million of them to draw from, but it was our delight to caricature various members of the staff, and insert them willy-nilly, perforce, in situations rarely creditable, into the cartoons.



Chief among these was Medical Sergeant Alexander Woolcott, who had been a famous dramatic critic in New York before entering the service. Aleck was big and husky and had enormous feet (or maybe it was just his army-issue dogs?)—anyhow, he had a certain daintiness of manner which I tried to capture in my cartoons, and was successful, after several trials, when I found that I could only gain the desired effect by reducing his feet, in the drawing, to diminutive proportions. Aleck, much to my surprise, was delighted with the caricature, until one day I introduced a rose in his hand—but was good enough to show it to him before I had inked it in permanently. This was too much. He squawked—and bid me accompany him to the nearest café, where after partaking of several drinks, which he insisted on buying, I promised to remove the rose. Subsequently, Aleck often found occasion to invite me to partake of his hospitality. It was blackmail, pure and simple, but as he enjoys telling about it himself I don't feel so criminal.



Another, whom I took fiendish glee in riding, was Private Hudson Hawley, from a Machine Gun Battalion of the 26th Division; a humorist, poet, and most prolific writer, "Boz," although still a young man, had lost every hair from the top of his double-yolk head. A perfect cartoon character. He was short, but ultra military, and addicted to saluting furiously in the most unexpected moments and places; he saluted anything and everything. At least, that's the way we cartooned him, and you would be surprised how ungrateful he is to us for making him famous as "The Saluting Demon of the A.E.F." Next in line comes George W. B. "Alphabet" Britt, a rotund, dignified ex-exports writer from Boston and Chaumont—and a secretary to Senator Lodge when he entered the war. Jimmy was no chicken (we celebrated his fortieth birthday in Paris in 1919) but he was full of vim and vigor, and we invariably pictured him in some strenuous or coquettish activity. I made a sign for a little bar in Paris, which we frequented on account of its fine beer, and used Jimmy as the model most qualified by his ample proportions to advertise that noble beverage "50-50," or half and half. One day Jimmy, while reclining luxuriously against the bar, was startled by raucous laughter from a bunch of A.W.O.L.'s who were hysterically pointing to the sign, and at Jimmy, and back again, screaming all the while "It's him! It's him!" Now up to this moment our plump buddy had been rather proud of that sign, and the distinction it sort of lent him—especially among his friends; but this was humiliating. He decided it was too much for his dignity to stand, and forthwith, and thereupon, he descended upon these astounded admirers with all the wrath that was in him—and that was a plenty. Didn't they, with their half-baked intellects, recognize the difference between a portrait and a

caricature—and a grotesque caricature at that—he demanded to know. He orated, and fumed, and said bad words; he delivered the sweetest bawling-out we have ever heard—until the disrespectful group had been quelled into submissive and crestfallen silence at the farthest extremity of the bar. The sign was removed. Maybe Mr. Britt still has it. Last we heard he was holding down one of the main desks in the Internal Revenue Service in Boston. Hawley is still in France, a well known foreign-news correspondent.

Harold W. Ross was the editor, but that didn't protect him. He had been a newspaper man all over the western U. S. To us he was just another buck private, lately removed from the 18th Engineers and Officers' Training School at Langres. He was lean and lanky, with rugged features, and long hair, that was supposed to be parted in the middle, which everlastingly hung down over his eyes. He hated saluting, discipline, and everything military. We used him as the typical buck—always grouching, and smoking a corn-cob pipe. Ross never knew that he let his tongue hang out, resting on his lower lip, when he was concentrating on copy, until he saw himself pictured in the cartoon. He protested—but when assured by his buddies that it was true, reluctantly oke'd it. He is now the editor of that sophisticated magazine *The New Yorker*.

At one time or another we managed to work in caricatures of most of the members of the paper. "Pierre" Jenkins, "Tip" Bliss (with the Top Sargent face, and enormous eyebrows) and "Rags," Hilmar Baukhage, Baldrige, and "Li'l Dan'l" Sowers (the largest single body of troops in the A.E.F.) from G.H.Q., among them. We laid off of the officers in charge almost entirely; simply because it might have looked like mitt-wobbling—and being just a buck private among bucks, at that time, we couldn't afford to allow ourself to be accused of that. Nez pas!!!

A compatriot of his, Alexander Woolcott, then in the Army, still tells this story about Wallgren. It seems that General Pershing arrived in Paris one day and paid a visit to the editorial offices of *The Stars and Stripes*. After everyone had been presented to the General, he still had that look of expectancy on his face as though someone was missing. Woolcott knew without looking around who it was and red started creeping up from his collar. Finally the General broke the tenseness by asking for Wally. Woolcott made stammering apologies and rushed out to hunt for Wally.

We finally found him in a nearby café, and shouted: "For heaven's sake, Wally, snap out of it. The old man is here to see you in person."

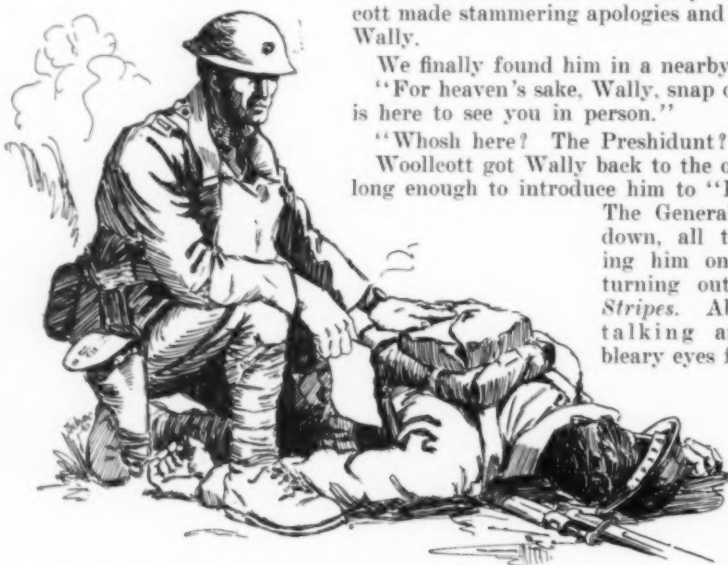
"Whosh here? The Presidunt?"

Woolcott got Wally back to the offices and held him up long enough to introduce him to "Black Jack" Pershing.

The General eyed Wally up and down, all the while complimenting him on the fine job he was turning out for *The Stars and Stripes*. Abruptly he stopped talking and Wally lifted his bleary eyes for the rebuke he knew was coming.

"Private Wallgren, have you always done this?"

Wally, confused and innocent, asked, "What, sir? Drink or draw?"



Captain Jimmie Bones and His Devil Dog Marines

Reprinted by popular request—1918-27-34-39

Tw'as winter time in Quantico
In nineteen-twenty-two;
The slum was pretty rough that night,
And all the men felt blue.
The hail and sleet with ghostly feet,
Beat on the bunkhouse dome;
Some men doped out their time to do
While others thought of home.

Then from the starless night there slipped
In through the bunkhouse door
An old Top Sergeant whom no man
Had ever seen before.
The hoar frost glistened in his hair,
His eyes like star shells shone;
His gnarled mustache hid half his face,
And he was skin and bone.

He sat down near the glowing stove
And warmed his fleshless hands,
The chill of death was in his breath,
Like thunder his commands.
His voice was hollow like the tone
Of one who'd long been dead;
But when he spoke the silence broke,
And this is what he said:

"Pipe down, all you devil whelps,
And snap out of your dreams;

A tale I'll tell you of heaven and hell,
And the Devil Dog Marines:
Just Captain Jimmie Bones, M. C.,
Their Skipper wrote his name;
He was a fiend for fighting,
He had no care for fame.

"Have never seen so fierce a man
On land nor sky nor sea;
He had a scar for every war,
And fought in ninety-three.
When he was riled, he had an eye
That drilled a hole through men;
He spoke but once and no man asked
Him how nor why nor when.

"Now Jimmie was the headpiece of
A hundred brave Gyrenes;
He used to have a whole lot more,
Who died from eating beans.
But them what ate the chow and lived,
They sure were hard boiled guys;
They flicked the bullets off their coats
Just like so many flies."

The old Top Sergeant's voice grew low,
And at it's ghostly gloom
Men shivered, and the vermin crawled
Upon the bunkhouse broom.
He stuffed a live coal in his pipe
And deeply did inhale;
He blew the smoke clean through the roof.
And then resumed his tale.

"They said the devil made him
mean
When he was in the skies,
And filled them all so full of
hell
It blazed out through their
eyes.
Then old St. Peter found the
bunch
And gave them souls of
white,

But hell still boiled up in 'em and
They couldn't else but fight.

"So Peter had to can old nick
And when to earth he fell,
He got himself a steady job
Recruiting souls for hell.
Well, Peter stamped Marines O. K.
And marked them all First Class,
'Cause all that ever scared 'em was
To see a looking glass.

"Now some they come from Texas sand
So they was full of grit,
And some was from Montana plains
Where they'd been roughing it,
Some more they come from old New York
And wore a bowery frown,
Then some which was the toughest came
From good old 'Frisco town.

"They came from every state there is,
And every brave Gyrene
Had come from either east or west,
Or somewhere in between.
They came from North and they came from
South,
They came from up and down,
They came from any old place at all,
And everywhere around.

"Now some of 'em wore khaki
And some wore forest green,
While some wore just their B.V.D.'s
And others just their jeans.
But everywhere they went they wore
The emblem of their ring,
To show they bossed the sky and earth
And sea and everything."

The old Top Kicker paused a space
To hear if some would scoff,
And then he strode across the floor
And bit a doorknob off.
Said he, "I ain't seen no real chow
For nigh on forty year—
We used to eat these things for eggs,
But that ain't here nor there.

"Old Jimmie Bones shoved off for France
In nineteen seventeen,
And shipped across the roughest crew
The world had ever seen.
Each one had 'First to Fight,' tattooed
Across his chest in black,
And right betwixt his shoulder blades,
'Watch out we're coming back.'

"Them hundred Devil Dogs sure was
A bold and daring crew.
They bit the soles right off their shoes
Whene'r they'd want a chew.
There wasn't one amongst that bunch
Of them U. S. Marines
Who couldn't spit three fathoms deep
And sink three submarines.



"And when it came to shooting guns,
Why, say, them men was there;
They'd shave a man a mile away
And never miss a hair.
They'd trim the eyebrows off a lark
A'soaring in the sky,
Or shoot the points off falling stars
As long's they had an eye.

"They cruised on all the seven seas
And rationed on hard tack,
They'd fought their way around the world
And half to hell and back.
They'd been in every war there was
Clean up to Vera Cruz;
The only thing they hadn't fought
Was Huns and too much booze.

"Now Jimmie Bones reached France O. K.
With that all-furious crew,
And every one turned 'round to say,
'No savvy parley vous.'
The French girls grabbed them by the hand
And washed their necks with tears,
The Frenchmen slapped them on the back
And yelled them deaf
with cheers.

"Then Jimmie made a
speech and said,
'I hear you got a war
Around here somewheres
hereabout,
And that's what we
came for.
But all I've got to say
is this:
Enjoy it while you
can
I'm going to clean up
Germany
If I lose every man.'

"The Germans heard
that Jimmie Bones
Had crossed the sea to
fight,
And when they got the
awful news
Their feet turned cold
with fright.
So when they lamped his
roughneck crew
From off an aeroplane
It nearly knocked 'em
for a goal
And some went plumb
insane.

"Said they, 'What is this
thing Marines?
If they had said before
They had such devil
dogs as those,
There wouldn't be no
war.'
So that is how they got
their name
Of Devil Dog Marines,
And ever since they
chased the Dutch
Daschunds clean off the scene."

The old Top Sergeant rolled his eyes
As though to recollect,
And where he let his fierce glance fall
It scorched six feet of deck.
Said he, "No man has ever lived
That crossed old Jimmie Bones;
He had the power that lifted men
Or dragged kings down from thrones.

"A general of the Allies looked
Out through his periscope
And seen ten million German Huns
A'coming on the lops.
He bit his short mustache and said:
'We're in an awful stew,

We only got a million men,
It looks like they'll break through.'

"Then Jimmie Bones piped up and said:
'You didn't count Marines;
I got some hell dogs that'll chew
The spikes right off their beans.
'Cause numbers don't mean nothing to
My well-behaving crew;
Why they ain't been to school enough
To count the men they've slew.'

"The general said, 'You win, my man,
Go take your wild Marines
And form a scouting party
Just to double up the scenes.
Then Jimmie Bones saluted stiff
And to the General said,
'We'll break through to Berlin, sir,
If we don't we'll come back dead.'

"With that he yelled, 'Outside, Marines,
And snap out of your hop;
We're going out to gather up
The German lemon crop.



And if I see one of you men
So much as leave a rind,
You'll rate the brig till kingdom come
And sixty dollars fine.'

"The hundred Devil Dogs fell out
And then they all fell in;
And each one closed a pop in ranks
By shoving up his chin.
The chief cook turned up missing when
The time for counting come,
But he was cooking shrapnel up
To make the crew some slum.

"Then Jimmie Bones, he gave a talk;
To all his men he said:
'We are shipping on a heavy sea

With reefs and shoals ahead;
But all I got to say is this:
Remember, you're Marines,
'Cause water settles everything,
And that's what our name means.'

"He marched 'em by the left step and
He marched 'em by the flank;
He marched 'em by the two's and four's.
And in and out of rank.
He marched 'em by the route step and
He marched 'em by restraint,
He marched 'em by every way there is
And every way there ain't.

"He marched 'em on company front
In quick and double time,
He marched 'em in a riot square
And in a skirmish line.
He ran 'em in a platoon rush
And then by single squad;
At each advance ten thousands Huns
Stretched out and hit the sod.

"They mowed 'em down with Browning
guns
And with their Spring
field gats,
And them they couldn't
get that way
They stuck with bayo-
nets.
And when they came to
trenches they
Just shoved the banks
all in,
And tons of Huns were
swallowed up
And never lived again.

"The Germans shot a
bunch of bombs
Of dead limburger
cheese,
But all it did to Jimmie's
men
Was to make 'em cough
and sneeze.
Then Jimmie lit a strong
cigar
From off a passing
shell;
Three million Huns got
one good whiff
And died from that
vile smell.

"The hundred Devil
Dogs shoved on,
Their eyes flashed
liquid fire,
Which melted guns and
cannons up
Like they were just
lead wire.
They kicked about a mil-
lion Huns
Into the River Marne,
And if they drowned or sunk or swam
They didn't give a darn.

"The Germans thought that judgment day
Had come to take its toll;
They got the Jula in their knees
And trembled in their loins.
And when they saw those Devil Dogs,
And learned their awful yell,
They knew their judgment day had come
And they was picked for hell.

"So what was left throwed up their mitts
And hollered 'Kamerad';
But Jimmie's men thought that was Dutch
For talk profaning God.
So they stuck their bayonet

THE LEATHERNECK



Right through them anyhow,
And buzzards came down from the sky
And ate 'em up for chow."

The old Top Kicker smote his chest
And loudly did he cough;
The bunkhouse shook from door to door,
And half the shelves fell off.
And when he cleared his throat the sound
Like distant thunder rolled;
Said he, "pipe down and listen well,
This tale is not half told.

"Now Kaiser Bill and Hindenburg
Was in a game of craps;
He staked his royal crown against
A box of ginger snaps.
Old Hindy won the crown and said,
'This ain't no good to me,
I'd sooner have a bite to eat
Than all of Germany.'

"Said Kaiser Bill, 'I'll tell you what—
You lend ten marks to me;
I'll pay it back in a month or two
With French indemnity.'
Said Hindy, 'Where'd you get that stuff?
D'you see some green on me?
I bought myself some Liberty Bonds
From Mrs. Liberty.'

"Just then the Crown Prince busted in
And said 'Oh, Papa, dear,
I see some wild men coming who
Will wreck this joint, I fear;
I'll shoot a long range shot at them,
And if they still persist,
Then I'll take out a million men
And slap them on the wrist.'

"The Kaiser took a peep out from
A half raised window blind
And seen a hundred Devil Dogs
A'swimming across the Rhine;
The river was a'running blood

From all the men they slew,
And every time they ducked their heads
They'd drink a quart or two.

"The Kaiser's hair stood up on end
And turned from black to white,
And when he spied old Jimmie Bones
His blood ran cold with fright.
He grabbed the Prince's hand and said,
'Don't fool with that wild Yank,
He'll fill you full of bullet holes
Where Papa used to spank.

"'What Ho, the Guard!' cried Kaiser Bill.
'There ain't no guard no more,'
Said Hindenburg, 'The guard was shot
Out there by the palace door.'
'Where is my ally, Gott?' yelled Bill.
'Von Gott, he ain't at home,'
Said Hindenburg: 'The Gott you had
Was in your crazy dome.'

"The Kaiser's eyes stuck out a mile.
'What shall I do?' said he.
'I'll save me and my six brave sons,
To hell with Germany.'
Said Hindenburg, 'It went to hell
Long time before this thing;
Ten million Huns that you sent there
Are waiting for their king.'

"The outside palace door crashed in,
There was a mighty roar.
'Thank Gott,' said Hindenburg; 'I'll see
That mush of yours no more.'
With that he grabbed his gat and blowed
The brains out of his head.
And Kaiser Bill knowed then and there
He meant just what he said.

"The Kaiser beat it for the door,
And flung it open wide;
And there he met Jimmie Bones
A'coming just outside.
Behind him was his Devil Dogs

With gleaming bayonets,
And Kaiser Bill knowed they had come
To get a whole world's bets.

"Then Jimmie gave him just one look
That turned his gizzard pale,
And made him wish that he had spent
His life in some nice jail.
Said Jimmie Bones, 'So you're the cur
That kicked up all this row;
You got about an hour to live,
So don't give us no gow.'

"The Kaiser's nerve went over the hill,
His brow dripped bloody sweat;
He got down on his knees and cried
And got the carpet wet.
His teeth they rattled just like dice
Do in a game of craps;
And every word that Jimmie spoke
Was like a note of taps.

"Then Jimmie Bones drewed out his gat,
And then he tossed it by;
Said, 'You ain't fit enough to live,
And not that fit to die.
You've served the devil all your life,
But now you'll work for me.'
And then he thought up things to do;
Jim Bones can think of three.

"'You'll dig ten thousand miles of trench
From here to Singapore,
You'll double time around the world
A hundred times or more,
You'll do stoop falling till you're humped
And twisted inside and out,
And crawl around jagged barbed wire till
You're naught but sauerkraut.

"'You'll stand a guard of twenty hours
Around the Arctic Zone,
With fifteen minutes off to thaw
The marrow in your bones.
And every hour throughout the night

You'll answer reveille,
And every twenty years or more
You'll rate a liberty.

"And all you'll have to drink
Is German blood you've shed;
And when you're hungry you will gnaw
The bones of German dead.
You'll do a jolt in eighty-four
For ten or twenty years,
And under a hard-boiled non-com
You'll shed your dying tears."

"Then Jimmie stopped and silence filled
The gloomy castle hall;
The Kaiser arose and tried to speak
Then fell against the wall.
Said he, 'I thought the devil was
A tough and ugly guy,
But you got Satan cheated with
One look out of your eye.'

"Said Jimmie Bones, 'Now that ain't all
I'm going to leave you do;
Them things is just light duty, but
There is heavy duty, too.'
The Kaiser throwed up both his mitts,
'You win,' that's all he said.
He gave a yell that was heard in hell,
And then keeled over dead."

The old Top Sergeant paused awhile
To hear if some would doubt;
He sneezed a sneeze; the stoves grew cold
The window panes fell out.
He rolled himself a cigarette
From sweepings off the floor,
And lit it with his flaming eye,
And then resumed once more.

"Now German spies sent word to France
That Jimmie Bones was dead;
And all his hundred Devil Dogs

Was slaughtered, too, they said.
The women wept a lot of weeps
The men felt pretty bad;
And all of them were mourning 'cause
The shock it hit 'em bad.

"The cook was boiling coffee up
From just a chunk of meat;
Said he, 'If they is dead or not
They'll be back here to eat.'
The world will never see the time
Marines had met defeat;
They would have gone to hell to cut
Off Kaiser Bill's retreat.

"A sentry sighted Jimmie's men
A'coming o'er the hill;
And dragging on behind 'em
What was left of Kaiser Bill.
And when they reached old Paris,
They was met with yells and cheers,
And showers of gold enough to last
'Em all a thousand years.

"They hung a million medals on
Old Jimmie and his crew,
And when they took 'em off they had
A barrel full or two.
And ever after that each lived
Just like a billionaire;
They never answered reveille
Or heard a bugle blare.

"And all they done was bunk fatigue
From then for evermore;
And when they died, they went above
And knocked at heaven's door.
Old Peter came down to the porch
And shouted, 'Halt, who's there?'
'United States Marines,' said Jim,
'First here and everywhere.'

"So Peter let the whole bunch in

Along with Captain Jim,
And each one grabbed themselves a harp
And sung the Marine hymn.
And ever after that each stood
His guard on heaven's green,
And nary a German has got past
The brave U. S. Marine."

The old Top Sergeant heaved a sigh
That raised the bunkhouse roof,
And those that sat too close to him
Were blown ten feet aloof.
He cut the sling from off a gun,
And took a three foot chew,
And where he spat the floor gave way
And hell came boiling through.

Then from the fiery pit there rose
A corporal of the guard;
His face was sunk, his flesh was iron,
His look was twice as hard.
Said he, "The detail's still intact
Around the brimstone floods,
The devil's peeling onions and
The Kaiser's peeling spuds."

The old Top Kicker knit his brow;
Said he, "All right, that's well;
But when you've finished with that job,
They'll start to coal up hell.
And if them billion tons ain't in
Before they shut an eye,
I'll run 'em up 'fore Jimmie Bones,
And let 'em tell him why."

The corporal turned and leaped head on
Down through that fiery mass;
The floor closed up, the bunkhouse swayed
With clouds of molten mass.
The Top arose, the lights went out,
Taps sounded, came the rain,
A chill swept through the room and he
Was never seen again.



AT EASE!

**YOU CAN'T HELP
INHALING—BUT
YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!**

YOU can see it with your own eyes—all smokers sometimes inhale. And when you do inhale, there's more chance of irritation. BUT NOW GET THIS! DISTINGUISHED DOCTORS WHO COMPARED THE FIVE LEADING BRANDS OF CIGARETTES—including PHILIP MORRIS—FOUND THAT . . .

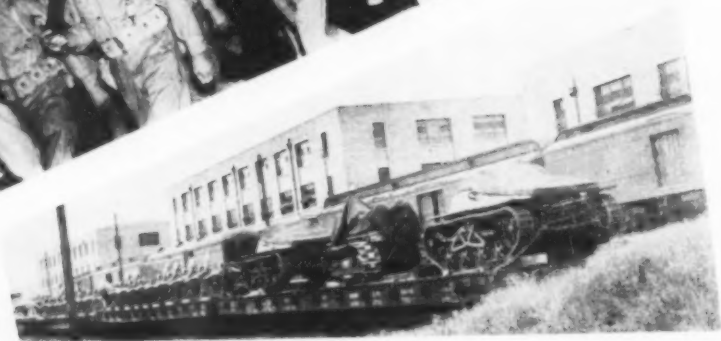
IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO PHILIP MORRIS—IRRITANT EFFECTS OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS HIGH—AND LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!

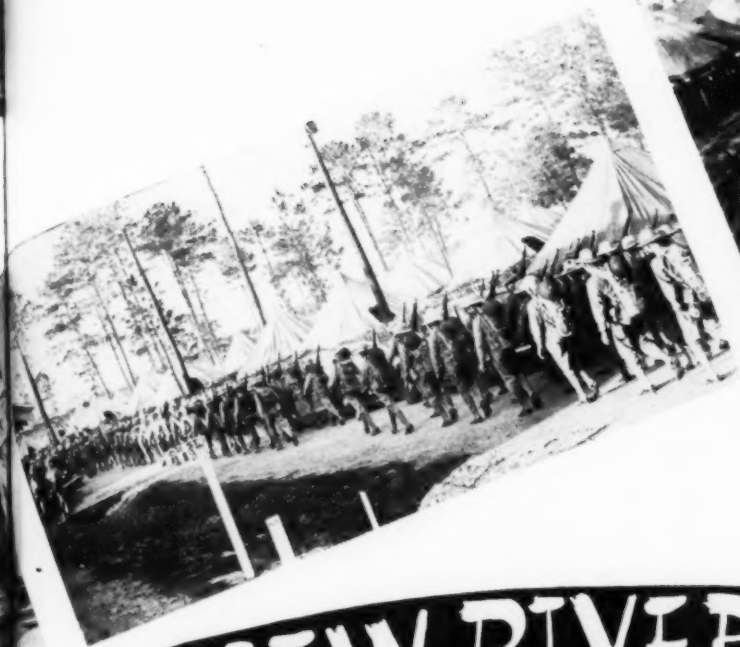
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FINER PLEASURE PLUS REAL PROTECTION—America's Finest Cigarette





NEW RIVER PIX REVIEW

Marines of the 1st Division bid fond farewell to Quantico and hello to New River, South Carolina

Pictures by Staff Photographer.



THE LEATHERNECK Sports

H&S COMPANY, 5TH MARINES, FORM ATHLETIC CLUB

Word has been passed of a newly formed athletic club with the entire Communications Platoon as membership. The officers elected include: Corp. Edward Belezkyk, president; Corp. Howard F. Buff, vice president; Pfc. George F. Shershen, secretary-treasurer; and Sgt. Raymond T. Litchfield, softball team manager with Corp. Vincent H. Bednarsky as captain.

And Bednarsky's first challengers, the Company's Anti-Tankers, were none too easily defeated; and in both these circles observers believe the return match will set off a long, interesting series. A schedule with various battalion units also has been arranged.

H&S BTRY., 2ND BN., 11TH MARINES, QUINTET STARTS PRACTICE

Our basketball team has just started to practice in earnest for the forthcoming season. Our Coach and fast stepper Lt. Smart has an odd way of twisting out those long shots but they certainly have a way of working through the basket.

Our baseball team under the guidance of Sgt. Risher Capt. and Pfc. Thomas coach looks forward to many good games with much optimism.

BATTERY L, 2ND BN., 11TH MARINES, EXPECT SOFTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

Sport activities head the limelight with due consideration being given to our championship bound softball team, starring basketball players, man building weight lifters, and our scrappy little welterweight, Pfc. Francis J. Abnadi. Enthusiasm for a football team now forming is running high under the energetic supervision of the Eleventh Marines' new athletic director, Lieutenant Rex G. Williams. Pfc. Robert L. Davidson and Bob Turner are leading candidates for the new Regimental cross country team.

COMPANY B, 1ST BN., 2ND MARINES, ORGANIZING BOWLING TEAM

The members of this Company look forward to Wednesday afternoons when they have been playing other Companies in softball games, handball, and touch football. A bowling team is under the process of organization and we hope to be beating other Company teams in the near future in the game of "strikes and spares."

Several of the boys are taking advantage of the activities offered at the Army and Navy YMCA and have been going down every night "working out." Among the many sports enjoyed are basketball, handball, fencing, weight-lifting, swimming, wrestling and boxing.

BTRY. A, 1ST BN., 11TH MARINES, "SOFTIES" BOAST SIZZLING STREAK

Members of A Battery are pointing with pardonable pride to a sizzling thirteen-game winning streak began at Quantico last Spring and has been continued since the move to Parris Island, S. C. Five of the string have been won since Cpl. Fiser reorganized the club recently in Quantico. Two games were captured from H&S-1-11 by scores of 13-7, 12-4. Then the Battery moved south and took up where it left off by knocking over H&S-1-11 by 7-1, E Battery by 5-0, and H&S-2-11 by 7-5.

The candidates for the club have proven themselves of such sterling quality that "Skipper" Fiser hasn't been able to find a spot for himself in the line-up. Perhaps the feature of the team's play thus far has been the brilliant work of the infield composed of Knight at first, Masley at

CORRECTION

We have erred on page 41 in placing New River in South Carolina. The correct address is New River, North Carolina.

second, De-Temple at short and Kohler at third. This outfit has been pulling the pitchers out of deep holes with appropriate double-plays, and acquitting itself very well in general. The outfield has been composed of Cizmar and Lynch in left-field, Machin in center-field, and Elberson and Price and Dutton in right-field. Telesca holds forth creditably in short field. The pitching has been excellent, as the scores will testify. It has been divided among Harley, Smith and Cizmar, with Balazs and Lynch taking care of all the back-stopping. And, to keep the heads from swelling, there's a swell infielder named Farmer who will make some of the regulars step when his injured finger heals.

The beauty of this team is that it hits hard from bottom to top. If there have been any stand-outs in the welter of base knocks they have been O. S. Machin, the Florida Flier who gets the wood on the hide hard and often, and "Silent" Knight, who learned his softball in Flatbush.

USS ARKANSAS GLOVER STARS AT SMOKER

Fred Fay, the battling boy from Brooklyn, scored a Technical K.O. over Sea, 2/e Pierce the other night in a three-round smoker which was held aboard the USS "Albemarle." Fay weighed in at 155

pounds outweighing his opponent by a margin of four pounds.

Fay has had quite a fistie career, fighting at Brooklyn and Norfolk. Fay looks like good material for a Fleet Champion and with his comrade-in-gloves, Lewis J. Michelony, training him, the detachment is sure that he'll be a Fleet Champion. The smoker last night showed that Fay has everything that is needed to make a champ. He has color, stamina, courage, and boxing and "slugging" ability. So, we take our hats off to Freddy Fay, a real Marine!

GUAM MARINES BOAST WELL-ROUNDED SPORTS PROGRAM

If you are a sports lover, this will sound very good to you. The Marines in Guam have a very fine nine-hole golf course right on the reservation. This course is kept in excellent condition and the Post Recreation Fund furnishes golf bags and good clubs so a player's only outlay is for balls. We have two concrete tennis courts with the Recreation Department providing everything, including rackets, balls, shoes, sweat shirts and socks. We have plenty of equipment and uniforms for our always good baseball and softball teams. Once or twice a month we obtain a motor launch for deep sea fishing. Twelve to twenty-five men make up a party, refreshments are taken along and everyone has a chance to "land one." Shark, swordfish, tuna, marlin, barraenda, yellow tail, wahoo and jack compromise most of the fish caught and range in size from fifteen to one hundred fifty pounds. It is possible to obtain almost every obtainable kind of sea shell right here so "shelling" is the hobby and pastime of many who have very complete collections.

A lot of interest is being shown in our gymnasium with a dozen or more men reporting every day and working out under the able tutelage of Sgt. E. E. Walsh (former "Shanghai Slugger" and belt winner in at least two different weights out there in the past). Two of our most promising men are Pvt. "Primo" John D. Mucciacciaro and Pfc. Richard Ballinger. "Primo" headed a card and wrestled a well known wrestler around these parts at the Capitol a few days ago. It was a very good match and the decision was a "draw." There will be a re-match we are sure in the near future. Pfc. Richard Ballinger, who very ably carries our pugilistic colors, boxed on the same card and showed some very nice foot work and a beautiful left hook which won the fight in a walk for him even though the competition was stiff.

The Marines have a "pintail snipe" sailboat available for their own use almost anytime. If one does not know how to sail, a qualified instructor will take him out and "teach him the ropes." Where else, I ask you, can a man revel in this "sport of the aristocracy" at no cost to himself!

Duty is not too tough at all here at Guam and the climate is not too tropical, so, the "rock" is not such a bad place to be these days, no sir!

THE LEATHERNECK

BOGART'S BANTERING

We see where the St. Louis Browns have claimed George Archie via the waiver route for \$7,500. Clark Griffith tried Archie out both on first and third but for some reason, he failed to click. Last year Archie was voted the most valuable player in the Pacific Coast League and should have been able to make good. Players have a habit of being able to find themselves with the Browns, so maybe we'll hear things about Archie yet.

Whitney Martin in the Tampa Tribune seems to have the dope on why the Yankees win games with such regularity. Harmony seems to be the keynote to most of their success. Of course they have individual stars, get lots of home runs, and are better than average on the field. Yes, and so be it with the Red Sox but look where they finished. The harmony comes because Joe McCarthy knows how to deal with individuals so that discipline is combined with respect. On top of that he makes the players believe that they are champs and they go about it in a very business-like manner proving it. Players must fit in Joe's team or they just aren't on the team. Rarely do you hear of McCarthy fining a pitcher, except maybe after he's no longer on the Yankee roster. Even last year when they were in such a slump, there was no bellying or temperament displayed, they just played to the best of their ability. There are quite a few teams in both leagues who could copy some of the characteristics of the Yanks.

The difference between good and bad teams. The Giants lost 28 games by one run this year while the Cards won 30 by one run margin.

The Dodgers offered Branch Rickey \$65,000 for Ernie White last winter, but no soap. They signed up Pete Reiser for \$100. On top of that, the Dodgers signed up a bunch of high class rookies for practically nothing when Judge Landis declared them free agents. Those same rookies are worth about \$150,000 right now.

About time now for the "most valuable player" argument to start. It's a very touchy subject because everyone has his

own ideas. There will be a lot of Bob Feller votes. Bob did right well with a bum team. Without him, last place in the AL wouldn't be far enough down for a spot for the Indians. However, Bob could win just so many games for 'em. DiMaggio was in there most of the season and personally won many games for the Yanks

lect. You could name two or three from the Dodgers and not be far off. Frankly, we aren't going to try naming the player from the NL.

Well we now can forget baseball for awhile. Football has gotten away to a fine start so let's look over the situation for the season. The east seems to have two good teams this year with Navy and Fordham. While the brains seem to side with Fordham, we're inclined to believe that Major Larson will have one of the best teams ever produced by Navy. He has a world of material and barring injuries, should come through undefeated. Fordham will probably be invited to play in the Rose Bowl. Boston College was bounced out in their first game with Tulane. We don't think much of the rest though they may develop some good teams.

Down south, Duke is apparently headed places but there isn't much opposition for them. Clemson and possibly South Carolina might offer some obstacles. The Gamecocks were pretty good knocking off North Carolina in their opener and the Tarheels had been highly touted.

The southeast section offers more in the way of battles. Alabama has Tennessee, Tulane, Mississippi and Georgia to contend with. The Crimson Tide opened with a crushing defeat of Southeastern Louisiana (never heard of it) but that spells nothing. Ole Miss will be the team to watch in this section, though Tulane looks very powerful. She rather upset the applecart for Boston College in the opener. Florida too should give a very good account of themselves. Tom Lieb's outfit made a very good game of their 6-0 defeat at the hands of Miss.

Over in the southwest it looks all Texas this year. Texas A. & M. has shot its bolt and it will be several years before they are up and around again. In fact, most of the football in this section will be inferior to last year's. But we don't mean it will be lousy. Rice might come along with something this year and also SMU. But teams like Texas A. & M. had in '39 and '40 won't be found in the Southwest for some time to come.

MAC
IS ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS RUNNERS IN THE PRO LEAGUE

GEORGE McAFEE
HIS "SOUTHPAW" SHOTS HAVE BEFUDDLED MANY A PASSPROOF DEFENCE
FORMER DUKE LUMINARY AND ACE CLIMAX RUNNER
OF THE RAMPAGING CHICAGO BEARS
IS ONCE AGAIN ROARING ALONG THE PRO GRIDIRON TOUCHDOWN TRAILS

and helped greatly to win many more. So DiMaggi should come before Rapid Robert. How about Ted Williams with his better than .400 batting average? We admit that Ted was a great asset to the Red Sox but they could have finished in second place with Ted sitting on the bench. The Yanks could not have won the pennant without DiMag. So he's our choice and we wonder who will be selected.

In the NL it's going to be harder to se-



● Actual photograph—F. H. Lewis looks over some fine, light tobacco, before axing.

"Want this in your cigarette?"

"Then smoke Luckies!" says F. H. Lewis, independent tobacco warehouseman of Stoneville, N.C., "because Luckies pay the price to get milder, better-tastin' leaf like this."

"BELIEVE me—fine, mild, light tobacco like this costs real money. But that's the kind Luckies go after ... and pay the price to get.

"I've seen 'em do it at one market after the other, all through the Tobacco Country ... so you can bet your boots I smoke Luckies!"

Smokers, that's a pretty good cue—from a man who knows what he's talking about—a man who has spent his life buying,

selling and handling tobacco.

Of course you want milder, better-tasting tobaccos in your cigarette—the kind that bring higher prices at the auctions. Next time you step up to a cigarette counter, why not be sure you *get* these finer tobaccos? Ask for Lucky Strike.

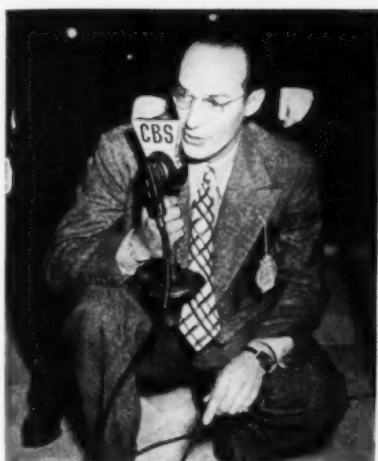
Remember: independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—smoke Luckies by an overwhelming majority...

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1



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Ted Husing

If Ted Husing could have mastered the art of landing a plane without cracking it up, the famous CBS sports reporter today might be an ace airline pilot instead of the country's top sports broadcaster.

But the ground seemed to rise up and smack into Ted's planes at the most inconvenient times. It happened in 1923 when he was piloting a seaplane for Aero-Marine Airways, and later cost him a job as flying cop with the New York City police.

So Husing decided to quit aviation. He turned to real estate instead. That venture was short-lived, thanks to the collapse of the Florida boom.

Next came radio. This time Ted got a break. He applied for an announcer's job at a New York station and won out over 611 other applicants, signing his first radio contract September 13, 1924.

"I could talk longer and louder than any of the other boys," is Ted's modest appraisal of his triumph in that first big radio test.

In 1925, Ted was transferred to the staff of a Washington station, and that Fall broadcast his first football game, describing Penn's drubbing of Cornell. The broadcast marked the turning point in Husing's life, for it started him on his brilliant career as a sports reporter.

Ted did his first full season of football announcing in 1926, covering such major games as Army-Notre Dame and Harvard-Yale. A short term as a network time salesman followed, but Ted preferred announcing. He was on the air for a Boston station for several months, and then returned to New York, joining CBS's staff December 25, 1927.

He has been with Columbia ever since. During the more than twelve years which have elapsed Ted has brought to CBS's nation-wide audiences crisp, lucid and colorful reports of virtually every type of major sports event in the United States.

Ted has covered eight Kentucky Derbys for CBS. Fights, track meets, the Berlin Olympics, football games, crew races, tennis matches, polo and golf championships and auto races are among other events covered by the CBS ace. Many of them were put on the air for the first time by Husing.

Ted also has done a lot of straight news reporting for Columbia. He covered the 1928 presidential election, and introduced both Herbert Hoover and Al Smith to radio audiences on numerous occasions. He also was one of the CBS reporters

covering the stirring 1932 presidential conventions and election.

Husing rates his broadcast of Floyd Bennett's funeral at Arlington Cemetery as the most moving experience of his radio career. It was cold and a lashing rain drenched the procession. Yet Husing stood bareheaded in the open for more than two hours as he described the stirring scene.

His biggest sports thrills? That's hard to say. Notre Dame's remarkable rally in the last quarter of the Ohio State football game in 1936, Jesse Owens' sweep of the Berlin Olympics sprints, Helen Jacobs' stirring tennis final with Alice Marble last September—all were thrilling episodes in sports competition.

Perhaps the most satisfying of all, however, was Lawrin's triumph in the 1938 Kentucky Derby. Husing had picked him in a broadcast three months before the race when Lawrin was a 30-1 outsider. Ted had to stand for a lot of good-natured joshing until the race was run, for it didn't look as if his choice stood a chance against Fighting Fox, the favorite. Lawrin came hammering home in front, however, and it was a jubilant Ted Husing who described his victory for listeners the nation over.

Husing was born in New York City. He was named Edward Britt Husing, after the late prizefighter, Jimmy Britt, who was Ted's father's favorite. At 12, however, young Husing fell for a girl who always called him Ted. The name stuck.

Ted is six feet tall, weighs 180 and has dark brown hair and eyes. As might be expected, he likes the outdoors. He keeps in trim by playing tennis, golf and handball. He tries a bit of baseball and football, too, although he doesn't tackle quite as hard on the grid as in his stuyvesant High School and semi-pro days.

Husing's favorite sport is track and field. He can't remember ever having missed a meet at New York City's Madison Square Garden.

Fort Pearson, NBC announcer, was born in Chattanooga, Tennessee, on May 3, 1909 . . . attended elementary and high schools in Mississippi . . . ambitious to be a singer, he studied voice for two years at Chamberlain Hunt Academy . . . in 1927, while working in a bank in Shreveport, La., he went on a local station as singer and announcer . . . continued with both jobs until the depression ruined the bank job . . . decided to go to the country and farm for a while . . . within a year, however, the urge to sing came on again, and he landed at a



Fort Pearson



Bill Stern

station in Port Arthur, Texas . . . later sang and announced at KPRC, in Houston . . . joined NBC, Chicago, in 1935 . . . outstanding incident of his childhood was a visit to Chicago in 1912, the memory of which prompted him to return . . . favorite radio personality is Jack Benny . . . most difficult broadcast was his first covering of a football game . . . greatest extravagance is golf . . . on vacations, he likes to go to Mexico to "loll around" . . . is 5 feet, 10 inches tall . . . has brown hair and eyes . . . married a Shreveport girl.

Bill Stern, NBC sports and special events announcer, was born in Rochester, New York, on July 1, 1907 . . . his father a clothing manufacturer . . . attended Hackley School, in Tarrytown, N. Y., Caseadilla School, in Ithaca, and Penn Military College, in Chester, Pa. . . made 3 letters . . . played football for four years, three as varsity quarterback . . . other school activities included tennis, basketball, boxing, crew, and leading the college orchestra in vaudeville . . . came away in 1930 with a B.S. . . got his first start in show-business as usher in a theater . . . later worked with a stock company in Rochester . . . had ideas about doing motion picture work, but on arrival in Hollywood, found it difficult to get past the gate for an interview . . . the only job he could get was digging cement post holes at RKO . . . he took it at \$5 a day . . . always interested in football announcing . . . annoyed his family by pretending, usually in the shower, that he was manning a "mike" at a big game . . . in 1925 he began announcing sports over WHAM, Rochester, and continued in Austin, Birmingham, Cincinnati, New Orleans, and many other cities throughout the country . . . in 1931, Stern went to work as assistant stage manager of the Roxy Theater . . . a year later, he became stage manager . . . the Music Hall and Center Theater, both in Radio City, opened in 1932 with Bill as stage director . . . continued in that capacity for over four years . . . in the meantime, however, anxious for a change, he appealed to an NBC executive for permission to broadcast part of a football game . . . worked with Graham McNamee, whom he greatly admires, during the 1934 football season . . . won wide popularity . . . became guest announcer of the Pontiac series that year . . . in June, 1937, Bill became a regular member of the NBC Special Events staff . . . he is 5 feet, 10 inches tall . . . weighs 150 pounds . . . has black hair, dark eyes and complexion.

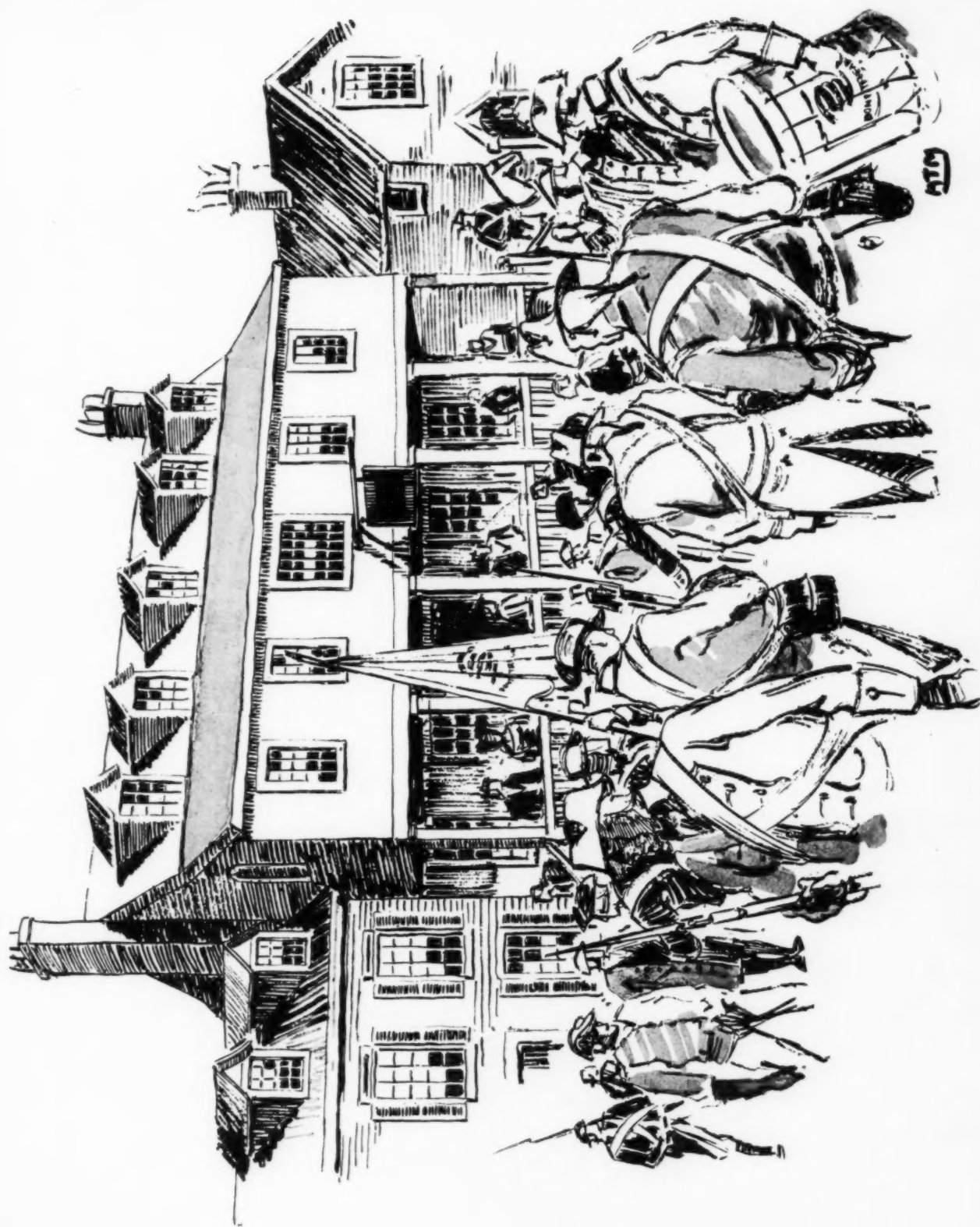


You Said It, Leatherneck! **Wrigley's Spearmint Gum is a** **mighty swell treat!**

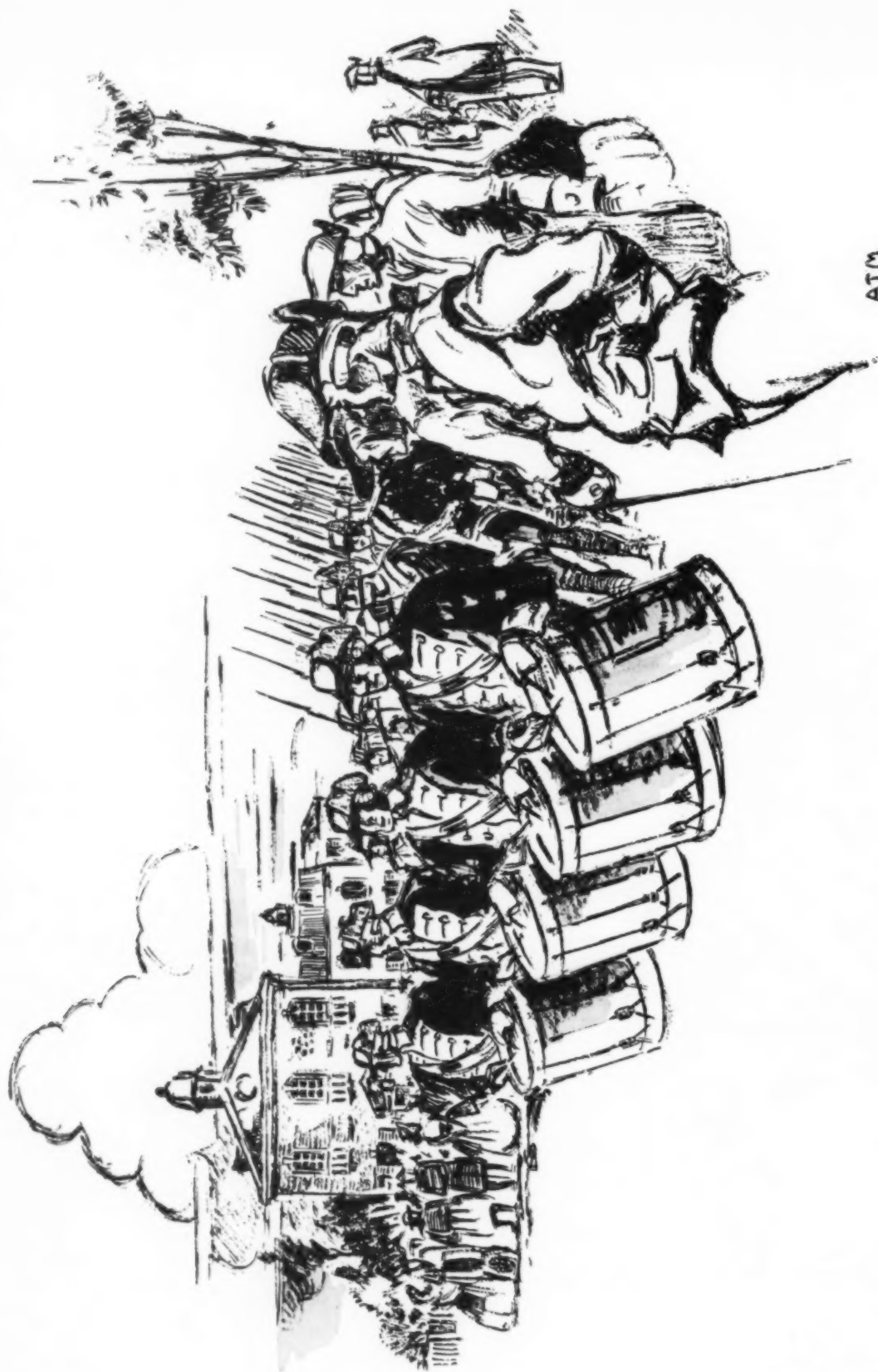
Yessir! You Marines know that for delicious mouth-cooling flavor—for real chewing satisfaction, you just can't beat Wrigley's Spearmint Gum! That full-bodied spearmint flavor moistens your throat—helps sweeten your breath. The chewing helps keep your teeth clean and bright.

So treat yourself to swell-tasting Wrigley's Spearmint Gum while you're on a long march—after hard drilling and when you're off duty! Get some today. The flavor lasts!

V-184



Recruiting at old Tun Tavern, Philadelphia, December, 1775

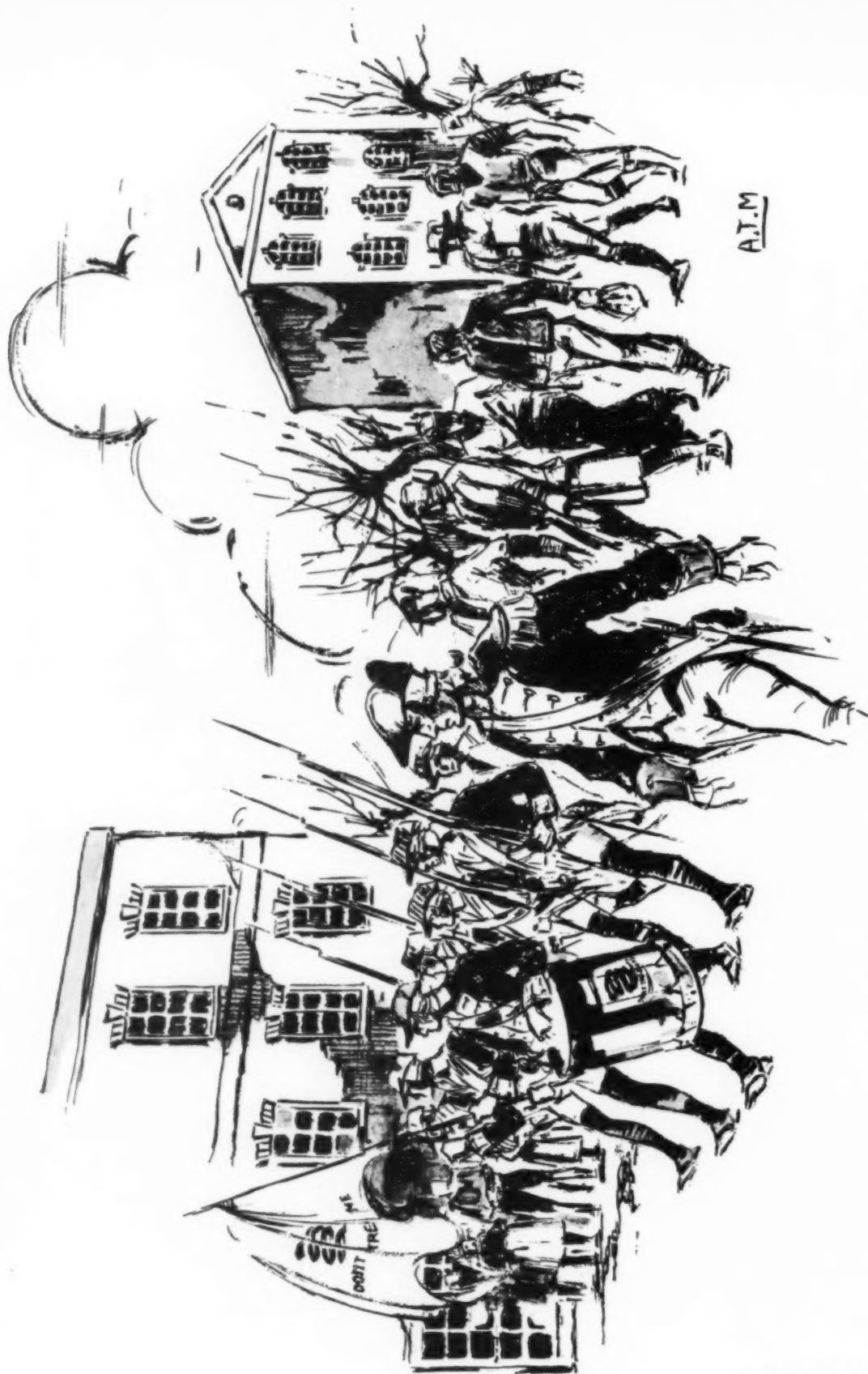


ATM.

Major Samuel Nicholas and his Battalion of American Marines leaving Philadelphia to join George Washington's Army in New Jersey, December, 1775



Marines guarding French naval prisoners on a hike from Philadelphia to Frederick, Md., in December, 1799, during the French Naval War



"Drumming up recruits" at Philadelphia, December, 1773, during the Revolution



Look what's been added to him—muscles—tan! Something **new** has been added to Old Golds, too, for **new** smoking pleasure.

Something **NEW*** has been added!



*It's **LATAKIA** (pronounced La-ta-kee'-a), rare, very flavorful Eastern Mediterranean tobacco. Now blended as a "seasoning" with other choice Old Gold tobaccos, it creates a delightful new cigarette taste!



"Never tire of their flavor," says Miss Charlotte Mantell, fashion artist, New York. "I can't imagine anything more satisfactory than these New Old Golds."



Same Familiar Pack—but **NEW** Old Golds! P. Lorillard Company—blenders of fine tobacco since George Washington's day



"Triumph of cigarette-makers' art." Mr. William B. Powell, travel writer, says: "Latakia in Old Golds adds new flavor. Here's a different, more interesting cigarette."

West Coast



RECRUIT DEPOT, MARINE CORPS BASE, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA—The weather and the complexions of the boots aren't the only changes we notice here either. Things are moving a little faster. The recruits are arriving in droves and, consequently, being trained and shipped out. Even the looks of the Recruit Depot are changing all the time. The streets are all paved now and new, trans-planted trees and shrubs are appearing every day. Sea School has been moved into the stucco'd barracks just edging the parade-grounds, formally occupied by the Western Platoon Leaders' Class of 1941. Permanent Personnel is quartered in the barracks formerly "Receiving Barracks," and Receiving Barracks is in a new area.

Most of the changes around here are for the best. Yet, conditions sometimes demand exceptions. Such is the case of Sergeant Thomas Wigton, Jr., erstwhile LEATHERNECK correspondent covering affairs of Recruit Depot. He has joined the ranks of "Home Defense." Apparently preferring light-housekeeping with a "mis-sus" to life in the Service, Mr. Wigton did not sign for another Cruise and received his Honorable Discharge September 26. He plans to follow the accounting line. (Learned through the Marine Institute.)

Wigton, in addition to having complete charge of the editorial and circulation ends of THE LEATHERNECK, had the responsibility of controlling the personnel records for the Depot. His many buddies hate to see him leave, especially those of us who worked with him and depended upon him—who recognized and highly respected the accuracy and perfect organization of his department.

The boots received the best news of lately. Recently the arrangement was made whereby upon completion of basic training, they are to be given 10 days' furlough enabling them, in most cases, to visit home before being transferred to the new stations.

Come to think of it, the boots are doing OK for themselves. Amateur nights are being held here and the recruits get a chance to show off a bit. Some of them are pretty good. Also, the recruits are going to be slinging leather Saturday nights. 1st Sergeant L. I. Brandt, quite a slugger himself, is in charge of the affair; according to him, a regular smoker is to be held every Saturday night. Boxers from the different Recruit Platoons will participate in eight bouts of three two-minute rounds. Possibly some arrangement will be made later to give prizes to the participants.

The climax of the evening's fun will be a free-for-all—five blindfolded men turned loose in the ring at the same time armed with one boxing glove and one noise-making device. During past years, fine boxers have been discovered in the ranks. Reports indicate that we may see some new ones; a number of boots are supposed to be far from unfamiliar with the ring game.

Those giving away cigars and wearing new stripes since the last promotions were made are: Sergeant—Robert G. Mason; Corporals—Leo W. Kelly, Raymond Lamb; Privates First Class—Thad Ackley, George P. Jones, Rogers L. Hogan, Edward E. Thomas, Jr., William O. Halder, George L. Morley, and John J. Kakalecik.

This is **HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE COMPANY, SECOND ENGINEER BATTALION**, back again to bring you a little news from the past month. Sergeant James A. McCaulley is on a thirty day furlough after extending his enlistment for a period of two years. A few promotions during the next two years and I'll bet the U. S. Marines have another thirty year man. Hope you are having fun during your furlough Mac and loads of luck.

The fellows are always in the Company office now asking about getting a furlough on such and such a date since fifteen day furloughs are being granted. The fellows have been working hard for quite awhile so they are all eager in having a furlough before they are stopped again. I suppose they have gotten lonesome for their folks or maybe some Sweetheart in some part of the Good Old U. S. A.

It seems like the Camouflage Platoon are always in hiding when it comes to trying to find them. They keep themselves pretty well concealed. The last we heard of them is that they were constructing a portable dock and doing a good job of it.

As your correspondent for **COMPANY A, 2d Engr. Bn.**, sits gloomily before his typewriter he meditates on the sins of man and wonders whether the reader is going to appreciate the gloomy account he is about to embark upon. Don't take him wrong that this happy little outfit is not doing anything worthy of note for that is not his implication at all. What he really means is that he, himself is in a mood, a big black mood. However he will put forth the supreme effort to scrawl this account here and at the same time eliminate all personal affectations.

We have rolled our sleeves well above the elbows into the vicinity of the biceps and wading through the knee deep dust managed to launch ourselves on the work entailed in the many and varied construction and maintenance jobs here in and about Camp Elliott. Co. A is striving for a huge and completely successful period as the working Engineer Company. In the heat, sun, dust, and the most adverse of working conditions, the men are reveling in the privilege to get out again and work off a little of that beer, extra fat, and stiff muscles. The men are black as African negroes from the sun, they get in early at night and get their sleep, and nobody has time to get themselves into trouble. All in all the troops really appreciate the change from soldiering for a while. The chances are that when this or-

ganization goes back to line duty every one will be as refreshed as though he had been on a long vacation.

The work is progressing splendidly. There have been many projects completed, and work continues on many others. All of them have the enthusiasm of the men and are receiving their best attention so that on completion or duration of the work period they can all look back with pride on their respective accomplishments. One detail has just completed a new addition to the Officers' Wine mess. After building a comfortable new lounge room and an immense, warming fireplace, they may be justifiably proud of their good work. Compliments have been paid the men for their fine job and they know that their work will be a source of unending pleasure for the Officers stationed here at Camp Elliott.

Probably the most noteworthy of the projects this outfit is working on is the new swimming pool being built for the use of all men here in Camp. It measures 150 ft. in length, 60 ft. in width and graduates from 4 ft. in depth in the shallow end to 9 ft. in the deep end, sufficient water for low board diving. It is to be understood concerning this pool that the engineers are doing all the work, planning, and figuring, that will go into completing it finally. Work started approximately 3 weeks ago and it is planned to complete it within the next 2 or 3 weeks. Also in conjunction with the pool is to be a system for purification of the water so that the pool may be drained and cleaned, the water that has been drained off and run through the purifying system and then run back into the pool for use over and over again. This way very little extra water will be required from time to time. Sure some project, your correspondent can see himself now paddling about in the manner of an aggravated duck enjoying the refreshing if not chilling qualities of the water and the numerous delightful nose and mouths full of water that are always inevitable.

Right at this very moment there is a terrific roar in the ears for directly in front of the barracks, no less than four tractors and other incidental equipment are preparing a new road, all part of the traffic system being worked out here in Camp Elliott. At many other spots about the camp other men and other equipment are engaged in making and repairing other roads that will be so essential when the rains come (All apologies to the Chamber of Commerce). Maybe the reader has never been here in this vicinity after rains have visited and departed elsewhere. It is readily told that when it rains here you don't dare leave the roads or traveled ways for when you do and you step upon the most likely looking hard ground chances are that you will find yourself up to your neck in the stickiest, slimiest, gooiest, most aggravating bit of muddy clay it was ever your misfortune to lay your eyes on. Other than that the country is all right.

Of course we mustn't forget to mention the various combat ranges that are being completed from time to time. New butts, faring lines and other improvements all are being made. Pretty soon this camp will equal the fine ranges found at all the other Marine Corps ranges. It has often been thought that the better the range the better response from the men and it is toward this end that all the ranges are being worked out.

Maybe some skeptics don't feel that the working end of a shovel and pick are the best of places to gather training as a soldier but they are wrong for even in this work in and about construction and maintenance there are ideal opportunities to learn many useful facts. Here we are using a lot of explosives for ground breaking purposes and this presents to the demolition specialists all the opportunities they desire to handle black powder, dynamite and TNT. The carpenters are constantly building, building and more building; great experience for use in combat times. Welders, blacksmiths, mechanics, and handy men are unendingly working on the equipment and this presents nearly all the problems they would be forced to meet in the field. Riggers are performing their specialty. All are making record runs on their experience. There is no room for inefficiency, and there is none. Everyone is designated to perform a certain job and he puts out or else.

At the next writing this period of work with Co. A as the working Engineer Company will have passed into oblivion. The outfit will be back to soldiering and line duty. More interesting developments will occur and your correspondent hopes to be in a much better mood at next sitting.

Pvt. Silvanus H. McGinnis went out on a MS. Pvt. Bernard C. Lyons joined us from Tactical Training Center, MB, Quantico, Va., where he has just completed a course of instruction in demolitions. Four boots joined us from the RD, MCB, San Diego, Calif., namely Pvt. James P. Evans, Pvt. Robert L. Kersh, Pvt. Artis Hampton and Pvt. J. T. Fore. Furloughs have been amply provided and the majority of those desiring one have been satisfied; very few remain to go and in no time those will be satisfied. All other hands are accounted for and so we go until next month.

September finds **COMPANY B**, 2d Engineer Battalion, still bunked down at Camp Elliott and preparing to go back to Camp maintenance duty. Much study has been given to demolition and many other specialist's subjects.

The ways of a civilian are rapidly overtaking ex-Corporal Chester H. Breneman, who was discharged this month after eight years' service in the Marine Corps Reserve. Being as Corporal Breneman is still in San Diego, maybe he will drop in to see his ol' "bunkies" again. Since his discharge, Pfc. Gillis A. Molaison heads the list of eligible short timers and himself will be discharged in October.

We have had but one promotion since the last issue of **THE LEATHERNECK**, and the honors go to Corporal Leonard R. Martindale. The heartiest congratulations are in order to the new Corporal from the entire Company.

The "exigencies" of the service have been lenient with Company B this month, holding us to only one transfer. Private Robert E. Doty was transferred to the H & S Company of this Battalion.

Well, until the next month of new dope arrives, your Company B reporter will end this magnificent piece of journalism.

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RUMBLE SEAT!



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THAN 10¢
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During the past month **COMPANY C**, Second Engineer Battalion has been very busy doing line work, and attending school. Corporal Smith and Pfc. Bolton have gotten married, so we wish them the best of luck. We have lost Pfc. MacGregor, and Burger, and also Pvt. Allender, who have been discharged. Pfc. Wilcox left us to go to Quantico. Pfc. Farmer, Ward, and Whipple, and Pvt. Ruskoski have all earned Specialist ratings. Among the social events of the past month was the "Beer Bust." We all went and had a swell time. We had lots of food and drink, and aside from a few, the majority stayed sober, believe it or not. Pfc. Samson and Thrash have left us for a brief period because of operations, but will be back in a short time. Among the new additions to this Company, are Corporal Walton, who came from Pearl Harbor and Private DeBarge from Quantico. This seems to be all the news we have for this month, so good-bye and thirty.

Since our last appearance in **THE LEATHERNECK** there have been a number of changes in **BATTALION HEADQUARTERS, 1ST BATTALION, 2ND MARINES**. Major Hough has come to the battalion replacing Captain Pressley as executive officer. We wish Captain Pressley the best of luck in his new duty on the regimental staff. Captain Murray is the new Plans and Training Officer of the battalion. Lieutenant Robertson has returned from the Platoon Leaders' Class and is Battalion Adjutant.

Major Hough and Lieutenant Robertson did not join us in time to go on our little

150 mile excursion to the hinterlands. It was quite a walk and served to separate the men from the boys, particularly, the last three days, when we came back to camp under full steam. The First Battalion was proud of the fact that we ended up with every man walking—no chocolate soldiers on the trucks.

One consistent truck rider however, was Rip, the unofficial battalion mascot. Rip is not as young as he used to be and after one day's walking found that riding in the cab of a truck was the only sensible way to get from one point to another provided the distance is over two miles . . . and they call 'em dumb animals! There have been many stories come from the hike and by now they have really assumed proportions that would put Baron Munchausen to shame. The incident that has caused the greatest amount of debate, mostly at the expense of Mess Sergeant White, was the man passing out in the chow line. The gumbusters say that it was the sight of the pork chops while the more loyal feel that the 23 mile hike was the cause of the KO. At any rate, we all got back alive and are expecting our campaign ribbons for the Mesa Grande campaign any day now.

On September 9th, the First and Third Battalions along with the band took part in the Admission Day parade. The army and navy was also there, probably just to fill out the parade. The Marines as usual received all the compliments on spit and polish and marching efficiency. The first battalion even made the front page and the photograph showed perfect alignment and cadence. If we don't toot our own horn, who will?

Our usual training program has been enhanced of late with training films which are interesting as well as instructive. The films cover a multitude of subjects and make the soaking up of knowledge a lot easier. There is no point in attempting to list what subjects the battalion training schedule has included. You name it . . . we've done it.

As a newcomer in this column **HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, FIRST BATTALION, SECOND MARINES** makes its debut with as much excitement and anticipation as an eighteen year old "deb" at her "coming out." Even though we have a lot to brag about in our company our ego will be harnessed and kept in control until we get better acquainted.

Right now we are just about recuperated from five months of intensive training and maneuvers while out at Camp Elliott and the physical change is already noticeable. The boys are getting that high-school-girl's complexion and those beer-barrel-bellies are becoming popular again. But all joking aside many of us enjoyed the training and accomplished much at Elliott and it isn't surprising to hear a few are anxious to go back.

A word or two to introduce the officers who keep Hq. 1-2 clicking as one big happy family. Our CO is 1st Lt. Donn J. Robertson to whom goes our heartiest congratulations on his recent promotion to 1st Lt.; 2nd Lt. G. C. Scharfy is in charge of the Communication Platoon and the Mortar Platoon is headed by 2nd Lt. R. Y. Stafford, both of which sections are functioning like a million. The Intelligence Section turned out some fine work of mapping on our recent problems under the supervision of 2nd Lt. R. I. Langston. 1st Lt. W. A. Culpepper who was our CO for a while, is now holding down the positions of Bn-4 and Mess Officer.

Latest additions to our lively fold are Sgt. Charles A. Dyer, going into the Com Section and FM R. D. Calvo, a new protege for FM Corporal Payton. Due to transfers we lost the following good men: Corporals Theodore Boston and Paul Mathis to H & S, and Pfc. Dean H. Newman to Radio School, MB, Quantico, Va.

Our congratulations go out to Sgt.-Major Melvin E. Mosier, who by the time this goes to press will be well on his way on his sixth cruise. Lots of luck Sgt.-Major and may this one month be as smooth as the smoothest.

COMPANY A, 1st Battalion, 2nd Marines, in the last month, has been transformed into a very snappy outfit of "Parade Ground" soldiers. It would seem that the boys wouldn't know one foot from the other, after all those months of "Stump-Jumping" at Camp Elliott, but they've come through in true Marine fashion, and have adapted themselves to the Base routine in little or no time.

Since our last appearance in **THE LEATHERNECK**, quite a few changes have taken place. For one, the Order of the Benedicts has inducted some of our men, among them, our commanding officer, Second Lieutenant Randall L. Stallings. Others who come under the newly-wed category are Corporals L. A. LeBlanc and Fred V. Rosenberger.

Promotions included Sergeant Wilbur McC. Burgess, from Corporal, Corporal Clinton DeW. Blough, from Private First Class, and Privates First Class James Q.

COLGATE CLOSE-UPS



2 BELLES
and all's well!

I'VE GOT GALS A-PLENTY
SINCE I LEARNED TO GET
SATIN-SMOOTH SHAVES WITH
COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM!

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AT YOUR P.X. OR
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ME'N THE OLD MAN ARE
BUDDIES...

SINCE I TOLD HIM HOW TO GET
COMFORTABLE SHAVES **FAST** WITH
COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM!
NO MORE K.P. FOR ME!



I Got a Ten Buck Bonus...

ON THE COLGATE SWEEPSTAKES! YOU CAN
TOO—LISTEN TO BILL STERN'S SPORTS ON N.B.C.
SEE YOUR PAPER FOR TIME AND STATION

Burchwell and Robert F. Murray, from Private. Congratulations are in order and are hereby delivered.

Three Second Lieutenants have joined the company. They are 2d Lts. Richard C. Losh, Joe A. Mann, and Oscar F. Peatross, and all three of them have been doing fine work and give able assistance to Lt. Stallings in all manner of instructions and duties.

Since our arrival at the Base, we have had quite a bit of guard duty. In fact, it has gotten so that one of the men remarked, "All we have to do now is turn our cap around and relieve ourselves." Nevertheless, the experience gained is worth all the china-chipping in the world. As one of our prominent military leaders once remarked, "A soldier isn't worth his beans unless he is crabbing about something." If this is true, and I am inclined to believe that it is, then there isn't enough land in the United States to grow all the beans that the men in this company are worth. Because they're all good soldiers, and you've never seen a better lot of gum-beaters.

By the way, we are almost forgetting the most important event. The Company took part in a Regimental problem in the vicinity of Mesa Grande, and aside from a few blistered pedal extremities, every one pulled through in fine style.

This is **COMPANY B**, Second Marines, sounding off, giving you the latest dope in happenings both past and present. After settling down here at the Base to Guard Duty and working parties, which have taken up most of our time, we took time out to "strut our stuff" in several parades.

This Company has undergone several changes lately both in the Officer personnel and enlisted. Second Lieutenant Samuel D. Mandeville, Jr., is our new "Skipper," replacing Captain Ewart S. Laue, who was transferred, while Second Lieutenants Wallace L. Crawford, Russell L. Hodge, Jr., and Charles B. McGinnis, Jr., have joined us replacing First Lieutenant Ernest H. Gould, who by the way just graduated from the Automotive Mechanics Course at Quantico, Va., Second Lieutenant James F. Geary, and Second Lieutenant Luther R. Seibert, were also transferred.

We are very fortunate in having two Gunnery Sergeants join us, Gunnery Sergeant Samuel A. Johnstone, Jr., and Gunnery Sergeant Robert D. Keig; both seasoned veterans and who have been putting the boys "through the paces" with drill and instruction with various weapons.

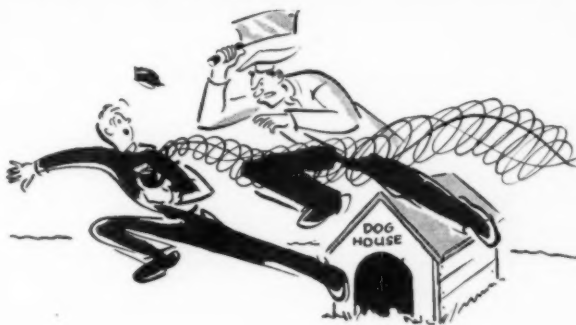
The following "Sea Going" Corporals have joined and boosted our Corporal strength: Corporal Samuel S. Cox, Corporal Otis T. Jacobs, Corporal Joe L. Mothershed, Corporal Boyd T. Peeler, Corporal Robert H. Pinegar, Corporal James M. Russell, Corporal Harold P. Skagen, and Field Cook Robert V. Shephard, who has joined our galley crew to turn out the best in chow for hungry marines.

Private First Class Gordon D. Stark, and Private Leon M. Goetzman, Jr., passed the truck drivers tests with flying colors and as a result have been our chauffeurs for guard duty.

Congratulations go to Platoon Sergeant Marko G. Belovich who added another hash-mark to his already overcrowded blouse. He celebrated his "shipping over" furlough by attending the pistol matches at Camp Perry, Ohio. His comment was that he enjoyed the matches, but that they were hampered by wind and rain.

Various brands of cigars were passed

DOG HOUSE DITTIES by Uncle Walter



Danny Deever! Duck the cleaver!
Never saw a cook so mad!
Bet he caught you in the mess shack
With that pipe that smells so bad!

You refused to pay attention
When your tent-mates were annoyed—
Hinting that your pet tobacco
Smelled like burning celluloid.

Take a tip and switch tomorrow
To the milder, fragrant blends.
Smoke Sir Walter and discover
That your critics turn to friends!

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Clean your pipe regularly, and smoke a mild and fragrant blend like Sir Walter. The choicest burley in the Blue Grass is selected for this grand-smelling blend. No wonder it rates so high with the Marines!

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out in abundance when the following promotions were made: Field Cook Kenneth H. Wade, from Assistant Cook, Corporal Orle S. Bergner, from Private First Class, and Private First Class Walter J. Leverett, and Private First Class Francis R. Nelson, from Privates.

Several members of this Company have returned from furloughs including our First Sergeant Donald E. Waldron, who recently joined us replacing First Sergeant Roger M. Emmons, who has gone "sea going."

After eight months of playing the part of the "Lost Company," **COMPANY C**, First Battalion, Second Marines, Second Marine Division, is finally breaking the print in this military and personal corner of LEATHERNECK journalism.

All the fellows in "C" seem to be keeping in exceptionally good shape and up on their toes since our recent "Over the Alps to Mesa Grande" Campaign. Due to lots

of encouragement and the guiding hand of Capt. Chester J. Salazar and his four new aides, 2d Lts. Burton, Smith Krohn, and Stewart, we seem to be hitting the ball at close order drill, lecturing, and we even keep up on our field work by taking a 10 mile hike about once a week.

We recently lost Sergeant Long, a very capable man who has been with us since our company started, but in his place we received Sgt. McAlester from the 2d Service Battalion.

We have recently organized a softball team and in a few more weeks we will really be up to par. Every Wednesday afternoon the Companies of the First Battalion have organized softball and we have only bowed our heads once in four times at bat.

It has been rumored that some of our men are being transferred in the near future so we will give more dope the next time we appear.

Well, guess what? The stork has "blessed" **COMPANY D**, 1st Battalion, 2nd Marines, with a new "Top"—Henry G. Goldmeyer, really an old salt, fresh from sea-duty, who is having a little trouble standing on a level deck.

Furloughs have been authorized once more and everyone is taking advantage of them. Gunnery Sergeant Thomas M. Klein has taken a furlough once again, we believe the Gunny likes his furlough.

Facts show also that we have a movie "star" in our midst. Sergeant Spencer "L" Jones was given a two-day "vacation" because of his photogenic qualities, to do a little work on a picture in Hollywood. Says he had a swell time rubbing elbows with some big time actors and actresses. Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe were his bosom buddies for those two days. Sergeant Jones, we believe, has at last realized his vocation, and will, upon discharge, attempt to become a second Tyrone Power or perhaps just an Errol Flynn.

Cigars were flying high once again as a result of two promotions. Dave Hill and William Weidner are sporting their Corporal stripes.

Captain Orin K. Pressley, company commander, has been detached for duty as Regimental Adjutant.

Since our last report, we've been joined by Corporals John H. Bowler and McClure Brewer and quite a few recruits.

Most of the sergeants in "Dog" Company were very happy to see the Platoon Sergeant's list, even though most of their numbers were six hundred and something. This included Sergeants Austin M. Gresham, James V. Stevenson, Walter A. Yoder and William W. Holt.

See you next month.

According to the maxims of military strategists, the "element of surprise is a formidable weapon." **BATTALION HEADQUARTERS, 2ND BATTALION, 2ND MARINES**—engulfed in the various phases of training these past months—concur with the sageness of that oft-quoted expression.

A recent landing expedition exhibited to the more observant participants the reactions of the civilian population, when under the fire of an "enemy" force.

* * *

It was a calm day, in fact almost hazy on quiet except for the occasional screech of a squealing feminine bather. The scene: the comfortably crowded beach at La Jolla, California, mecca for thousands of sun-worshippers, leg-ogling tourists, and paint-besplattered artists, eternally in search of the oceanesque local color so aptly described by Masefield in his "down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky" masterpiece.

A sudden revving of many motors aroused the beachers from their lethargy and play, as several scores of surf-landing boats, loaded with steel-helmeted Marines, roared out of the horizon, speckless a moment before. Within a few countless seconds, boats were emptied, and the renowned "soldiers of the sea" were splashing through the surf, taking their positions to destroy a theoretical enemy.

The bleached bathers, the easel-dobbing Bohemians, the beach Lotharios, all preoccupied with their own designs a nonce before, were now refugees from the enemy attacking force, and huddled in chattering groups, asking one another the perennial question, nowadays:

"What's it all about?"

Hairy-chested Adonises, outstanding among their fellows for pluck and daring, were now demoralized jackals, visibly shaken by a display of the soldierly skill of Mars—the God of War.

A statuesque blond, serene in her beauty and all-revealing bra-short scanties, ejaculated to the world-at-large:

"There's my Henry!"

"Henry," a sergeant recently acquired from a Goat Island reserve contingent, nodded curtly to his liberty pastime, and continued issuing fire-control orders to his group holding a portion of the strand.

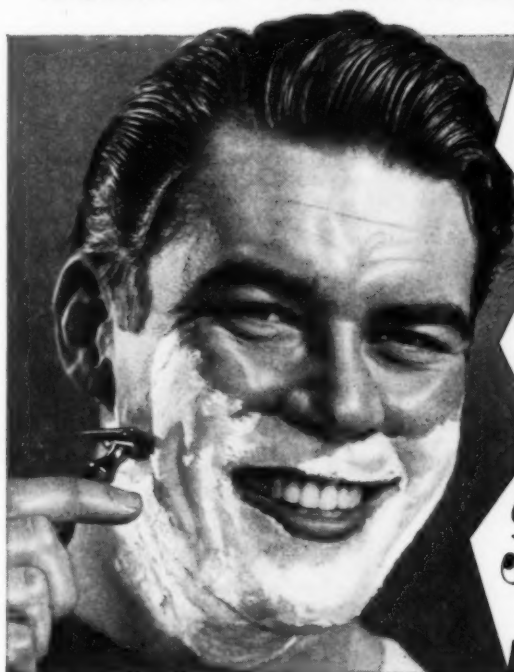
Thus was concluded another Second Battalion landing operation, and dripping gyrenes climbed into trucks, to be whisked back to the base in San Diego.

Other than landing parties, the Second Battalion training activities have encompassed qualification with automatic weapons, bi-weekly tours of guard duty, and the ever-essential troop and drill. Parades have been highlighted during our current residence at the Marine Base, attended by review-conscious San Diegoans and tourists.

The Base Band, ably conducted by Captain Horace Talbot, has inaugurated the 1941 concert season here on the West Coast by entertaining thousands of visitors and

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1 The minute you apply Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream, it literally "lubricates" your skin! It covers your face with a micro-thin film containing imported Olive and Palm Oils!

2 This micro-thin film protects your face, your skin. It actually acts as a cushion... an "in-between" element over which the sharp edge of your razor slides smoothly, gently and comfortably along.

3 Thus, Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream tends to prevent razor burn... those hundreds of tiny nips, cuts and gouges which give your face that raw, scraped feeling!

IN quarters or field, Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream helps prevent razor burn—yet always assures quick, clean shaves!

Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream works simply, logically. It covers your face... *literally lubricates your skin*... with a micro-thin film containing rich Olive and Palm Oils, over which your razor slides easily and smoothly along. Your beard comes off with surprising ease—while this film acts to prevent the hundreds of microscopic cuts that give your face that raw, scraped feeling known as "razor burn."

Try Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream's easy, brushless, latherless shaves. Remember—no shave cream *not* made with Olive and Palm Oils gives you this *same* lubricating film!



Marine personnel Thursday evening of each week.

Augmented by talented vocalists, in addition to a bevy of new instrumentalists, the repertoire and professional rendition of Captain Talbot's aggregation have evoked wide-spread discussions of praise among San Diego music lovers.

Two field musicians of the band, Sgt. Jesse R. Harris and Corp. Paul E. Chapman, both attached to this organization, were promoted recently.

Press time, and again **HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, SECOND BATTALION, SECOND MARINES**, leads the way.

Guard and working parties seem to be the order-of-the-day now that we are again back in the Base and all settled. Now and then a splashing landing exercise is thrown in to keep our routine from becoming monotonous.

A number of our comrades have enjoyed furloughs this past month. Among them are the following: FMSgt. Harris; Corporals Morris and Olson, Privates Olund, Schmidt, Schneider, and PhM1c Loe, and PhM3c Eberhard and Hemphill.

FMSgt. Harris was all keyed up over the prospects of riding back to Tennessee in a nice cool, air-conditioned bus. However, now his faith in the printed advertisement is completely destroyed, although he did have a great deal to say regarding the lights provided by the TVA dams.

Corporal Morris took that fatal step last month, and has left the realm of bachelorhood forever.

Pvt. Roy E. Olund spent a fruitful furlough in Sacramento enjoying the State Fair. Olund commented on the colorful Marine Color Guard at the Fair.

The men who have not returned from their furloughs at the time of this writing are: SupSgt. Seatena, PlSgt. Petet, Corporals Johnson and Tullis, Pfc. Eyde, ACK. Hamilton, Privates Eggling, Ramirez, Szewezul, PhM2c Summers, and PhM3c Reece and Thompson. We expect a galaxy of "tall ones" when all these men return.

The air is foul again this month with the odor of cheap promotion cigars. Among those doing the passing is Sgt. Harris, who is with the Field Musics.

Communicators who distributed the "weeds" this month are: Corporals McCullough, Rich, and Stamps. At the same time quite a number of specialists' ratings were passed out in the Communications Platoon. The fortunate recipients are: Pfc. Moore, Whitlow, and Wrom, and Privates Colson and Garrett.

The Communicators lost Corp. Edmund V. Rozycki who was transferred to Fortress Monroe, Va. Lots of luck in your new outfit, Corporal.

We extend hearty welcomes to Pfc. Kunkle and Privates Ewert and Gamble who joined us from the Recruit Depot. The new face among the ranks of the field musics belongs to John J. Heinen, Jr.

We welcome to **COMPANY E**, Second Battalion, Second Marines, the following men from the local recruit depot: Pvts. Joseph L. Besnard, Harold T. Bolieu, Ivan

L. McGuire, Paul Thibodeaux, and Willard D. Williams. From the San Diego Destroyer Base, Pfc. Beecher H. Bowling and James M. Smith. From the USS "California," Pfc. Benjamin L. Serna, while Pfc. Ambrose J. Lein joined from the USS "Idaho," Pfc. McCormick from the USS "Argonne," and from the Mare Island Prison Detachment came Pfc. George Lerfold.

Congratulations: Promoted were Sgts. Willie L. Nelms and Jasper N. Drew to the rank of PlSgt., while FM 1c1. Paul E. Chapman achieved his ambition to be a FM Corporal.

Into the hospital drydock for repairs and overhaul went Corp. Norman J. Lenz and Pvt. James A. Larrieu, III, to be returned in short order as good as new. Pfc. Michael Gaspar officially opened the base "hunting" season by firing the first shot the other day. . . . A riot-gun accidentally discharged! Corp. Salvatore Richiusa and Pfc. Wilton J. Leritte mixed business with pleasure by diving into the surf during recent landing operations. Pvt. Raymond E. Tallman now leads a life of ease as company runner—on the bicycle.

Have you noticed the beautiful flower arrangement and landscaping around the residence of our First Sergeant, Walter M. Calvert, in the exclusive Pacific Beach district? "Top," who mastered the art of horticulture in China, is an assiduous gardener, and spends his every spare moment renovating his yard.

The bright lights of this boom town San Diego have lost its glitter for a number of 4-West residents; field manuals are in



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"By gosh," the sergeant said to me, "A dumber boot there'll never be. Use GLAD RAG on your rifle, son. Or you'll get K.P. from one to one."

—Pvt. Harold Hyman, Platoon 39, Parris Island, S. C.

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great demand for future corporals and privates first class. Here is luck to the candidates: Pfc. Paul D. Comer, Marvin L. Elliott, Jr., Charles B. Henderson, Jr., George Lerfold, Robert A. Lincoln, James W. Millar, Page W. Spencer, James R. Talbert, Ernest L. Vogel, William H. Wake; Pfc. Robert R. Barajas, Carl A. Hader, Jr., Jim W. Hemstreet, Sherman F. Palmerlee, Marvin E. Pepper, Jennings L. Robinson, Hubert R. Sefton, Virgil P. Slagle, Charles N. Slaughter, Joseph Stephan, Jr., Rolland A. Strain, Raymond E. Tallman, and Johnnie S. Wortman.

Thus "E" marches on.

Greetings, fellow Leathernecks! **COMPANY F**, Second Battalion, Second Marines is still present and accounted for. Very much so in fact. There is a rumor around to the effect that by this time next month there will be more Corporals and less Privates First Class in this vicinity.

On one of our routine landing parties, the other day, some of our most rugged men looked a little pale and seemed to lose all interest in the proceedings. Next week we are going on a fishing party, strictly pleasure of course, and we hope that these men, Private First Class Watson, for example, will weather the rocking and rolling better than he did on that landing party.

Life is beginning to be just one big social whirl. Our calendar seems to be well filled. For instance, next week there is a Stag Party at Camp Elliott, to which we have been invited; a Company F beer party, and the aforementioned fishing party. Reading this, you would think this was the San Diego Marine Country Club rather than the San Diego Marine Corps Base. We must admit, however, that the life here is not all play. We do have moments of work and duty, and they can seem like awfully long moments at times, or so it seems.

To get back on the main line again, we have had a Field Cook promoted. He is Chief Cook Raymond Hoffman. We have been assigned two new Field Musics—Duffin and Wing. We also welcome Gunnery Sergeant Gene P. Welch, and Platoon Sergeant Roscoe W. Taylor and Max Leitess, who make up for our loss of First Sergeant La Bonte, Gunnery Sergeant Krotky, and Platoon Sergeant Stone, last month. Sergeant Hamlet has been transferred to a Tank Battalion and we hope to have Sergeant Muehlendorf back with us again in the near future. He has been bedfast in the naval hospital. Privates Hostick, Kidd, Lindsey, Meeks, and Nichols have joined us and we are mighty glad to have them.

For the benefit of our families the men of **COMPANY G**, 2nd Battalion, 2nd Marines, would like to have it printed that there is never a dull moment here. The beer garden and the Post Exchange (which carries every item a man needs), the modernist soda fountain, restaurant, first class cinema, the splendid library—all of these combine to make just about the best substitute a man could want for the best home on earth. Our physical care is in the best of hands as our competent medical officers give us the "once-over" at regular intervals. As Private Rountree said "I sure wish Dad could see the care we get!"

Lt. B. T. Owens has left us for bigger and better (?) warfare. The Lieutenant is now with the battalion Machine Gun Company.

Another "black cloud" portending a loss hovered over us. Lt. Huston, our former Company Commander is now with the First Platoon. At least his loss is not a complete one for us.

We feel we have gained the rich plum of the month, however, in acquiring Captain S. S. Yeaton as Commanding Officer. He was transferred from the USS "Brooklyn."

Gunnery Sergeant Taylor left us for other duty. As if it were not enough, a week later Gunnery Sergeant Ehrendreich left us. We surely do miss these "Gunnies" as they were a great help to us. We were lucky to fill their places with Platoon Sergeants Moore and Gerschoffer.

To our ranks we welcome Sgt. J. J. Hooper. Also Pfc. Swyers, Powers, Miers, Shirley, and Willingham.

Private Gowgiel was given a sincerely regretful farewell when he was recently discharged and returned to "home port" to resume civilian life again.

COMPANY H, Second Battalion, Second Marines, has brushed off the dirt and dust of Camp Elliott and is now preparing for a comfortable winter within the beautiful portals of Marine Corps Base; which adds no little joy of the "liberty-hounds," for they can now decorate the streets of San Diego more than once each interval between pay days.

We deeply regret the temporary loss of our Company Commander, Capt. Roy H. Beird, who has left us to undergo a necessary operation. The captain carries with him our sincere sympathy with hopes for a speedy recovery. Lieutenant Howard J. Rice has taken over command of the company in his absence.

Luck was with us when M. A. Denton, J. W. Thompson, H. F. Collins, G. E. Dyer, A. B. McDonald, and H. J. Witkowski joined our ranks for they are all handsome, rugged Marines and are speedily eliminating our veterans from competition with the lasses of San Diego.

We recently said farewell to Frank Calabreeze who has left us with an eye for a future in Chicago.

Field Music First Class George Czarniecki wishes to inform his Chicago girl friend of his promotion to that rank, via **THE LEATHERNECK**.

W. L. Townsend has taken over the duties of company First Sergeant due to the loss of First Sergeant N. L. Quigg by expiration of enlistment. "Top" Townsend came to us from Casual Company, Mare Island, California.

Privates "Eugene B" Hamlin and Earl E. Taylor departed from our immediate presence, seeking higher achievements with Division Intelligence. Private Hamlin is to become a drafter while Private Taylor has been transferred because of his photographic ability.

Again Father Time has turned the pages of each day-book and brings the time for another bit of news from **HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE COMPANY, SECOND MARINES** to be added to those gone by.

THE LEATHERNECK

Every second week we have the colorful parades for which the Marines are famous, alternating with the other units of the Division stationed at Camp Elliott. Recent joinings are James C. Stollberg, Sgt.; Paul R. Mathis, Corp. and now performing the duties of police sergeant; Robert H. Magill, Pvt.; and Leon J. Niebur, Pfc., our regimental artist de luxe. Victor A. Tolar, one of the boys who prepares the vittles for H & S was promoted to Field Cook. Here's hoping the promotion brings forth an abundance of apple, pineapple and chocolate pies. One of the boys in the Anti-tank section has gone in for mechanics, being on temporary duty at the Naval Air Station. I speak of Sgt. John P. McCann.

With no mention of "GROG," the Regimental Mascot, this morsel of news would be worthless. Seems as if he has taken a liking for brooms, especially when they become handy for him to chew on. Joe Schinka, the property Sgt., will soon have to put a new order in to the Quartermaster as "GROG" has done justice where justice is due.

Before I forget it I must get this little piece of very important news in before winding up this news item. Cigars were very much in evidence about a week and a half ago being passed out by Lieutenant James M. M. Davis, who we understand has become the proud father of a bouncing baby boy. Congratulations Lieutenant Davis from all of us. No further comments on the affairs of Headquarters and Service Company being apparent at the moment, I close with the hope that next time publication time comes around again, news will be aplenty.

This month the **BATTALION HEADQUARTERS, THIRD BATTALION, 2ND MARINES**, has much to report in the way of changes in personnel, particularly in the staff. On Sept. 3d, Lt. Col. Prentice S. Geer reported for duty with the regiment, and we were lucky enough to have him assigned to the third. Colonel Geer, who has seen service both in China and afloat, comes to us after serving as a transportation quartermaster. His personality and military demeanor have quickly won him the respect of his subordinates, and everyone is impressed by the speed and readiness with which he has learned the names and natures of the officers and men of his new command.

Major Partridge returned on September 16th from a two weeks' leave of absence, taking over the duties of Battalion Executive Officer. By returning him in this capacity, we will continue to profit from his general military experience and his familiarity with the battalion, which owes so much to his leadership.

Another change in the staff resulted when Lieutenant Vance was transferred to the parachute troops. Lieutenant Vance was relieved as plans and training officer by Lieutenant Whitney, who shows promise of doing the job well. Lieutenant Guice has now relieved Lieutenant Coleman as chief cook and bottle washer.

Company Commanders have also been shifted about. Captain Van Ness, formerly Battalion Executive Officer, now commands "M" Company, having relieved Captain Crist for service with Division Special Troops. Therefore the rifle companies can continue to rely upon adequate machine gun support. "L" company has also changed command, Lieutenant Evans having once again taken charge, relieving Lieutenant Culhane for duty with the new-

ly formed Tank Company in Division Special Troops.

The battalion has missed the services of Intelligence Officer Bill Wood ever since he was smitten by pneumonia at Mesa Grande. After a sojourn in the hospital, he is now recuperating with a 15-day sick leave terminating October 1st. Lt. Wood was not the only pneumoniae, five other officers of the battalion keeping him company at the same time. Charges preferred against them were bronchial pneumonia, flu, and cat-fever, depending upon the severity of the case.

Nor are pneumonia and cat-fever the only epidemic making the rounds; for matrimony is also becoming contagious. The last two to make the fatal step were Pawnee Pearson and Doc Johnson. Others contemplating the great plunge are Howard Smith, Paul Ramos, and Watts Carr, second lieutenants all.

Endeavoring to find a few words with which I may open this article, seems to be about the hardest task that this correspondent has yet taken upon his forlorn shoulders. For some reason or another the members of **HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 3RD BATTALION, 2ND MARINES**, have just not stepped out of line enough to warrant being written about, however this will serve to bring notice to each and everyone of you that henceforth and from now on you are being watched and anything considered newsworthy will be jotted down for the next issue.

There has been an advent of some consequence, however, Jack Weathers, our jovial first sergeant, was transferred to the Asiatics. May you enjoy the best of success in the rest of your Marine Corps career, Jack; and we shall all hope to soon read of that sixth stripe being added. The King is Dead, Long Live the King and so we proffer welcome to First Sergeant Thomas M. Bradley, formerly of the USS "West Virginia."

Hemphill, Joyce and Lindsay, the Lakeside trio, have accepted a new member, Red Goodwin, and they say he has stirred many a heart out Lakeside-Santee way.

COMPANY I, 3rd Battalion, 2nd Marines, is again reporting, after a short absence from THE LEATHERNECK, with best

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wishes to every one.

Since our last report we have acquired all new officers; Capt. Stivers relieved First Lieutenant Smith, who took over the duties of Battalion Adjutant, as company commander. We lost Second Lieutenants Ptak and Copeland to the Sixth Marines, and Davis to Headquarters and Service, Second Marines; but they were ably replaced by Second Lieutenants Anderson, Guice, and Pearson from Basic School and Whitney from Sea Duty.

Our non-commissioned officers have been bolstered by the addition of First Sergeant Lamb who replaced Weathers. Lamb took over the Sergeant Major's duty while the Sergeant Major was on furlough recently. Platoon Sergeant Ruggiero, presented with a trophy for having the best drilled platoon in the Western Platoon Leader's Class, came to us from Sea Going, and Sergeant Dean joined from Pearl Harbor.

Our company has been strengthened by Pfc. Counts, a veteran of Neptune's raging sea, and the addition of seven privates who graduated from Recruit Depot.

Our training at Camp Elliott was climaxed by a twelve day maneuver in the field. The maneuvers were made more enjoyable by liberties in Ramona and at the Mesa Grande Indian Festival. The company came through the twelve days in good physical condition. After resting a couple days, we hiked into the Base to take up residence at Barracks 3 East. Guard duty and working parties have taken up most of our time here; and, with furloughs

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being granted, it has taken some time to get settled.

We wish to congratulate Platoon Sergeant Nelson, Corporals Aguilar, Anglin, Harris, and Talbert on their recent promotions, and also the fellows who got their first stripe. Everything points to a successful future for Co. I.

COMPANY K, Third Battalion, Second Marines, is practically a new company. The personnel has nearly completely changed. "King" company has Second Lieutenant Harry F. Rice for commanding officer. The officers supporting Lt. Rice are, Second Lieutenant G. K. Hooker, Second Lieutenant H. J. Smith, and Second Lieutenant G. F. Jones. All are fine officers and good fellows to do duty under.

First Sergeant King is still "top kick" and one of the old timers with the company. For Gunnery Sergeant we have Gy-Sgt. Beardin. The Company sergeants consist of Platoon Sergeant Harris, Sergeant Turner, Sergeant Guice, and Sergeant Allen.

Corp. Dawson is acting chief of the Mortar Section, Corp. McPherson acting property Sgt., and Corp. Smith acting police Sgt. With this fine group of officers and N.C.O.'s, "King" Company is "tops" in the Battalion.

Spit and polish is becoming natural to us after the two months here at the Base. Parade ground soldiering, Guard and working parties keep us busy, also a few landing parties are thrown in to break the routine.

Furloughs are the topic most of the men are discussing these days. It is one of two things, "Boy! What I won't do when I get home!" and "Boy! What I didn't do when I was home!"

K Company has been receiving a few "Boots" and is slowly filling up. In a short while we should be at full strength again.

Since **COMPANY L**, Third Battalion, Second Marine's last article to THE LEATHERNECK, few changes have befallen us, other than the routine transfers and joinings.

To set the ball rolling, we received First Lieutenant Thomas A. Culhane, Jr., of Shanghai, China, who took over the wheel as Company Commander. Unfortunately, however, his tour of duty with us was very short. We regret deeply that he had to leave; but we are sure that the Tank Battalion, Special Troops will appreciate and benefit by our loss. We hope that we may again be under his command at some future date.

With the loss of Lieutenant Culhane, Second Lieutenant Holly H. Evans, our former Company Commander, has once again taken over the responsibility of commanding Company L. We might also mention the loss of Platoon Sergeant Delbert Patriek, who is now aboard the USS "Oklahoma." "Bon Voyage," Pat, and the best of luck from all of us.

Now that the losses are accounted for, a few recent joinings should be in order. We are proud to introduce Gunnery Sergeant Jack Tucker, also a former "over seas" man. Welcome, Gunny. Along with the rated man came five new recruits; namely, Privates James Philpot, Harold Strickland, Richard Traver, John Turner, and Thomas Wild. We're glad to have you with us, fellows, and it won't be long till you'll be in there batting with the "Old Salts."

The barracks have been practically overrun with cigars, being as how some of our

THE LEATHERNECK

capable and fortunate boys took another step higher on the ladder of success.

Those sporting the new-born "stripes" are: Corporals Fred Farris, Douglas Bogart, Wilbur Hofmann, and Frank Struble. We may also take time out to open one eye and take a peep at two of our former Corporals bearing the brand of Sergeant on their sleeves. And they are none other than Jack Allen and Nicholas Volehok. Congratulations are at hand, men, and thanks for the cigars.

More minutes have ticked away, but **COMPANY M**, Third Battalion, 2nd Marines, has been keeping right in step with the times. What with guard and working parties cutting into our time, we have had to do some cramming to get in our usual amount of keeping up with the standards of a machine gun company.

Speaking of standards brings to mind the fact that we have a new CO who is a man that will keep the standards of this company at a high peak. We were extremely fortunate in having Captain C. P. Van Ness assigned to this company as its new pilot. We were deeply sorry to have to lose Captain Robert K. Crist, who had been with us for only a short time, but he has risen to another place that required his services. Captain Van Ness has been known by those that have served under him to be a "soldier's soldier" and has already demonstrated to the men of this organization his fairness and ability to get the job done. We are proud to have such a man as our "Skipper."

It seems that every time Company M joins one good soldier it loses two. By that we infer that the loss of Gunnery Sergeant Raymond was one that the company will miss no end. The "Gunny" was as able a soldier as this company has had the pleasure of working with, and we know that the Tank Battalion that he was transferred to is getting not only the best Gunnery Sergeant we have known, but also a real all round good fellow.

We have joined a number of new men in the last month and feel sure that they will fit right into the composition of M Company's picture. We now have four Corporals from sea duty who are at this time enjoying a well earned furlough. We were also graced by the joining of Sergeant Kizer from the Second Battalion and Sergeant Betts from "Boot Camp," the latter being an old hand with a machine gun and should be a real asset to the outfit.

Again the men of this organization have been back in the "Beautiful Pacific Ocean," after four months on the beach. We have been making more landings, but this time just small operations in and around the Base and North Island. The men have their kicks about such goings on, but what would a Marine be without getting his feet wet, in one way or the other, every so often. After the dust of Elliott it seems a pleasure to breathe some of that fresh pure salt spray.

As usual the Marines made a showing in the Admission Day parade and helped the "Native Sons" celebrate the anniversary of their statehood. Not to be bragging, but we say that the "Gyrenes" looked better than the rest of the boys, as was evidenced by the applause received when we passed by.

At long last this company has received some new equipment and now have enough guns and new carts to stand up with the best of them. The boys are really proud of their new equipment and are keeping it looking like a ten thousand dollar Cadillac.

Tramping once more the dusty trails and brushwood hills of Camp Elliott, **HEAD-QUARTERS AND SERVICE COMPANY, EIGHTH MARINES**, is completely at home again in the uniform of the day SS "B." Consensus of opinion within this outfit would most likely be that although garrison duty in the Base has its advantages, Camp Elliott has a peculiar charm of its own.

Speaking of work, the Anti-Tankers, Communicators, Intelligencers and others of Regimental headquarters are rapidly rounding into fighting shape. New men are joining almost daily, and the company strength is now 161, officers and hired help. Some joinings: Captain Paul W. Russell, late of the 4th Marines in Shanghai, and Lieutenant James B. Vail, USN, from our own 2nd Battalion. Corporal Daniel L. Brooks joined from the USS "California," and Corporal Sergeant Goen moved in from the 3rd Battalion. But we lost Captain Robert L. Denig, Jr., to the 2nd Tank Bn. and Lieutenant John D. Foley, USN, to sea duty. Of recruits joining there were just 24; their names will probably make this column sooner or later.

The company was fairly lucky in promotions this month, although those for the line soldiers haven't come in yet. In the Pay Office Earl N. Gilliam, Jr., is now a two-piecer; Communications came through with 9 rates—Sergeant Robert H. Sanchez, Corporals Chester J. Ayme, Ernest L. Butner, Jess M. Campbell, and Gilmer Ellington, and Privates DeLuxe Warren E. Henry, Charles W. Ballance, Gene F. Hollingsworth and Robert P. Danaher.

By now **HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 1ST BATTALION, 8TH MARINES**, has settled down to a regular routine at Camp Elliott, and we confess that we like it better every day, chiefly because of the informality. Too, we are being furnished with some fine entertainment. Last evening we were given a show with Buddy Rogers as Master of Ceremonies. Among the entertainers were Billy Gilbert, The King's Men, Marion Martin, who recently starred in the new RKO release "Call Out the Marines," Merle Reeves, new RKO starlet, and many others. The entertainment was top flight and we wound up in high spirits; as a matter of fact, they even got a song out of us. But maybe this isn't so hard to do after all.

Recently we joined three officers, Captain Miles S. Newton, from the 4th Marines, in Shanghai, China, who, it is rumored, was promoted to the rank of Major about two days ago; Second Lieutenant Wilmot D. Spires, USMCR, joined us from Company D of this Battalion, and Second Lieutenant Howard A. Hurst, USMCR, from Company C. He is taking over the duties of Company Commander, relieving First Lieutenant Milton J. Green, USMCR, who left for the Motor Transport Company.

First Sergeant Anthony Galinis was transferred to the Second Tank Battalion, Company B, here at Camp Elliott; Corporal Harvey "H" Mason was paid off (he said he had reasons), while Sergeant Curtis E. Coker of the Communications Platoon verified his patriotism by extending his enlistment two years. That takes care of the men we lost. But while we were losing those men we joined many more new ones, and this brought us up to full strength for the first time since last winter. Field Music Corporal Edwin L. Lewis joined us while on

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Privates John C. Gibbs, Jr., Edward G. Grant, Jr., James R. Gregston, Ralph V. McMoran, Jr., Henry C. Porter, William E. Snepenger, and Robert L. Umholtz, all of the Regular Marine Corps, joined us from the Recruit Depot. And Privates William R. Fauber, Jr., Bernard C. Feany, Guy H. Felix, and Francis P. Garren, all Reserves, joined us both from the Recruit Depot and from Communications School at the Base.

Among the Navy, Lt. (MC) Robert H. Southcombe was detached to sea duty and he was replaced by Lt. (jg) (MC) William K. Weber of the 2nd Medical Bn., here at Elliott.

One of the best things that happened to us, and the men will all agree, was the promotion of nine men in the Communications Platoon. Corporal Kenneth B. Boyd was promoted to Sergeant. Privates First Class Loyd C. Gregoire, William G. Newman, Loyd R. Riggs, and William L. Kennedy were all promoted to Corporal. And Privates Ary E. Nason, Gail V. Murray, William E. McEvers, and William R. Weber, all reserves, were promoted to the rank of Privates First Class.

COMPANY A, 1st Battalion, Eighth Regiment, stationed at Camp Elliott, our own private dust heap, near San Diego, is at present engaged in assimilating a generous infusion of new blood which is rapidly building us up to strength. "Boondocking" is the order of the day and the men are becoming personally acquainted with every brush pile and gully within a radius of five miles.

As our Battalion has been designated to

function as an air-borne unit, particular attention has recently been paid to Scouting and Patrolling and the operation of small units on their own.

Various schools have depleted the everyday muster strength, but we will soon have them back, specialists in their respective lines. Particularly good work is being done at the Regimental Scout Snipers class under the instruction of Chief Marine Gunner Crowe.

Since last appearance this organization has changed its face, in regard to numbers, at least. Maybe we were given so many recruits to make up for the loss of 2nd Lieut. Rolph to Company C. We miss Corporal Yates, and Private First Class Griggs who were transferred to Second Tank Battalion, and Private First Class Thompson who deserted us for intelligence work in the Battalion. Pfc. Graham and Pvt. Franklin went home, with regrets on part of all concerned.

The twenty-five recruits who joined bring us to a sizable unit of the Eighth Marines. Even joined a field music, Knox, who showed he appreciated the honor by getting a furlough right away.

Once again the time comes for **COMPANY B**, 1st Battalion, 8th Marines, to sound off. I can't sound very loud, for to do so requires something to sound about. We've been getting our regular training. I haven't heard it called "intensive" but it is just that.

Slowly our personnel is changing. We have said "hello" for the first time to Sgt. Gordon L. Armstrong; Corp. Harold G. Ludtke; Pfc. Doyle H. Asher, Kenneth H. Mosher, Joseph S. Sanders, Francis A. Schiller,

and Pvt. Kenneth M. Hout. And to Sgt. Trueman Meek, Pfc. Norman F. Law, and Pvt. Maurice E. Mensch we have said "good-bye."

COMPANY C, 1st Battalion, 8th Marines, all present and accounted for. Yes, with the addition of twenty odd "boots," we are up to full strength now, and doing great. The recruits have adapted themselves well to our hikes and problems which have been our main occupation during the last month.

Went to "M" range the other day and witnessed a demonstration by the Scout Sniper School. A lot of us were really amazed at what can be done with a little bit of camouflage. Many a chagrined look passed across the faces of the spectators as the hidden "Snipers" would appear almost within arm's length.

Our Mortar Section and its little brother, the Light Machine Gun Section, have been undergoing a period of intensive training, and we are all darn proud of the way they are coming along.

Joined about five men from "sea going," and it sure is tough on those softened up "tootsies" of theirs to have to make a hike nearly every day. The dust, too, is tough on their salty lungs.

Lots of "scuttlebutt," but the only thing that seems to have any real basis of truth is the \$10 raise we might get.

Well, here's "Au Revoir" from the rug-gest company in the First Battalion.

Do you hear that noise? . . . Well it's **COMPANY D**, First Battalion, Eighth Marines, tooting again, and this time we are blowing the suds from our eyes out here at Camp "Dusty" Elliott, where we have been for the last month. Boy, we are going through some intensive training too. Some of these Companies, in the First Battalion, think they can out train us, and thereby be the best company in the First Battalion. Can they? Company D says "No," and are proving it, by hiking, firing and having school every day along with some good calisthenics under the direction of our very able and capable Gunnery Sergeant Makus.

We have quite a few fellows on furlough, some emergencies, others wanting to get married and some just wanting to get back to the old homestead. We wish them all good luck and are anxiously awaiting their return, as we sorely miss them both in duty and friendship.

We will sign off by extending our hand in a hearty shake to Sergeants Oliver, Barton and St. Pierre, Corporal Cable, and Pfc. Mathis and Pistole who have all just recently joined our splendid organization from sea duty. Pleasant journeying to them in our company.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, SECOND BATTALION, EIGHTH MARINES, reporting. This finds us enjoying the best Camp Elliott has to offer and breezing through a few hikes and problems.

This month finds several new faces in the Company. We wish to welcome Corporals William H. Oritz and John E. Van Alstyne; Pfc. Charles D. Barrett, Jack M. Freeman, Albert E. Koen, Quinton R. Adams, Reginald O. Smith and Private Carl L. Sever.

Promotions this month went to the following men: Corporal Claude T. Shoup to Sergeant; Pfc. Hobert W. Warner, Marshall A. Sherman, Walter H. Pipes and Emmitt E. Hope to Corporal; Privates Richard P. Glass, Raymond H. Hall, Harry D. Bible and Michael J. Monych to Pfc. Congratulations, men, and keep up the good work.

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Well, old **COMPANY E**, 2nd Battalion, Eighth Marines, is all squared away here in the new barracks at Camp Elliott. Very little has happened here during the past month except the usual routine parades, drills, inspections, and schools that all go to make up the intensive training that an outfit can always expect upon moving to camp. There have been numerous hikes, with one overnight bivouac. Common scuttlebutt has it that there will be a four day hike in the first part of next month, but there is no official dope out yet.

The outstanding transfers during the month were: Privates First Class Brigrance and Fremarek to Parachute Troops at Lakehurst, N. J., Corporal Matthews to a newly formed Tank Company, and Corporal Van Alstyne and Private First Class Koen to the Intelligence Section of this Battalion. And, speaking of transfers, the Company Commander, Lieutenant Harold S. Roise, has received advance notice that he will be sea-going in the near future.

Coming along during the month to take the place of the men lost were: Corporal Jauregui from the USS "Lexington," Private First Class Bright from the USS "Portland," and about twenty men from Recruit Depot.

Privates Hogue and Tisdale returned from temporary duty with the Field Telephone School at the Base, and were transferred almost immediately to Headquarters Company of this Battalion.

And that just about winds up the news for this time.

Well, here it is September again, and with such swell weather as we have had combined with Camp Elliott and old **COMPANY F**, 2nd Battalion, 8th Marines, it's meant hard work and plenty of it. While at the Base, this company got a little soft doing nothing but standing guard one day and going on a working party the next. These few weeks in the field have done wonders toward bringing old F Company back to her usual "ruggedness."

We are happy to welcome Captain John H. Cook, Jr., as our new Company Commander. We have had several hikes since he joined the company and from all appearances, F will retain her hiking title. We are glad to have you as our "Skipper," Captain Cook, and may your stay with us be a long and pleasant one. We assure you that you will have the complete cooperation of every man in the company.

We were also glad to have Lieut. Carr back with us, but hated to see Lieut. Wilkes leave us. He joined the Anti-Tank Platoon of the Regiment.

Not much has been happening in **COMPANY G**, Second Battalion, 8th Marines, this month and this writing finds us deeply entrenched in our new home at Camp Elliott.

We lost one man, Pfc. R. Patricio, by discharge. The entire company wishes him much success on his return to the USS "Outside." Sgt. J. L. Jones was recently transferred to the Tank Battalion after attending school at NAS for a short time. Pfc. Q. R. Adams has been transferred to Battalion Hq. Co., and upon his return from furlough will join the Intelligence Section. Pfc. R. W. Dickinson and Pfc. T. D. Foster were recently transferred to Lakehurst, N. J., to join the parachute troops. If your 'chute doesn't open the first time, they will give you a new one, boys. Here's wishing you good luck from all hands.

We regret to write that 2d Lt. A. G. Carr has been transferred to F Company, this battalion.

The personnel of the company was increased considerably during the past month. Pfc. C. A. Burson joined from sea duty and numerous new faces have appeared from the Base Recruit Depot.

Approximately one-third of our company have enjoyed furloughs during the past month and by the post cards and reports that are coming in, a good time was had by all.

We are planning on a company outing and picnic soon. A few old timers recall the experiences of the last outing and the one planned is being looked forward to by everyone. The Officers, Staff NCOs and Sergeants have challenged the Corps' Pfc. and Pfts. to a hot softball game. The NCOs have made remarks concerning their skill at softball and on behalf of those poor souls, we, the Company's Pfc. and Pfts., will take upon ourselves the glory of trouncing them. We will belittle them to such an extent with our powerful hits that never again will they have the audacity to brag about their skill at softball. I say again, men of Company G, you are invited to gloat over their defeat and discomfiture.

This is **COMPANY H**, 2nd Battalion, 8th Marines, coming to you from Camp Elliott, H-Range, the black hills and mostly black hills with its beautiful straight paved roads and the most modern transportation. To begin with it was the day before a certain Friday, which could be every Thursday when everything was stirring, even the 1st Sgt. Ed. Kron, who claimed it was a 99-mile hike led by 2nd Lieut. Fraser, our Company Commander. Rumor has it that the dusty butts in the rear rank are putting a chit in for a 3 ft. C.O. in the future hikes. The show was good on these hikes and much credit is due to H Company galley cooks.

Corporal Gage and a number of men of our Company have become professional fire fighters this last month and have kept up the Marine adage of "The situation well in hand."

Two more fishing parties were also a special feature this last month in which Pvt. Germany proved to be the best fisherman of the lot by pulling in a fifty lb. jewfish. That well known fisherman of the old school, Ed Kron, was there and did the fish know it!

An excellent smoker was held this month for the 8th Marines at Camp Elliott in which the entertainment was comprised of the men in the regiment. Our Company had the largest showing. Keep up the good work, men.

HEADQUARTERS AND HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, THIRD BATTALION, EIGHTH MARINES, closes the switch which starts the machinery of its broadcasting station "DUST" at Camp Elliott in operation once more.

We are firmly ensconced in our barracks here at camp and so far have been able to settle down like veterans. The barracks are surprisingly comfortable and equipped with many of the latest devices of modern design. The most notable and useful feature about the whole barracks is the shower room and wash room. It is proclaimed by all to be the best yet. If someone could only figure out how to make that exhaust fan in the shower room work without so much trouble it would be perfect. The barracks having wooden floors offers quite a retreat from the old waxing routine at the Base. Brooms and swabs have taken sway of the situation here and doing nicely.

THE LEATHERNECK

Of recent the entire battalion has been playing hide and seek with itself. Companies go out into the field for a week at a time to undergo rigid field training. Communication is maintained by means of radio which is set up here at Headquarters. The lads in the communication platoon responsible for such radio traffic are kept quite busy. Because the companies go out into the field so much, Headquarters Company has only a remnant of its strength left here in Camp. The lads of our intelligent and very capable Intelligence Section have been warming their feet in the fields carrying out their instructions and drills. The communicators are here, there and everywhere.

Aside from the particular training mentioned in the foregoing paragraph, the routine for Headquarters Company has been normal with emphasis stressed upon preparedness as it is with all units of the Marine Corps today.

In Headquarters we find a staff that is quite busy keeping up with the rapidly changing times. They seem to be holding their own but often one might find them scratching their heads.

It is rumored that some kind of bells will be ringing about town soon for a certain lad of the Headquarters Staff. So far, the lad about whom we are aiming this hasn't flinched a bit. We just hope that he can bear up under the strain as the day is rapidly drawing near.

COMPANY I, 3rd Battalion, 8th Marines, reports from Camp Elliott for the first time in several months. Many changes have taken place since our last stay here and all of them for the best, making Camp Elliott a much nicer place to live.

We have a nice schedule ahead of us which will keep us all on the busy side. It includes a week in the field which we are all looking forward to with memories of our 180 mile hike still fresh in our mind.

Since our last little edition in **THE LEATHERNECK** our Company has gained back some of its strength which we lost when the Sixth Marines moved out. We have increased from 94 to 114 with several discharges, transfers and other joinings to make it an even 20.

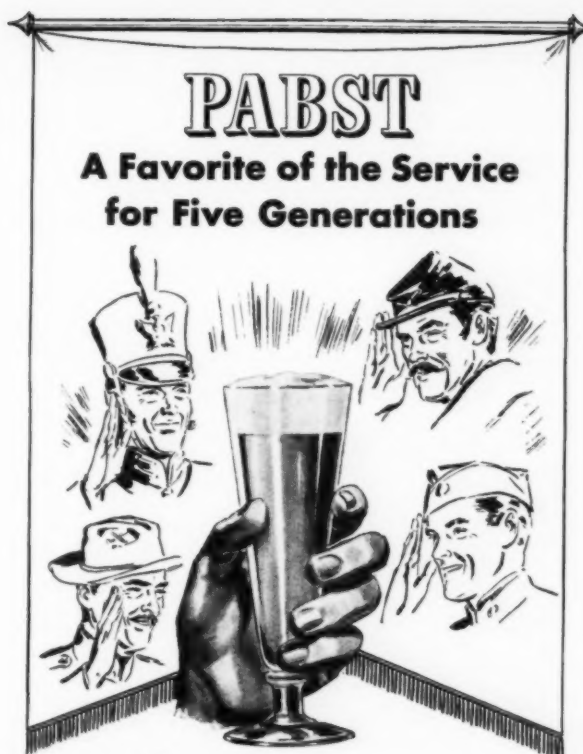
This month has found us without our regular reporter, Corporal Sargent Goen, who was transferred to the Regimental Pay Office, so here's hoping this item will not be too far under par.

We have one promotion in our Company to date, being John J. Dobias from Private to ACK.

Among our joinings to date we have Mess Sgt. Harold L. Gerlach, who joined us from Mare Island Casual Company; ACK Wayne H. Teague, from the 2nd Artillery Group, MCB, San Diego; Harry R. Pomplum, a Field Music, who doesn't do so bad on the Sax either, from Base Hq. Co., along with 21 Recruits whose smiling faces brighten our ranks.

Corporal Emil W. (Red) Smith was transferred from our midst to Co. A, 2nd Service Bn., FMF, MCB, which he states has been his desire since raising his right hand the second time some 15 months ago. Also along with Red we have lost two other good men, Pfc. John R. Phillips, who having finished four years with Uncle Sam, thought he would try the outside again. Private Jay W. Cook, who, having served a year with us, was just getting "Salty" when due to his mother's illness had to accept a discharge to be by her side. The best of luck, fellows, and may we meet again.

During the last month we have had but one incident to bring distress to our ranks: George Ivkovich, everybody's friend, had a



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motorcycle accident that resulted in a fractured leg which will keep his smiling face from our midst for a couple of months.

In the way of Schools this period seven men have completed a Non-commissioned Officers School conducted during the quarter July to September. Five men have completed a three weeks' Mortar Class with four of them shooting expert and another Rifle Platoon Class is on its third week of its four weeks of intensive training.

First Lieutenant George R. Rich, Commanding Company I, is also in charge of the Regimental Rifle Platoon Tactical Class now in training.

So until our next issue when we expect some good news from Fighting I Co.'s own "Sonny Boy" Walker, I remain your new company reporter.

Writing the monthly report of **COMPANY K**, 3rd Battalion, 8th Marines in **THE LEATHERNECK**, I wish to say hello to the men who once served with our Company. We hope everything is going well with you wherever you may be stationed.

It will probably please you old "180 Miles" to know that K Company has been on the march again for the last week where the new men in our Company have been going through some real wartime training. Yes, sir, these new recruits we have look like good "fighting material." This one week hike is only part of an eight week training period we fellows are going through. While on the hike we engaged in many problems both day and night.

Our first camp was based in a canyon about 5 miles away from Camp Elliott. The camp was guarded day and night by listening posts and small reconnaissance patrols. All men who were stationed at our listening posts were instructed to challenge all persons or patrols who wished to pass our bivouac area. Our commanding officer, 2nd Lieut. Weiss, meant to keep our Camp safe from ambush attacks and potential enemies, but he never expected to interfere with any other organizations, which to his surprise and ours, we apparently did when one of our men who was stationed at a Guard Post single handed with 5 rounds of blank ammunition stopped 12 heavy armed reconnaissance cars who were passing through the canyon near our camp.

The hike was a complete success, with the exception of a few men who received poison oak and poison ivy.

We are losing two good men next week whom I know we will miss, but we wish them success on their return to civilian life. Pfc. Lloyd G. "Liney" Blythe has finished a successful cruise, and Pfc. LeRoy J. Wheeler received a Dependency Discharge.

Salud, amigos. **COMPANY L**, Third Battalion, Eighth Marines, with the latest of this-a and that-a from Camp Elliott.

We have found a way of staving off the mass descent of Boots from our fair home. The answer—give them a furlough immediately. Thus when you are sieged week after week with from six to eight of the little darlings you have time to prepare for the shock. You can take your medicine in small doses as they return from their trip home. At one time we had 26 of them gone. Of course our regular boys have been having their share of furloughs, much to their pleasure.

We have had a few transfers. Gunnery Sergeant Oscar Carlson has been shipped aboard the USS "San Francisco." We were all very fond of Gunny, but in the service it is just one of those things. Pfc. Michael S. Freeman was transferred to Aviation duty and Pfc. Quentin L. Acuff to Parachute Troops.

We have a boxer in our Company. Pfc. Carl J. Hall. He boxed about two weeks ago and accidentally led with his chin. This week he has another bout. We have faith that he will come out on top this time.

Our daily life the past month has included several night problems. Otherwise the usual run of combat problems. Our regimental school is still going. At present we have representative groups active in the following classes: Machine Gun Class, Weapons Class, Grenade Class, Scout and Snipers' Class, and the Rifle Platoon Tactical Class. The boys do manage to keep busy.

When the long awaited Platoon Sergeants' List came out four of our men had made it. Sergeant Charles W. McCluskey, Sergeant Anthony Sharan, Sergeant William R. Glea-

son and Sergeant Vernon L. Hendley all were on it. Well, finally our top man, Sergeant McCluskey, made it.

Next week will find us in the field for a week. Rumors of a beer party, while we are bivouacked, are in the air. Hope it is straight dope. Oh hum, after our 180 miler, a week in the field will be a picnic. Pardon we old experienced "Salts" of a year, or almost a year, while we tell a sea story or two.

COMPANY M. Third Battalion, Eighth Marines, at Camp Elliott, San Diego, reporting for the month of September.

In the middle of August the Company made its semi-annual itinerary to Camp Elliott for the winter months. The Company walked out the east gate of the Marine Corps Base at San Diego early one morning and never stopped walking until they reached Camp Elliott, 12 miles to the north. At the early part of last year the Company left behind them a tent city, called Camp Elliott, and returned to a camp bristling with barracks. It was a complete transfiguration.

During August and September many men joined from the Recruit Depot, greatly increasing the strength of the Company. Two different classes had to be started: (1) fundamentals for the new men; (2) advance work for the old hands; and collaboration on field problems.

The demand this month has been for the short furloughs that Battalion Commanders are authorized to give. Supply is of course small, but with a little patience everybody will be satisfied.

The entire week ending Sept. 13, 1941, was spent in the field, on various machine gun company problems of attack and defense. The Company office and Company mess were right along to make the contingent complete. It was a bearded and happy Company that returned to Camp, Saturday morning, Sept. 12, 1941.

Success to Ptes. Wimer and Unger in their new chores with the Second Tank Battalion.

From the wind-swept, sun-baked mesa of Camp Elliott **HEADQUARTERS & SERVICE BATTERY, 10TH MARINES**, once more greets its buddies in the far flung posts of Iceland, China, Guam, and the ships at sea. With the heat of the summer past and the cooling breezes of the Pacific rolling in, life at Camp Elliott is once again livable. In the not too distant future this battery will move into one of the newly erected barracks. After living in the tents for almost a year it is going to be rather difficult to get the "Indian" out of some of the boys.

Changes are in the making. We have as a recent addition to this battery a Meteorology section and a Surveying section. Five men compose the Meteorology section headed by Corporal George L. Adams. Other members of the section are Ptes. Clarence C. Dehne, Jr., Andrew S. Farago, Louie Maurer, and Pvt. Lloyd F. Dixon. The Surveying section is composed of Pte. Vernon C. Clark and Pvt. Howard A. Ruud. Both sections come under the jurisdiction of our able and capable R-3, Captain E. H. Foreney, Jr.

Recent joining in addition to the above mentioned men were Sergeant Anton F. Welch and Pvt. Ross O. Hall, Jr. We bade aloha to Sgt. Leslie R. Tinkler who departed these shores for Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., and to Pvt. John R. Andes, USMCR, who was discharged. Also

Stf. Sgt. Maxwell L. Cutchin, able assistant of the regimental sergeant major's after serving five years with the Tenth Marines has been transferred to Headquarters Company, 2d Marine Division.

The last, but not least, of our recent additions has been "Duke," our regimental mascot. Duke has already become quite a favorite with all the cannoneers and in the not too distant future we are sure he will be quite as famous as "Duffy." Incidentally, Duke is a bulldog, affable and has worlds of personality.

A basketball team has been formed in the battery and is composed of Goffos, Axtell, Fritz, Talbot, Anderson, H. W., Powner, Beth, Hall, McClellan, Welch, and Braune. They have entered a tournament to be played at the Army and Navy YMCA and from all indications they will give a good account of themselves.

Promotions the past month include Pfc. James D. Charton to Corp., and Pts. Beth, Dare, McClain, Axtell, Neal, and Sager to Pfc.

Sup. Sgt. A. J. Davidson, USMCR, has just recently been put on the eligible list for QM-Clerk, USMCR.

Intensively training with an extensive schedule has been the chief objective of **HEADQUARTERS & SERVICE BATTERY, 1ST BATTALION, 10TH MARINES** these past few weeks. Our heavy schedule was recently topped by a Battalion hike that has since gone down in the annals of history. 'Twas a fine September morn when all hands fell in at about 0730 and we were on our way to cover a momentous stretch of fifteen miles and return by noon—which we did—with the not so rugged falling by the wayside. It takes a good man to keep up the pace with Colonel DeHaven.

Captain Jorge Cajiao, Colombian Marine Corps, is attached with us for training and observation, so that he might take back to his country "the good old American way."

Our top Sergeant Roland Root is back with us from the Marine Base where he has been instructing the Western Platoon Leaders Class.

Recent promotions: Schlesinger, Louis—Sup. Sgt. to Qm. Sgt.; Cobb, Marvin E.—Pfc. to Corp.; Sailors, Frank, Jr.—Pvt. to Pfc.

Transferred: Dehne, Clarence C., Jr., Pfc., to Regimental H&S to become a Meteorologist. Gibbons, Nolan R., Pfc., to Preparatory School for the U. S. Naval Academy at Norfolk.

Battalion Medical Section reports a new Medical Officer, Lt. (jg) George S. Olmsted, who relieves Dr. Bradford as Battalion Surgeon. He's a mighty likeable fellow, and with some good Marine Corps experience too. Dr. Bradford is now doing a tour of duty at the Long Beach Dispensary.

BATTERY A, Tenth Marines, Second Marine Division, FMF, this month reports the addition of many new men among our ranks. On September 3rd, the following men joined us from the Marine Corps Base: Privates James F. Smith, Lewis B. Stoner, Ross E. Smith, Garland C. Stamey, Earl L. Taylor, Marshall L. Thurmon and George D. Thompson, the latter "breaking in" as a battery clerk. Privates Lois K. Culbreth, Ralph A. Hammaek, Daniel G. Landavazo, Norman W. Milner, Walton M. Wallace, Robert L. George, William J. Lahoda, "R" "C" Logan, James E. Walker and John L. Young, Jr., joined us on the 20th.

Platoon Sergeant Edward M. Ruben, Corporal Henry F. Day and Pfc. Frank J.



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Ladd were transferred to Company B of the Second Tank Battalion on the 15th and a few days prior to this, we lost Corporal George Adams and Pfc. Vernon Clark to Regimental Headquarters and Service of the Tenth Marines. Both are now busily engaged with their new duties in the meteorological section of the Regiment.

On the 17th of the month, Platoon Sergeant John C. Malone joined us from the Second Marines. Malone recently finished a tour of duty aboard the USS "Philadelphia" and immediately prior to joining the battery received his Platoon Sergeant's chevrons. Sergeant Malone is well schooled in the profession of arms and is a Marine Corps team shot, having competed in the Western Division Rifle and Pistol Matches.

Promotions this past month came to Albert J. Davis who was promoted to Chief Cook; to Robert W. Edwards who made Pfc., and to Warren Wickstrom who is now the new Corporal in the communications section of our Battery detail. September seems to have been a lucky month for Wolfrum Joffe. On the 5th he received his warrant as a Field Music Corporal; a few days ago Joffe received another official document—this time in the form of a marriage license. Corporal Joffe was married at Long Beach, California, to Miss Helen Kaplan, a resident of that city.

Gunnery Sergeant Sam Mitoff is now in attendance at the Navy Rigger's School, Destroyer Base, San Diego, California, learning the intricacies of a "bowline on the bight." Corporal David J. Lubin, until recently our battery clerk, inventor of aiming stake lights and everything else that has been tossed his way, left us on the 24th to attend the Naval Optical Instrument

School at Mare Island, California, for approximately three months.

Sergeant Lawrence E. Holloway was recently designated as Chief of the fourth gun section and his place as Battery Police Sergeant has been filled by Corporal Loren M. Beekley.

Your smiling reporter from **BATTERY B**, 1st Battalion, 10th Marines, has a big bucket of choice morsels to feed to those hungry for news of some of their old friends. Promotions have not been forthcoming as yet but those happy people that are on the roster know deep in their hearts that it can't be long before the higher authorities must realize their value to the military world. All hands and the cooks have been putting out their very best and the result is a marked increase in the efficiency of the Battery. As every problem and practice period goes by the men are gathering more confidence in themselves and their comrades.

In the past few weeks many new men have joined our ranks and we take this opportunity to welcome with best wishes for a good career in the Artillery 2nd Lt. Gordon A. Hardwick, late of the USS "Savannah," and Sgt. John H. Dunn with several of his sea-going buddies and all of the men from Recruit Training who are swelling our strength at the present time. These new men are learning through schools and constant training the rigid discipline and concentration that is necessary to become a good Artillery man, of which our Battery Commander, 1st Lt. Stewart, is a constant example.

2nd Lt. Wenban, having just returned from 15 days leave spent in visiting his many friends in his old home state of Illinois, reports that although the civilian mode of life is very fine and he enjoyed every moment away from Camp, it was with a mixed feeling of joy and relief that he returned to his duties in the Battery. Now that a greater portion of the men have received their vacations, all minds should be at a high pitch for the intensive training in view.

We are still stationed here at Camp Elliott, and have been thriving by the best we can. **BATTERY C**, 1st Battalion, 10th Marines, is growing rather rapidly these days, due to the emergency, so now we have over a hundred men.

We now have 2nd Lt. Wiggins here with us again, and everyone is mighty glad to have him back; however we do regret Mr. Brown's leaving the battery. Lt. Brown is due to leave for the East Coast quite soon.

Our First Sergeant Barton is now in the Naval Hospital undergoing treatment. First Sergeant Barton injured his hip a few months ago while participating in a handball game.

Our non-commissioned officers enjoyed a beer party this week. It was stated that there was enough ice-cold beer for everybody, so everyone had a great time.

Battery C has been making several hikes lately, and on several occasions even the office clerks made the hikes. All the fellows enjoyed the exercise, and also the swell chow that was served in the field.

Battery C is about to lose Pfc. Jack Gray. Pfc. Gray is scheduled to leave pretty soon for the Naval Academy.

This will usher in **HEADQUARTERS & SERVICE BATTERY, THIRD BATTALION, TENTH MARINES**, still occupying the dusty plains known as Camp Elliott.

Due to the splendid leadership of our section leaders, R. M. Alderson in charge of the well advanced instrument section, C. E. Bogert directing the communication section, we are making much progress. First Sergeant A. W. Kessler is still our acting Sergeant Major, with Pl-Sgt. C. C. Russo taking the reins as First Sergeant. Our office force is still as reliable as ever.

The promotions this month went out to our new Corp., J. A. Lieberknecht, and Pfc. chevrons going to A. L. Cleveland. Some of our new specialists include D. L. Moberly, D. A. Criscola, A. P. Fishbeck and G. J. Helwig.

The Fourth Battalion was declared winner of the Wire Laying contest between the Third and Fourth Battalion wire teams. At any rate, if our men work as hard for democracy as they did for the party, no one will need complain of poor Wire Communication. It was a tough job, but both teams have shown that they know their type of work.

The battery as a whole is doing fine, with men like D. L. Moberly, J. T. Haynes, M. H. Boehne and L. A. Jones taking care of Fire Direction Center, and with Corp. R. J. Grauel as our new radio chief. The communication section is much the same, with G. R. Smith, R. E. & V. S. Molstad, E. V. Knott, W. Chrapla as head linemen. Our liaison groups are under strength, but nevertheless they are keeping in step on the battery's forward drive.

The joinings of the month include FM-Corp. R. W. Johnson from H Battery, Corp. M. C. Bartling from G Battery, and Pvt. J. A. Grivich from I Battery.

Pl-Sgt. C. C. Russo is back with us after six weeks with the Western Platoon Leaders Class. He has received an excellent recommendation for his commendable work with the Class.

Furloughs this month are being given to W. C. Gee, H. H. Olson, J. O. Wardlow, M. V. Reynolds, W. L. Du Prez, N. J. Ramirez, and your correspondent, A. C. Solomon.

For'ard, March! And **BATTERY G**, 3rd Bn., 10th Marines, starts off on another stiff eight-mile hike via the highways and the hills with packs and rifles. Or maybe it is an all day RSOP with the 75-mm. Gun. They could be getting ready for a disciplinary troop and inspection or some strict guard duty at the Camp. Due to our top speed training schedule the battery and personnel are in good shape. I wouldn't doubt that the marathon hikes had something to do with it.

For once, a month has gone by without a change in our officers. First Lieutenant Wingo is still our CO, and 2nd Lts. Mendenhall and Dirmeyer his assistants. Although, I regret to say, at the present time the latter is in the hospital.

Because we work hard we play hard. Every Wednesday a bunch frolics with the salty waves at La Jolla. The sun tanned maids there might have something to do with the popularity of that sport. Our baseball team played and won its first intrabattalion game last week with Pvt. Coulter knocking a home run with the bases loaded. Pfc. Rabago, Corp. Flanagan, Pfc. Lorenz, Pvt. Gipson, and Corp. Richmond constitute our basketball team and they take turns starring.

Congratulations to Richmond, Rettig, and Wagner. They are not called "Mac" anymore but answer to the call of Corporal. We lost some good men in transfers, namely, Sgt. Yancey, Corp. Bartling, Pfc. Kapuscin-

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ski, and Pvt. Adams. We joined Pvt. Henry and FM. Giudicessi.

Just a few rounds fired by **BATTERY H**, 3d Bn, 10th Marines. Since our last report very little has happened that can be called "real news," so we will just pass along a few of the "Hits and Misses" from within the Battery.

The cry "I made it" has ceased ringing around the squadroom. Congrats to Sergeant Crain and Beekelman upon having made the promotion list.

Remember the cigars, Pl-Sgt. Crain, Mess Sgt. Brewer and Pfc. Futrell. Congratulations from the Gang.

Sgt. Skoedopole, having removed the wheels from the "Chevy," has all of us wondering if he intends trying it with wings.

We will try keeping better tab on the gang from now on and furnish some real news next time.

The following transfers have been made in **BATTERY I**, Tenth Marines during September. Sergeants Hale and Whitmore, and Privates Paulston and Grivich. We wish these fellows luck in their new posts.

The battery welcomes back its Commanding Officer, Lt. Mills, who has been instructing the WPLC of 1941 at the Marine Corps Base.

A card was received from Corporal Oldham who is still in the hospital in Texas as a result of an automobile accident. It will probably be some time before he will be able to return to duty as he has many broken bones to be mended.

We feel certain that Pfc. Ballenger is going to make a name for himself and the Tenth Marines as a fighter. Pfc. Romero we understand has turned professional.

Corporal Armes changing cars with change of rate. Battery purchasing a washing machine. Its new Corporal Walter Moore, Tiemann and Kelly promoted to Private First Class.

Hello fellow-Leathernecks, here we are again, **HEADQUARTERS & SERVICE BATTERY, 4TH BATTALION, 10TH MARINES**, reporting.

There are so many things that we have to talk about that the writer just don't know where to begin first. The most recent happening was the battalion field problem which seemed to be very much of a success with a few exceptions here and there. But the most prevailing and outstanding was that the men of this battery seem to have trouble with poison oak, and it seems that it is quite influential among the boys too; nevertheless, it did bring them back scratching. Everything seemed to go well in every respect. It was a good test for the drivers as the roads were very narrow in places, and it sure had the boys on their toes at all times. These problems are improving from all indications, that is if you were an eavesdropper, and listened to the reports on the fine beer party which was held in the field, being enjoyed by all officers and men.

A challenge was issued to the Fourth Battalion Communication personnel by the Third Battalion in a wire laying contest, the distance being thirteen miles (covering the area between Camp Elliott and the Rifle Range at La Jolla). Each team consisted of ten men and used three trucks. This challenge was accepted by H&S Fourth Battalion, and needless to say they came out the winners by completing the contest in one hour and forty-eight minutes. The prize for this task is the looser to pay by having a beer party.

Promotions are still prevailing in this battery, and to Corp. Schelen, FldCk. Edwards, Pfes. Haig, Leak, McLaughlin, and ACK. Knod we say "congratulations."

"Furlough fever," a disease which has hit this battery as well as many of the other batteries, seems to be dwindling down to normal now, as most of the boys are back and all seemed to have enjoyed their trek to "home, sweet home," but they all seem to voice the same opinion, that they are glad to be back again.

The personnel of this battery joins me in sending their sincere sympathy to Pfc. Brown, who was badly cut and bruised in an auto accident.

From **BATTERY K**, 10th Marines we we have much to write about. First of all, this outfit participated in a Battalion Field Exercise for a period of five days. All went well with a "Beer Bust" to round out the maneuver.

A full and speedy recovery is extended by all hands to Pfc. R. C. Matthews who injured his foot, and to Corp. H. L. Couch at the Naval Hospital who has an injured ankle.

Corp. Hough has decided to settle down. He became engaged to a very lovely girl. A happy and lasting marriage is wished upon him by everyone.

Those leaving us this month are Corp. W. E. Boyles, our very able clerk, who is being transferred to the Naval Air Station. Pfc. A. S. Farago has been transferred to Meteorological School.

Pl-Sgt. A. Zucker is now attending riggers' school, and intends to tie us all in knots when he returns.

From the San Diego "Marine Mill," in other words recruit depot, we have joining us: Pvts. S. D. Bailey, E. H. Breaux, W. Seegers, E. Land, W. R. Williams, W. J. Beard, "O" "D" B. Culp, J. W. Cantrell, H. J. Davis, and J. G. McDwain.

Yesterday, after many months of gun drill, we had a chance to fire the 155's with sub-caliber mounts. This battery did very well, and the Battalion Commander commended everyone for the excellent precision and discipline maintained.

FldCk. D. L. Bareswill has been promoted to Chief Cook. Corp. F. Hough has just said he would ship over.

BATTERY L, 4th Battalion, 10th Marines, wishes the best of luck to the new redlegs, artillerymen, for short, who have joined us prior to leaving on the battalion RSOP, and covered the 120 miles in good style without squawking—Privates Beyer, Boothe, Clegg, Cox, De Keyser, Borges, Foreman, Henderson, Julian and Stevens. What all you men have been taught in "Ye Old Boot Day" is a trifle to what you are to absorb in the next few months.

The Fourth Battalion RSOP in the mountains was quite an ordeal for all our drivers, and I think everyone from the officers down to the boots all know that the battery has what it takes to come through in excellent shape. No accidents and no break downs along the road. In fact, "On Time All the Time" should be the battery motto. The men, though dusty, with rough beards and tired always, had a good word for one another; and the Mess Sergeant always had what it takes to keep us on the move and in good spirits. Returning to Camp, our semi-monthly allowance was waiting on the pay table, and forty-eights were in order.

The entire battery extends its thanks to our Battalion Commander for the "Wing Ding" that was pitched on the closing days of the RSOP. More of those the better. The Major is a mean second baseman also.

Sergeant Rankin of the "Famous 22nd Hollywood's Finest," Pfc. Van Buskirk, and Pfc. Gross has been given forty-eights for their holding up through the ordeal of trying out the new pack with heavy and light marching orders. The mileage new shoes were issued afterwards and the men never gave up, although blisters and sore legs were prominent.

Once again the **DIVISION COMMUNICATION SCHOOL** is heard from. A number of things of interest have transpired

THE LEATHERNECK

around here. As a commencement we might say a little of the graduation of the first telephone class. They completed their eight weeks of prescribed training on the 20th of Sept. High man of the class was Corp. Schultz from 2nd Signal Co. His was a 97 per cent average for the entire course. The classes and material of the school is patterned after the T. E. school in Quantico. The instructing personnel feels confident that a good job was done with the students. M.T. Sgt. Roberts, aided by Sgts. Youngs and Boyd, finished up with the class. Incidentally Sgt. Boyd acquired the new title along about the middle of Sept. and we openly and publicly congratulate, here and now. Another new rate was the one achieved by Kent, our Police Sgt. He too is now a Sgt.

Not being content with a radio school and a telephone school, the classrooms are now being used two hours per night for non-coms that aspire to be Staff Sgt. Many Corporals, realizing that opportunity is staring them in the face, are also attending the lectures. The division is providing instructors in the personnel of the first three pay grades. The attendance to date has been excellent with men coming from home at night, from Camp Elliott and the men stationed here at the Base all putting in their appearance for instruction. With such response to such things as this the Marine Corps owes its esprit de corps. No wonder we have a good outfit and don't have the picture magazines coming around telling the U. S. population that our morale is low and that we are not ready. This is not a dig at the Army but they can count on the Marines being ready and being where they are wanted until the Army manages to get ready.

Starting a new class last Monday morning didn't leave the staff much of a breather, but with Sgt. Halley down here to help us out now things will be easier all the way around. We can't say much about the new student body as yet but in the next issue there will be items of interest. So with a misty eye for those that will be and are, we leave for the next issue.

During the past months, promotions have played a big part within the ranks of the



Gy-Sgt. Reuben Tyson, Sea School, MCB, San Diego, strikes four bells for four belles who vied for the title of "Miss America for National Defense" recently.

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SECOND SCOUT COMPANY. To Sergeant: Gwost, Honyust and Charles P. Kidd. (CP) who, incidentally, was transferred to the East Coast, Quantico. Good luck, Sarge, from all the gang. Pfc. to Corp.: Hagler, Solley, Arnold, Black and Zenor. Pvt. to Pfc.: Chandler, Frith, Pieler, Shaner, Schaffer, Rhiger, Rust, Rowlett, Campbell, Johnson and Welch.

From sea duty we welcome Claude X. Sartorius, our First Sergeant. We are glad to have those new men (CP) join this organization. They are: Baker, Cardiff, Christensen, Clark, Driscoll, Genoff, Loftin. All Pfts., but good radiomen, out of Radio School located at the Marine Base.

Pfc. Robert Meyers, transferred to the East Coast, is taking the examinations that will enable him to become an Ensign. We sincerely hope he will like his new classification and wish him the best of luck.

Furloughs handed out left and right are some of the other wishful dreams we all think about, once in a while. Platoon Sergeant Bifle, Roice L., looks pretty good after his visit to Seattle. Pfc. Dutko is now in Chicago.

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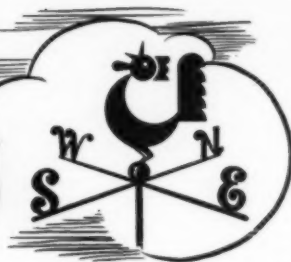
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Detachments



October finds the **UNITED STATES MARINE BAND** in the midst of its Fall Concert Tour. From reports received in the office here in Washington it appears that this is one of the most successful tours in years. The audiences have filled the auditoriums to capacity and have received the band with almost overwhelming ovations. Cities like Kalamazoo, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Philadelphia, not to mention many others, which have heard the Marine Band many times in the past still show the same interest and enthusiasm for the concerts, proving, undoubtedly, that the band is well able to maintain its reputation as the finest symphonic band in the country.

The thirty musicians who have remained in Washington (the "Home-Guard," as some one once named the group), have been well occupied back here at home. Although the number of musicians is not great enough to warrant band concerts and broadcasts, there are sufficient men to constitute a fine orchestra. Not one of symphony size but large enough to play almost every selection in our library and to play them well enough that listeners are always very much surprised when they realize that the musicians are primarily bandmen and only play strings as secondary instruments. Of course, after a few years with the Marine Band the musicians become almost equally proficient on both as the audiences at our Wednesday night symphony concerts during the winter can testify.

MT-Sgt. Florea, the Drum Major of the band, has been left behind as the officer in charge of the men and Principal Musician Bodnar has remained in the city to conduct the orchestra at its musical engagements. One of these engagements was to have been a luncheon for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. On the afternoon preceding the day they were to arrive in Washington the band office received a call from the White House requesting that an orchestra be furnished for noon the next day. The men had no sooner shined their instruments and polished the buttons on their special White House coats than word was received that due to the unfortunate death of Mrs. Roosevelt's brother the luncheon would be postponed until the return of the Duke and Duchess from their ranch in Canada.

Since July 31st of this year, when the band's authorized strength was increased by ten, five young musicians have joined our ranks: Privates First Class Joiner, Scott, Wohl, Lambert and Schoen. Two of our older men have also decided to stay with us a while longer: Musician Third Class Kuhns, who extended his enlistment for four years, and Musician Second Class Zinsmeister, who also extended his enlistment, but for a period of two years.

"From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli" doesn't tell half the story. All over the world, under every conceivable condition, the Marines have fought side by side with the Navy and sometimes with the Army, but more often as a "lone wolf." They protect American

lives and interests and always without causing international complications.

A complete list of the Marines' activities in this over-excited world has never been published. In the article that follows we shall undertake to set forth an account of the activities of the Marines located at the **SUBMARINE BASE at COCO SOLO, CANAL ZONE.**

First Sergeant Wallace Henry has taken his examination for Marine Gunner, and we are all waiting patiently for the result, which we all hope will be a favorable one. The Top, through his untiring efforts, has brought many welcome changes to this Post and we take this opportunity to give him a rising vote of thanks for his accomplishments.

The following men have left us in favor of stateside duty: Sergeants: R. Gibbs, G. Gilliland; Corporals: R. Nelson, C. Dombrowski, and Privates First Class E. Hatcher, F. Davis, and J. T. Eaton. We all wish them the best of luck in their new stations and hope that some day we shall do duty together again.

Qm-Sgt. Joe King has completed his two years of foreign duty and expects to leave us sometime in the very near future. Sgt. King has taken his examination for Qm-Clerk; we are all pulling for him to make the grade. Sgt. King expects to become a proud papa very soon.

Our Post Carpenter, Corporal Jack L. Tice, has been in the sick bay suffering from an acute case of cat fever. But he is back again now, no worse for his experience, which only proves that you can't keep a good man down.

The Submarine Base Fire Department, which is manned by a very efficient body of Marines, under the leadership of Corporal W. Nepveux, has recently joined us in our new barracks. The Department, consisting of Corporal Nepveux, NCO-in-charge, Pfes. J. Beck, G. Fraser, G. Domigan, J. Wood and M. D. Smith, should be congratulated on the manner in which they handled the little fire the other morning at three-thirty. Congratulations also for the efficient sentry, S. E. Smith, who turned in the alarm. (The fire was an overheated motor in an ice box.)

The last month has brought two promotions to the Mess branch which are from Assistant Cook to Field Cook; on the receiving end of these are W. S. Allen and D. E. Daly. Thanks for the cigars, boys; may we collect a few more before the end of this cruise.

We have tried to give you the ups and downs of the enlisted personnel, but before closing I would like to do some "bragging." We have tops in commanding officers in the person of Major Erwin Mehlinger, and sincerely hope that it is our good fortune to again serve under him in the very near future.

MARINE DETACHMENT, NAVAL AMMUNITION DEPOT, IONA ISLAND.

It has been said that no Marine likes to be outdone by another Marine. With reference to the last month's article on "World's Champion Parachute Hikers" (incidentally, "Para-footists" would be a good name for them), it is our prediction that other records will be pouring in from other Marine detachments, boasting of their own prowess at marching. While our boys are used principally for guard duty here at Iona, we do get in our share of drill. We won't go so far as to say we have equalled the Parachute Marine's record, but we DO know how it feels to march fifteen miles over these New York mountains with a heavy marching order on our backs, and we didn't go around the mountains either, we went OVER them!

In sharp contrast to the preceding paragraph is the report that we had another dance and beer party at Bear Mountain Park this month. Funny how these parties keep getting better and better. And how the civilians up there envy the fun we have!

Promotions this month—Steve Karan to Sergeant, and John Pianezza to Corporal. Change of rating—Field Music First Class Cleeland to Private First Class.

Pfe. Harris Wilkes and Private Irving Sams were transferred to the Naval Hospital in Brooklyn. Pfes. Ingoe, Gibson, Killian, Gill, and Finn were transferred to the Marine Barracks in Washington, D. C., for duty with a view to their transfer to foreign duty.

In atonement for the transfer of the above-mentioned men, we are happy to welcome to our command Pfe. Richard Morse, and Pvts. Francis Gross and Arthur Irving who reported in from the Navy Yard in Brooklyn.

We of the **BARRACKS DETACHMENT, MB, WASHINGTON, D. C.**, are pleased to avail ourselves of the opportunity of renewing affiliations with **THE LEATHERNECK** by submitting a "broadcast" concerning our activities during the past month.

Just now we are in the throes of intensive preparation for firing the familiarization course with the M1-rifle. Additional military diversion has been afforded to the members of this command in the form of two weekly parades and numerous funeral details.

The detachment happily anticipates a field day to be held on this coming Thursday morning. Following this exhibition of physical prowess by our athletic enthusiasts we look forward to indulging in a few brews on the house. This little beer session should put all hands in a fitting mood for the rumored subsequent afternoon's liberty.

We welcome the following newcomers to our jovial clan: Pvts. Alla, Bangert, Chalfoux, Cranford, Fischer, Held, Hinman, Leach, Rohr, and Stevens—all from our

THE LEATHERNECK

good neighbors the M. C. I. Detachment. In keeping with the good neighbor policy, some of the aforementioned men have already been promoted since joining us.

Lts. Boro, Casey, Ferris, Gray, and Whiffen have already left us in favor of the Basic School at Philadelphia. Corp. Kitterman has been transferred to the Ordnance Plant, Aberdeen, Md.; Pfc. Lake to the Navy Building Guard, Washington, D. C.; Pfc. King to the First Marine Aircraft Wing, Quantico, Va. Godspeed, gentlemen.

We offer hearty congratulations in connection with the following recent promotions: Det. C. O. First Lt. Chidester to Captain; Stf. Sgt. Cody to T-Sgt.; Corp. Martin to Sgt.; Privates First Class Gueh, Hartley, and Vrable to Corp., and Pvts. Carnes, Fallica, Fischer, King, Leach, Shubat, and Stevens to Pfc. We deeply appreciated the overwhelming number of clars passed out; so with eyes dimmed by gars passed out; so with eyes dimmed by we leave you until next month.

The voice of the **MARINE BARRACKS, U. S. SUBMARINE BASE, NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT**, again speaks.

During the past month the New London Marines have become officially indoctrinated in the possibilities of the new U. S. Rifle Cal. 30, M-1. After firing the familiarization course at the rifle range at Danielson, Conn., the reaction to a man is the same. This rifle is undoubtedly the finest weapon of its type ever produced, and may the Lord help those on the receiving end.

A mighty welcome change in M.C.O.'s occurred which permitted men who had not qualified in 30 Cal. rifle during 1940 and 1941 to fire the new M-1 qualification course. Sergeant J. F. Gabriel, Assistant Cook F. W. Bernisky and Pfc. Harry Demchuk qualified as expert. Sergeants A. J. Assad and R. H. England, Corporal J. L. Lloyd and G. W. La Flamme and Pfc. G. J. Coreoran popped off sharpshooter and Corporal W. H. Weymouth and Pfc. J. L. Zanat grabbed marksman.

Old Salt of Headachers was enlisted in the Marines on September 16, 1941, as a Pfc. and was assigned duty at MB, Sub Base. A full blooded bull terrier, Old Salt takes the place of Platoon Sergeant Major Tiny, an English bull mascot removed from the roster of the Marine Corps by death recently.

His untimely demise was noted by Mr. G. W. Blunt White of Mystic, Conn., the owner of "Old Salt of Headachers," a full blooded bull terrier. Salt is undoubtedly the most streamlined model of fighting fury unleashed in these parts in many a moon and is possessed of all the inherent characteristics of a natural born Marine. Appreciating this situation, Mr. White felt that "Salt," who up to this time was leading a very sheltered and pampered existence in Mystic, was entirely out of his element and belonged to the U. S. Marines. Salt readily concurred in this finding and thereupon applied for enlistment in the Marines.

Old Salt has been undergoing an intensive course of instruction in recruit training during the past three weeks with the Marines at the rifle range at Danielson, Conn. In that period he was alternately assigned duty in the target pits and on the firing line. His performance of duty was entirely meritorious in both instances and in addition, this period of toughening up has indoctrinated Old Salt in the responsibilities of the Marine Corps. During his training Old Salt has indicated in no uncertain terms that he's always ready

for an argument with the situation always well in hand. In short, he has become inculcated with the spirit of the Leatherneck. In consideration of his eminent qualifications Old Salt was enlisted Tuesday morning as a Private First Class and assigned for duty at the Marine Barracks, U. S. Submarine Base, New London, Connecticut.

A regal consort to "Salt" was presented to the New London Marines by Mr. Edward A. Breed of Groton, Conn., in the person of "Patches-Girl," a splendid pedigree female English bull. Unfortunately, Marine Corps regulations do not permit the enlistment of a female and arrangements are being made to commission "Patches-Girl" in the Naval Nurse Corps so that she too will enjoy an official status.

Sgt. Gabriel has proven beyond the shadow of reasonable doubt that he can take it and still have the situation well in hand. He was married on Monday, the 15th, qualified as Expert Rifleman on Tuesday, the 16th, and on Thursday, the 18th, received his promotion to Sergeant. He has been honking all over the barracks ever since because nothing unusual has happened on succeeding days.

Our greetings to Privates G. Myers, R. E. Myers, Norsworthy, Paisley, and Markoski who joined from Parris Island last month and to Pfc. Peter Rygliszin.

Pfc. Fekety has been transferred and we certainly wish him good luck at his new post.

Sergeant Reilly has just returned from a furlough and is now snapping in at his old job as Police Sergeant in addition to his regular duties.

The basket ball team has crawled out of hibernation and with Pfc. Owens and Sisari providing the impetus, it appears as though the New London Marines are out to regain some lost laurels.

Rumor has it that new barracks are in the offing and included in the new quarters is to be a 6-point small bore range. Upon hearing this news, the rifle team is certain that THE LEATHERNECK trophy is again going to repose in our recreation room.

In addition to the promotion of Sgt. Gabriel, Pfc. La Flamme and Bokum were promoted to Corporal and Pvts. Owens, Wakefield, Jankowski and Konkoloski to Pfc.

Closing another chapter in the career of this historic base, **GUANTANAMO BAY MARINES** recently vacated their long-occupied barracks on Fisherman's Point in favor of million and a half dollar facilities recently completed on a new site.

The Fisherman's Point location was one of the first to be occupied by U. S. armed forces after capture of Guantanamo Bay by Marines in the War with Spain of 1898, and is adjacent to McCalla Hill, about which centered most of the fighting during that war. It was here, as a new lieutenant, that Major General Smedley Butler saw his first combat. Fisherman's Point was permanently garrisoned by a small force of Army troops until early in the century, when Marines again took over, occupying the Army barracks and quarters, which remained in use until this year when expansion necessitated movement to the new area. At the same time, by orders from Washington, the old Marine Barracks, as it was officially designated, was disbanded, and the more appropriate designation of Marine Corps Base adopted.

The new Marine Corps Base consists of a number of 1941-style barracks especially



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Culminating a period of intensive training and organization of their defense system, Guantanamo Bay Marines have successfully completed a series of maneuvers designed to test the efficiency of defenses at this key Caribbean naval base.

Troops of the Fleet Marine Force, the Marine Corps' highly-trained striking and combat component, organized and manned defenses during three days of simulated attacks by land, sea, air and by simulated Fifth Columnists during the maneuver period.

Differing in type from the landing exercises and lightning attacks which compose the usual war games and maneuvers of the FMF, this "blitzkrieg," as it is locally styled among the Marines, placed emphasis upon maintenance of a vigilant all-around defense of vital facilities of the Naval Operating Base. During the exercise, Navy aircraft simulated hostile attackers over the ring of defenses and blacked-out streets of the base.

Commanded by Colonel William H. Rupertus, USMC, veteran Far East commander, Marine Corps forces comprise units of the FMF augmented by necessary Base service and guard components. Although Marines now guard the historic Bay from enemy attack, it was a Marine Battalion which originally captured it from Spanish defenders in 1898.

Again the **FOURTH MARINES** attempt to get a bit of dope out to the rest of the world in general, and the rest of the Marine Corps in particular.

The expression, "And the Rains Came," must surely have originated in Shanghai, for this city has had more than its share of wet weather of late, with two or three floods in the past month. We were beginning to get the idea for a while that perhaps Motor Transport Company would have to turn in their trucks in exchange for a fleet of sampans; but as usual, the flood waters finally subsided. It seems that the regimental band takes the worst beating of anyone during these floods. Each time the waters rise following one of the heavy rains, the band quarters, which are in the old headquarters 22 range, become, in appearance, a street in Venice. The only advantage the men of the regiment have seen in the heavy rains

is the fact that we haven't had a practice march for the past two weeks.

In addition to the recent deluge of rain, there has also descended upon the regiment a flock of promotions. Included in the lucky fellows were one man to platoon sergeant, fifteen to sergeant, twenty-six to corporal, and one to field cook. The list of men promoted to private first class is rather indefinite. It looks as though there will soon be no more privates to be promoted to private first class.

As indicated in our column sent in to **THE LEATHERNECK** last month, there were a number of fellows who claimed to be "short timers" in the Fourth Marines, but who didn't know just how short they were because of the uncertain transport movements. The "short timers" are still in the regiment, but are not sounding off as much, since the next transport that they are waiting for is still very much uncertain.

Not only are transports and other Navy ships' movements kept quiet, but of recent weeks, the regiment, and all of Shanghai are rather in the dark as to merchant marine movements. Mails are now very few and far between. Since this correspondent is a member of the personnel of the regimental post office, it can well be understood why other men in the regiment are looking for mail. It is now a certainty that Shanghai is short of boats, for mail, transportation, and for floods.

When two ships of the American President Lines recently called at Shanghai, there were some new officers who joined the regiment, and also some departing officers, returning to the United States. Included in the new officers were Lt. Colonel C. T. Beecher, who takes up duties as commanding officer of the first battalion; Captain J. J. Heil, who is now executive officer of the second battalion; Captain J. V. Bradley, going to the second battalion; Captain F. H. Williams, who is now regimental commissary officer. In addition to these Marine officers, we also received a new regimental surgeon and commanding officer of the regimental hospital, Commander M. Jones, U. S. Navy.

In gaining the aforementioned officers, to whom we wish a pleasant tour of duty with the Fourth Marines, we, in turn, lost some officers whom we will miss. Leaving for duty in the United States were Major L. B. Puller, who has been relieved as executive officer of the second battalion; Captain P. W. Russell, who was company commander of H Company; Captain M. S. Newton, relieved as commissary officer. Relieved from regimental surgeon was Commander J. A. Perez, U. S. Navy. The regimental hospital also lost two other offi-

cers, who are going to the sixteenth naval district for duty. They were Lieut. (jg) F. V. Berley and Pharmacist F. J. Mitchell.

Many of us here in the 4th Marines were pleased to hear of the passing of the bill to double the reenlistment allowance, and most likely everybody who expects to ship over will be glad to get the extra cash.

If the few mail ships that are running out this way to China keep coming, we will continue to get a little dope, what there is, to **THE LEATHERNECK** each month. So, until next month, the Fourth Marines bids adios.

Well, the **THIRD BATTALION, 7TH MARINES**, has arrived at last at our long awaited home at New River, N. C. Everyone seems to enjoy it here, and will like it even more when we get straightened out and are able to get liberty and visit the nearby towns.

It won't be long before we will be on our regular schedule again, marching around in the boonocks.

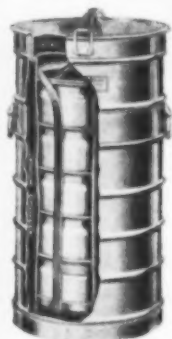
We have a little change in our staff. In the Lt. Colonel's absence, Major Hagerman has taken over the job as commanding officer of the battalion. Another change is Captain Beadle for Captain Seaward. Captain Beadle has taken over a job as CO of a line company, and Captain Seaward is now BN-3.

Another good feature about our new home is that everyone is meeting their old buddies who have been separated from each other because of transfers.

Everyone is satisfied, so we are hoping that we will be here for a longer stay than we have been in former places.

Like so many gypsies, **COMPANY I, 3rd Battalion, 7th Marines**, is on the move all the time; this time it is a move for the better as we are at our new base. Years ago the great astronomer Galileo went forth to recant his belief that the earth revolved; likewise the FMF, in spite of the many obstacles and difficulties it encounters, does the same. Had that scientific bird lived a few hundred years later, the 7th might have had a good recruit, both holding similar ideas on mobile units; at any rate the woods here do not look as difficult as the Parris Island swamps.

After negotiating an otherwise successful trip, 1st Sgt. Kepple was taken with severe pains. Some suspected appendicitis. He completed the trip in the "Pike's Peak or Bust" manner, but on reaching the camp turned in for the appendix bust that is a serious matter anywhere.



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I Co. lost two men after developing their talents in the Rifle Co.: Corp. Watts and Pvt. Poltrack decided the intelligence had need of them and so were transferred. Lt. Croll has become a full fledged member of the Company, joining the 3rd Platoon recently. Pfc. Schaffer, the office clerk, was released from the hospital. Upon returning to the office he found the fort secure.

Before we close we wish to inform everyone that Company I holds the softball championship of both the 2nd and 3rd Bn., 7th Marines.

Once again we hail the readers of *THE LEATHERNECK* with a little dope condensed from the far reaching and never ending rounds of "scuttlebutt" compiled by the members of good old **COMPANY K**, 3rd Battalion, 7th Marines.

We have traversed and explored the "boon docks" of Parris Island so much in the past month, under the able leadership of 1st Lieutenant Charles S. Nichols, Jr., that we all readily agree that we know the layout of the land on and surrounding P. I.

Did you ever see men walking guard with knee boots? Well, that's what happened at the Island after one of the Island's well known downpours. But then I suppose that we will never be allowed to forget that to the "old timers" we still are and shall remain "boots" for quite a while yet.

We arrived at our new post here at New River none the worse for wear, but tired out from the usual "mosquito slapping" on the 28th, and we can all see the big improvement over Parris Island already. All the men approve of the new post wholeheartedly.

At last our music came up to standard and made a promotion. It's Field Music 1st Class Edward A. Andreoni now, and he's still in a daze wondering how it all happened. ChCk, Edwin (Dusty) Amis also came through with a well earned promotion from FldCk. Here's wishing you both the best of luck in your new duties.

Well, we had a few promotions in **COMPANY L**, 3rd Battalion, 7th Marines, during the present month. . . Pfc. Freeman and Lowery to Corporal and Sergeant Turner to Platoon Sergeant . . . and we expect to have a lot more during the next six months by the looks of the situation. This organization is at present standing by to move to our new base at New River, N. C., along with the rest of the regiment, where we will take up the task of intensive training started at Parris Island after our long tour of sea duty on the USS "Geo. F. Elliott." Alas! we change commanding officers again and again, that is to say our last CO, Captain Seasword, returned to his duties of B-3, being replaced by Captain R. W. Beadle, who is now in the Post Hospital at Parris Island. He will be replaced by 2nd Lieut. P. Glass, Jr., until his return to duty. Lieut. Cassells did not stay with us very long, being ordered to other duties by higher authority. No changes other than those stated above were made in enlisted personnel, so we still have the old guard in the lead composed of our First Sgt. Roberts, Gy-Sgt. Ulrich, Platoon Sergeant Kelly and that old veteran boondocker Otto Robinson. We expect to lose most of them soon, though, as there are going to be some changes with the rebirth of the First Regiment and so next month your reporter will probably have to report that "something new has been added" with the loss of the old.

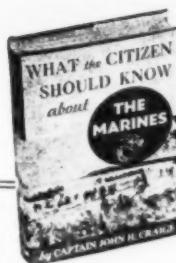
With all our regards, regrets, and sympathy for both our sick, lame, and lazy, and those who are getting paid off in a few days, we are still the same old **COMPANY M**, 3rd Battalion, 7th Marines.

We lost our artist, Private Charles W. Allan, who we hope is well settled and has a good job in civilian life. Now we are about to lose Corporal John Neuwirth and Pfc. Eugene F. Coble, who, with only a few days to do, are not as yet collecting hash marks.

With all the men back in harness again, including those who strayed from the straight and narrow path, we were surprised and contented with our new camp site, here at New River, N. C., after finding all rumors about this place just rumors.

Greetings from the sunny south, Dunedin, Florida, home of the **MARINE AMPHIBIAN TRACTOR DETACHMENT**. Ole Man Sol is really giving the members of this detachment a real coat of Florida tan, a tan that we can take back to the north, when we get there. Newcomers, coming in from the northern stations, all came down in greens which were soon replaced by khaki.

Last week-end contained days which we can all say were the most enjoyable days spent while in Florida. We had a real honest-to-goodness all day outing which was generously sponsored by the officers of this detachment for all members. Cash prizes were awarded by the officers to the enlisted men for different contests, such as pie-eating, and many others too numerous to mention. A lot of credit goes to the officers of the detachment for having such a swell volley ball team. I guess they practice much more than the enlisted men but they sure gave the enlisted men a game and the officers won with, of course, little competition given by the enlisted men. That volley ball is still in the minds of many enlisted men and it won't be long now until we can challenge the officers to another game, this time to win, we hope. All in all the outing was enjoyed by all concerned and we're all looking forward to another outing which we hope will be real soon.



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John H. Craige

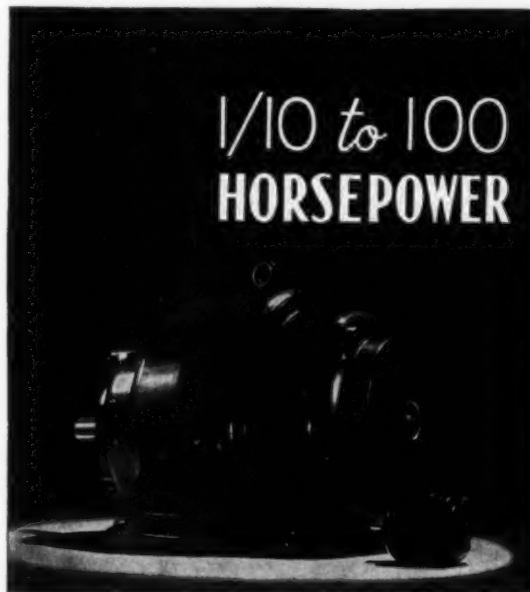
(Captain, U. S. Marine Corps, Ret.)

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New arrivals reporting in for duty are: PISgt. William G. Reed from MB, Washington, D. C.; Pfc. Quentin P. Kester and Paul E. Sparks from NAS, Jacksonville, Florida; Pfc. William F. Foote and Pvt. George E. Bathlow from MBNY, New York, N. Y.; Corp. Edward Gerent from FMF, Parris Island, S. C., and Corp. Joseph J. Bury from the Post Service Battalion, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia.

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The entire personnel enjoyed a beer party given by Sgt. Major Lloyd Bogart for his promotion to that rank. Other recent promotions were: To Sergeant, Bernard E. Shealy; to Corporal, William S. Drummond, and to Private First Class, Graham and Williams. Good luck, fellows.

A real social event is now in the progress of making. On the 18th of this month a dance will be given by the Marines at the Clearwater Yacht Club. This will be one night when all the fellows will bring their best girls. The blue uniform should make quite a big hit around these parts. We're all waiting for the 18th and I know that this will be one of the biggest events ever held in Clearwater and this will be one event that no one will forget so easily.

The **MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE** had a field day on furloughs during September, if seventy-two's are included. Those who got away from it all last month were Lieutenant Whipple, Brown, De Grasse, Resch, Naylor, Carvlin, Schuman, Steiner, Sko-field, Cobb, Abbott, Greenberg, Checklon, Flynn, Sarokin, Dotson, Salyer, Walezak, and Thurmond.

Technical Sergeant Nigg was paid off, reenlisted, collected his four hundred dollars, his wife collected the four hundred dollars from him, and he is back at work looking forward to the next shipping-over bonus and a different disposition of it.

Chalifaux, Hinman, Stevens, McDouall, Held, Fischer, Bangert, Alla, and Tomasian were transferred to the barracks detachment. Lieutenant Fleissner was transferred to NYd., Philadelphia. To HQMC went Cronan and Rogers.

Witteborg, Bennett, Rich, and Hooker were sent to the hospital; Bennett and Rich have returned, and Hooper, who went up for a rest cure last month, also returned.

Lieutenant Williams joined from Quantico, and Lieutenant Whipple joined from the BD. From Parris Island came Humphrey and Wakefield.

Private Levasseur has his mail addressed to Professor Levasseur. A plain Marine Corps title ain't fittin' and proper enough for some, it seems.

Ford and Marjorie Vaught of Alabama merged interests with benefit of clergy on September 21. On October 3, Chapman vowed to love, honor and obey Marcella Hall of Oklahoma.

Sergeant William W. C. Black, non-commissioned officer in charge of **SDHS, WILKES BARRE**, Pennsylvania, reports quite a busy month for September. Being a month in which the schools throughout the country throw open their doors for the new semester, it seems to make a definite increase in recruiting activities, inasmuch as the vacation period is over and young men look forward to employment and occupation. Although we have not broken any recruiting records, our enlistments have increased considerably and have put us back into the limelight once again.

Ye Ed. is very proud to announce that he guided the St. John Lutheran Church softball team to a league championship and continued the accomplishments by winning the City Church Championship of Wyoming Valley. Ye Ed. was the manager and covered the hot corner without missing a single game. He was presented with a handsome trophy in behalf of his teammates and all local Marines can view it in the trophy case of St. John's Lutheran Church.

Sergeant Warren J. Lewis, who is in charge of the recruiting activities in the Federal Building at Scranton, Pa., is doing a whirlwind job and is certainly putting the Marine Corps on the map both for present and ex-Marines. We both or-

ganized a detachment of the Marine Corps League to be known as the Scranton Detachment and after the first meeting can boast 16 paid up members. All Scranton Marines interested in their local detachment may secure information by corresponding with Sergeant Lewis at the above address. The George R. Newitt Detachment of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., boasts 50 ex-Marines and 16 Marines on their roster.

Our station feels proud of other achievements along the recruiting line which was the enlistment of two local men which will elevate the ranks both intellectually and athletically. Walter M. Augustyniak, age 17, from 36 Carey Street, Ashley, was the honor student of a class of 104 senior graduates of Ashley High School, having attained the distinction of becoming the first male honor student of that High School in the past ten years. He recently completed a course in introductory engineering subjects under the engineering defense training program of Penn State Extension Service.

George E. Hooper, age 23, from 43 Hutson Street, Wilkes-Barre, was president of the graduating class of Kingston High School in 1936, and played four years on the football, wrestling and track teams. He became the Tri-State wrestling champion in 1936 and won the PIAA title for discus throwing, and was also a member of the All-Star football team of Wyoming Valley.

Continuing his education and athletic achievements at Syracuse University he earned a letter each year and made All-American mention in football, became intercollegiate heavyweight wrestling champion in 1940, and was a member of the track team each season. Besides playing on varsity teams he played intramurally in baseball, softball, track, swimming, water polo, tennis, basketball, handball and badminton.

After graduation from Syracuse University he was appointed as physical education director and coach at Mohawk High School, N. Y., but relinquished his contract this year due to the probability of being drafted under the selective service laws.

Much has happened through the past few months and the readers have looked in vain for some account of **BATTERY A, 1ST BATTALION, 11TH MARINES**, while it was on maneuvers off the coast of North Carolina. A detailed account is hardly possible but I'll try to give some of the highlights. At present we're at ease somewhat while we're quartered in Barracks at Parris Island, S. C. We're in for some intensive training and RSOPs with actual firing which will smooth out some of those rough corners.

Drifting back a few months we were in the midst of landing parties off Hilton Head where we did undergo probably the severest conditions caused by a pounding surf and a lashing rain. Every nerve and fibre was strained to the utmost but we came through with flying colors. Getting into condition for these landing parties is tough aboard ship but that was soon remedied by Lt. C. L. Banks who started periods of physical training (plus a peppy medicine-ball) for all sections on the boat deck. Our muscle-ripping gymnasts, Corp. Hebda and Pfc. Bisson, lent their assistance in that "one, two, three, swing" both aboard ship and at the Parade Ground at Portsmouth, Va.

A stop-over at Portsmouth gave us a chance to catch our breath, catch up with our correspondence and a few other things

THE LEATHERNECK

before we sailed for one of the biggest landing parties to date. In cooperation with the Army we spent a week forcing a beach head inland while making frequent dispositions and really roughing it in company with zooming mosquitoes and burrowing chiggers. Black-outs and reports of parachute troops in the vicinity kept us on the alert until the order for retreat was given. It wasn't another Dunkirk but little time was wasted under the cover of darkness as we clambered aboard our landing boats and headed out to sea where we could barely make out the outlines of the ships straining at their anchors. Generally speaking, the morale and efficiency of the men was excellent despite the few discomforts suffered.

A few days later found us on our way to Quantico where we again settled down to pleasant liberties, frequent sorties into the "boondocks" on RSOP problems, hikes and motor marches. All this was climaxed most fittingly before we set out for Parris Island, S. C. A series of painstaking surveys conducted by that calmly-efficient Instrument Section under Pl. Sgt. George L. Williams, gave the firing battery a chance to demonstrate their skill. To each man we can well say, "Well done!" and not stint ourselves with praises to the Section leaders under Pl. Sgts. Broadus and Sparks.

Such efficiency is frequently observed and so we take occasion to congratulate Sgt. Barrett, Corps. Campbell, Dunham, Monte, Smith, Staszewski and Sutherland, and Pfs. Bisson, Divincy, Farmer, Linfante, Oblachinski, and Taylor. However, don't misjudge us! It isn't all work and no play! We've one of the best softball teams in the whole Marine Corps, and stand ready to meet any one!

Still at Parris Island, several of the officers of **HEADQUARTERS, 2ND BATTALION, 11TH MARINES**, Second Lieut-

tenants Swift, Parry and Aplington avail themselves of the opportunity to make week-end trips to Philadelphia, Pa.

Second Lieutenant Faus has been temporarily detached and is attending the Field Artillery School and Lieutenant Russell will leave shortly for Fort Sill to undergo a period of training also.

In July, five Second Lieutenants joined the Battalion from sea duty—Lt. H. U. Bookhart from USS "Wichita"; Lt. A. H. Potter, USS "Tuscaloosa"; Lt. F. Bishopp, USS "Wyoming"; Lt. R. S. Bruford, USS "New York"; and Lt. W. P. Baker, USS "Ranger."

We have been busy making surveys and going out on Field Problems. Also, we have been spending much time in firing "Forward OP" problems and "Anti-tank."

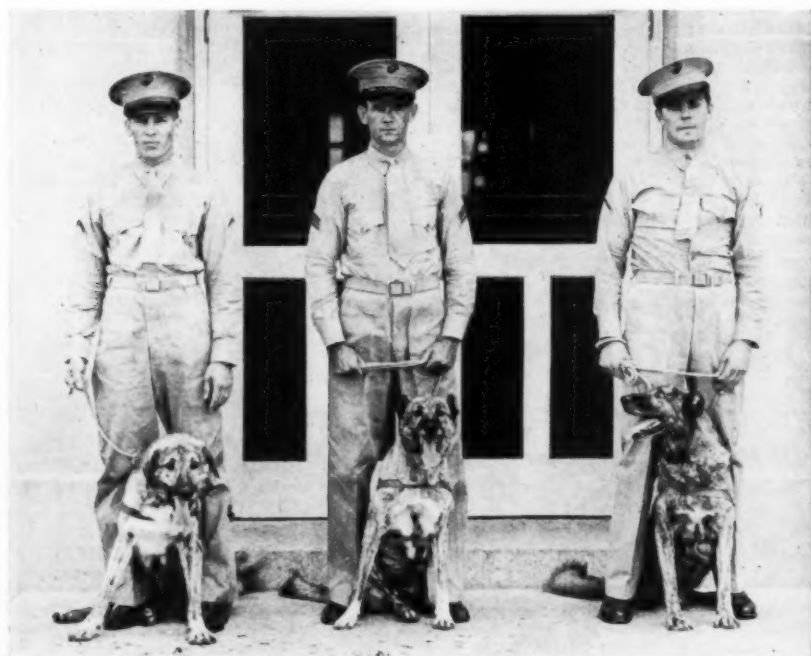
Formal Guard Mounts, Parades and Reviews, Regimental and Battalion, are held when time permits.

HEADQUARTERS & SERVICE BATTERY, 2ND BATTALION, 11TH MARINES, continues its life smoothly and in good spirits.

Under the direction of our brand new Staff Sgt. Hartley our communication section is rapidly becoming one of the best, if keen interest and cooperation count. Two of our Telephone Specialists are now operating a brand new switchboard and their cultured voices can be heard almost constantly through the squadroom door: Number please, Yes, sir, No sir, etc.

Our outfit has been firing the various ranges this week. Rifle, Automatic Rifle, Pistol and Grenade. Looks like many experts in the making.

Motor transport certainly believe in dressing up their trucks. The "Beast" was seen driving his buggy with a brand new paint job yesterday. In fact all the trucks are rapidly following suit. The "Beauty" was seen driving the Field Ambulance for 7th Medical.



Turkish sheep dogs used to assist Marines in patrolling NAS, Annapolis, Md. The dogs, believed to be the only dogs of their breed in the U. S., were presented to the Dept. of Agriculture by the Turkish Ambassador.

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Gentlemen, please accept this broadcast coming from **BATTERY D**, 2nd Battalion, 11th Marines, Parris Island, S. C., in honor of the anniversary of our Corps, now on the air. In honor of the coming anniversary of our Corps, we wish to extend the most heartfelt congratulations to all members of the Corps for making possible this another year to our credit.

The members of Dog Battery are proud to acclaim service with the best armed force in the world, the USMC. Our battery, through extensive training while beyond the seas and now at our base here on the Island, has become one of the best in its branch of service and is going strong to become the best in the Corps.

At the present time we are waiting to find out whether we will again be out of the States for Christmas or whether we will spend this one at home. We also wish to welcome to Parris Island the First Battalion, 11th Marines, which formerly was stationed at Quantico, Va. May your stay here be a happy one.

Terminating quite an absence from the pages of *THE LEATHERNECK*, this is **BATTERY E**, 2nd Battalion, 11th Marines, bringing you the spinal column of the dope. I do mean spinal because it is the backbone of all "dope," "scuttlebutt," and "guesses" as far as the stalwarts of Fighting Battery E are concerned.

Congratulations are in order for Bill D. Erb, Salvatore Aloise, James L. Russell, and Pet Later for their promotions to Corporal. George H. Hennessee and Victor Tagliaferri are also to be congratulated upon their recent promotion to Sergeant.

The First Sergeant just gave me Close Station March Order, so be looking for us in the next issue.

This being our initial offering to *THE LEATHERNECK*, we are somewhat proud to

review and make known the occurrences of the past few weeks. **BATTERY F**, 2nd Battalion, 11th Marines, has been no exception in regards to the large amount of promotions in the Eleventh Marines. The men who have felt the pleasant feeling of success in their efforts are: Corporals McWeeney and King to Sergeant; Pfc. D'Alessandro, Garvin, Klaus, Noonan, Smith, Totten, and Visnefsky, all of whom have been promoted to the rank of Corporal. Pvt. Duffek, Long, Mulsow, and Rennie have been appointed Privates First Class.

Captain Wilson, skipper of "Fox" Battery, advocating the adage "all work and no play makes Jack a dull Marine," is responsible for the number of social events that have taken place recently.

After a series of strenuous problems, the skipper decided the men were in need of diversion. With the full cooperation of Battery officers and non-coms, plans for a party were formulated. Refreshments were supplied and within a short period the party was in full swing.

Pfe. De Tulleo's introduction of the Italian game "Morra" gave vent to the epidemic that was to follow, and before the evening was over, the men were coupled off, throwing out fingers and shouting numbers in Italian. Sergeant Mitchell and his Irish cannoneers sang "Songs of the Ould Sod." Corporal Letiziano's golden tenor voice topped the first gun section's quartette in "Old Love Ballads."

In all the shindig was a great success and will long be remembered by the men of "Fox" Battery who are looking forward to the next get-together.

The Joint Training Exercises at New River, N. C., proved not only that the Fleet Marine Force was fully trained; they showed beyond doubt that the men could take it. The maneuvers of **COMPANY C**, 7TH MARINES, through the swampy areas demanded stamina of body and the

problems exacted alertness of the mind. The official verdict of "well done" was equivalent to 5.0.

Following the maneuvers, the First Battalion, commanded by Lt. Col. Amor L/R. Sims, disembarked from the USS "Fuller" and entrained for Parris Island where we were billeted at the Rifle Range. Extensive field training was continued, rifle, B.A.R., pistol firing, schools and quiet liberties at Beaufort occupied the pause from sea. Captain H. G. Walker was detached to H&S, 7th, and 1st Lt. C. W. Kelly, Jr., took the wheel as company commander of C. Athletics included some baseball games, medicine ball heaving, and many boxing bouts (one in which Toledo challenged Blanchette was quickly brushed away). Meholic the "Fox" played cribbage for the 1st Marine Division title with Plantier and, as expected, lost.

On September 30th the First Battalion left P. I. at almost the precise time it had arrived August 14th, around the quiet hours before reveille and entrained at Port Royal for our present station at New River, N. C. It was a misty morning and at about 8:50 a.m. all hands were awakened from cat-naps by the engineer's whistle, the screeching of brakes and then a tremendous, vibrating crash in which Marines were thrown from their seats. The train had collided with a freight train and a caboose. The heroic engineer who had applied his brakes as gradually as possible in order to avert telescoping, was dead; the fireman badly burned. Dr. Neff and his medical staff worked quickly and efficiently. A fire was extinguished by the Marines; guards were posted immediately and discipline was maintained without any effort. Working parties soon had the equipment and baggage moved. The traditional "situation in hand" was deftly upheld by the First Battalion. Dr. Neff, in addition to his surgical skill, has a sense of humor. He asked one Marine how that Leatherneck could account for going through a train wreck without a scratch and then request medical aid for a cut finger incurred while opening a can of Type "C" ration. Lt. Kelly's arm was put in a sling for contusions but he insisted on remaining with the troops. At this writing he is with us and signing documents as usual.

We have temporarily lost Second Lieutenant Enright who is sick in USNH, Parris Island. Everyone wishes him a speedy recovery. Second Lieutenant Chandler is temporarily busy with the U. S. Army School of Signalling at Fort Monmouth. Newly assigned officers are Second Lieutenants DeGuglielmo, Sherwood and Haggerty from ROC. Pl-Sgt. Forrester has joined the ranks of C Company.

The new station at New River has brought together other units of the 1st Division and for the first week of our stay many old friends met again creating an atmosphere of old home week, especially at the P.X.

Lt. Col. Sims was detached to Regimental Headquarters and Major L. B. Fuller assumed command of the First Battalion on Oct. 1st.

A group of men from the **AMERICAN EMBASSY GUARD, PEIPING, CHINA**, in quest of recreation and adventure made a trip to the Western Hills during the past month in two of the Marine Corps' special "air-conditioned" buses. In spite of sun and dust all hands seemed to have enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

The first stop was at Lu-k'ou-ch'iao, the ancient city just outside Peiping where

THE LEATHERNECK

the current Chinese-Japanese War started. At the main entrance the party examined the effects of Japanese artillery fire on the walls surrounding the city. The pits in the walls show the type of damage that three inch guns can do on such masonry as China has, and is also one of the few remaining evidences of the destruction to the traveler.

Next stop was the Marco Polo bridge, famed to the West since the Thirteenth Century. During the past few years a new surface has been laid over the original stone blocks. The bridge is a sturdy reminder of the glory that was China's many years ago. Although weatherbeaten, the stone images on the railing remain in an excellent state of preservation.

A small shao-hai-tzu (boy) in his birthday suit was detained on the bridge for ch'ien (money to you Stateside folks) to have his picture taken. The little fellow seemed a bit perplexed, but the ch'ien made everything right.

From the Marco Polo bridge, the expedition headed to Paomachang. On the back roads the driver of Number One truck managed to take the right road at the wrong time, and a little delay was experienced in getting oriented. By the time Paomachang was reached the party had eaten so much dust that beer had to be broken out to get the throats in working order again. Inspection of the racetrack revealed that corn growing on the infield would prevent any racing for the day. Upon inspecting the stables the boys found a couple of very fine racing mules, which as "Cowboy" Crichton later proved, turned out to be a couple of bucking hembres with little bucking ability and less racing form. Crichton, the Wyoming cowboy, hopped aboard for a try at it. He proved his ability to stay aboard the white streak but managed to ruin the trousers of his friend Carson—who was incidentally planning to go ashore in them later in the evening. The moral is "never lend nothing to nobody."

Returning to the city, the trucks set out for the Western Hills proper. After a bit of jockeying for the lead, Allen managed to beat Jones for that position through the ricksha littered streets of Peiping. The caravan passed the Summer Palace, which was built by the Empress Dowager with funds given her for a Chinese naval force, and stopped at the famed Jade Fountain. Incidentally, it was time for another brew. At the Imperial Hunting Preserve it was felt that a little chow would be "the real stuff." With the aid of Chinese as it is spoken by "Birdlegs" Brown—pride and joy of the Pelican State—arrangements were made to have the chow carried into the hunting grounds. A small stream of water filled a pool where it is said that the Emperor kept his prize goldfish, and it was there that the party had lunch. The dust-begrimed group stripped partially and washed in the waterfall—some above the fall and some below it. Which bunch was the cleaner is open to question.

"Cookie" Miller had set up a lunch fit for the Emperor himself and all dived in with the fervor only a Marine can show where chow is concerned. Numerous Chinese children, attracted by the odors of food, were given the left-overs, with the exception of some hard-boiled eggs with which shao-hai-tzus and Marines staged a battle. Few hits were registered, however. In some manner our field music, Boyden, got mixed up with the children and received a direct hit. It made him fighting mad, too. He should stay out of the sun and look like a white man, his buddies advised. It is uncertain, however, whether



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the hit was a mistake or the result of a grudge.

Then off to the Western Hills Hotel where the party ran into a birthday celebration. Half the Marines went for a donkey ride up the mountain and the rest stayed for a few cool ones and a swim at the hotel.

Some of the donkeys were fast and others slow. The party going up the mountain sounded like wild Indians on the warpath. Better yells and war cries were never heard in China. "Swede" Stromstad managed to get a lazy beast. Half the way up the mountain and half the way down Swede carried his burro. Dawson inveigled a few of the more stalwart to desert their donkeys and climb to the top of a small peak. The view was well worth the climb. Thomas proved himself a fairly good cowboy on the entire trip.

The expedition voted thanks to "Cookie" Miller, "Dutch" Miller, Bradshaw and "Ace" Gryder for organizing and managing the details of the trip.

Puget Soundings of the **MARINE DETACHMENT, RECEIVING STATION, PUGET SOUND NAVY YARD, BREMER-TON, WASHINGTON.** A number of changes have been made recently in this detachment. 1st Sgt. H. A. Smith to Guard Co. No. 1, Marine Barracks, this Navy Yard, Sgt. L. F. Jackson to Guard Co. No. 1, Marine Barracks, this Navy Yard, Pfc. Robert C. Cooper to Amphibian tractor school, Dunedin, Florida, Pfc. P. H. Buteau to Guard Co. No. 1, Marine Barracks, this Navy Yard, Pfc. E. E. Ferguson, E. J. Gardner, and J. D. Butler to Parachute school, Lakehurst, N. J. All hands wish these men the best of luck in their new station of duty.

Corporal R. Stegeman, Pfc. G. F. Randall, and Pfc. J. O. Smith have decided to become civilians again. We wish them the best of luck.

The men arriving at this station to take up duties are: 1st Sgt. B. M. Sturdivant, Pfc. G. D. Bowlin, V. J. Wright, H. A. Smith, W. L. Cobbs, and E. T. Berto. We

can't give 1st Sgt. Sturdivant any information on the duties at this station as he has served here in the past.

Congratulations are in order for their promotions to their present ranks: Sgt. James M. Garvey, Cpl. Edwin A. Burgdorf, Pfc. E. T. Berto, Pfc. A. J. Queen, and Pfc. L. E. Thomas.

Marines from the **NAVAL AIR STATION, TERMINAL ISLAND**, rated high society at the elite Ambassador hotel in Los Angeles recently. Guests of the screen star Humphrey Bogart and his wife and the glamorous blond haired Alexis Smith, Hollywood starlet, eighteen Marines in smart blues revelled extravagantly in the world famous Cocoanut Grove.

This number was considerably more than had been asked for, because Mr. Bogart had asked the Naval Air Station Marines to furnish one volunteer to be Miss Smith's partner for the evening. But pass an invitation like that to a group of night-club-hungry Marines, and—well, if there had been more men available an entire company might have turned out.

However, Hollywood hospitality took charge and the Leathernecks were feted lavishly. News photographers were on hand, and considerable publicity developed from the incident.

Another highlight of the month was a field day at the navy field near Fort McArthur. One doesn't have to be a kid in his early teens to enjoy sack races, three-legged races, and wheelbarrow races, for the Marines at this station enjoyed it as much as a surprise liberty. Of course, three kegs of beer and a softball game played a big part.

This may be a guard post, but nevertheless we're preparing for action in the field in case we are needed. On Wednesday, Sept. 17, this detachment went through maneuvers in the Palos Verdes hills near San Pedro. The attackers advanced up a long slope while the defenders waited at the top. A brisk seven mile hike after a hearty dinner in the open found us tired and nursing blisters when we reached the barracks.

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We have a new "Top" on the station. He is congenial First Sergeant Raymond B. Quinn, who replaces First Sergeant E. B. Peck, the latter having requested transfer to Quantico. Quinn, who comes from the second Marines at San Diego, has already adjusted himself and the command is pleased with their new boss.

A new corporal was added to our personnel—Irrving M. Bartlett from the Guard Company, Marine Base, San Diego. At the same time Private Jack F. Kelly was lost to the command, going to the Navy hospital at San Diego.

And now the promotions. Ralph Whaley is wearing three stripes, his sergeant's rating coming only a year and three months after he enlisted. Lewis Costa and Leo G. Lewis are now corporals. Promoted to Private First Class were Raymond S. Froehlich, Harrison L. Georges, Junior L. Patrick, and James H. Newton.

Being's how very little has been heard from GUAM of late, writer has decided to start putting out a little unofficial dope.

Two or three months were required to "dig out" of the typhoon that struck here last November and, as far as "foons" go, that one was the real McCoy. Buildings were demolished by a wind with a velocity in excess of 150 knots, even a bunya tree that had weathered every storm for over 100 years was uprooted. Reconstruction was started immediately and for some time things ran very smoothly. On the third of this month we experienced another typhoon of good proportions with winds ranging from 70 to 108 knots which did quite a bit of damage. It is interesting to know that both of these storms hit here on a Sunday the third day of the month. It seems that in Guam Friday the thirtieth is forced to take a back seat.

One of our men, Corporal John R. Breeze, has just received a Letter of Commendation from the Major General Commandant for saving the lives of Master Terrell J. Crawford, Jr., and Master John

D. Erwin, Jr., who were swimming in very heavy seas when an undertow swept them out and made it impossible for them to reach shore. "Without regard for their personal safety, Corp. Breeze jumped into the water and directed and assisted them in reaching a railroad iron stake marker to which they clung while he swam through the breakers onto the coral reef to shore and summoned assistance. The safe performance of this feat is considered miraculous." Corp. Breeze then returned to the assistance of the boys in a Pan American boat and an attempt was made to get a line and life ring to the boys without success so overboard he went again, and swimming back to the boys, stayed until a larger boat approached to drift a life ring for him to grasp and swim back and effect the rescue of the boys. A report of this was forwarded to the Board of Awards, Navy Department, which Board has recommended that this case be referred to the Treasury Department for consideration for the award of a Silver Life Saving Medal. We all want to commend you, Johnny Breeze, for your great courage, quick and meritorious actions.

The RECRUITING DISTRICT OF CLEVELAND has gone in for recruiting in a big way. Through the efforts of our Officer in Charge, Captain Thomas A. Tighe, we have been able to obtain the use of a sound bus. Since we have had the use of this sound bus we have stepped up recruiting in our district considerably: Last month we led the entire division in percentage per quota. Sergeant "Stony" Craig has been the dispenser of Marine Corps yarns over WTAM for the past fifty weeks.

Here is a bit of news that I am quite sure that there will be quite a bit of interest shown by members of the Marine Corps. Spur Murphy, former United States Marine Corps Boxer, is going to the top in the fight game. Murphy was discharged at Quantico, Virginia, the early part of

1939. Since then he has been doing quite a bit of boxing, and has won every fight. Just recently he knocked out Jimmy Perren in the second round at Milwaukee, Wednesday, 10 September, at the arena in Cleveland, he won a unanimous decision over Goff Greer, another top-notch. Sergeant "Stony" Craig of this office was asked by both Murphy and his managers if he would be in the ring with Murphy as his second in his fight against Greer, which was one of the windups on the Jimmie Bivins and Tony Musto fight card. Murphy entered the ring wearing Marine Corps colors, which he has done every since his discharge from the service. His bathrobe is of red and gold silk with the United States Marine Corps emblazoned across the back. Murphy is well liked by the fight fans and is doing a very fine job of shel-lacking everything that is put in the ring with him.

Even though you haven't heard from us in quite a spell we will let you know the goings on around the Barracks here at the NAVAL AMMUNITION DEPOT, LUALUALEI, T. H.

We may be thirty (30) miles from Honolulu but our new Post Exchange Taxi bought for this purpose is kept rather busy around pay day. You can look at Private First Class Sanders and tell that he isn't getting much sleep. We are proud to say that we are the only bunch of Marines who has a Taxi like this one.

We have been having organized athletics for the past few weeks and the bowling has really been in the air. Sergeant Raymond Davis of the Horse Marines was in charge of the first Platoon bowling team. Little but loud Private First Class Robert E. Betz won the 1st prize money of both bowling tournaments. Sergeant Davis with his 1st Platoon boys won the beer that was put up to the team that won the match.

We have had the Marine Detachment from the USS "West Virginia" out to see us for the past two week ends, which was on 31Aug and 7Sep41. 1stSgt. Simmonds of Lualualei was one of the first ones to welcome the Marines aboard the station. He was also the man who tapped the first keg of beer. He showed the other N.C.O.'s how to play cribbage. Both soft ball teams got together and talked over the ground rules and then went out on the field and warmed up for the game that was to start at 1300. Chow bumps went and the boys all went in and enjoyed StfSgt. Miller's turkey dinner. The baseball game was played and was won by the Lualualei Marines by a large margin. We can proudly say that we enjoyed being with the "West Virginia" Marines.

We stood our A & I inspection on the 16 August, 1941, and were proud to welcome Brigadier General Charles F. B. Price with a guard of honor. General Price inspected the personnel and then looked over the barracks and grounds.

LONDON REPORTS

Accounts that we receive from the United States make us believe that this will not be the first time that the MARINE DETACHMENT, AMERICAN EMBASSY, LONDON, ENGLAND, has been in print. Since you have had those accounts, we will just express a few collaries that we have had an opportunity to prove:

THE LEATHERNECK

1. That life-jackets will hold a man up and are a very useful thing to have, when needed.

2. That you never miss the many uniforms and civilian clothes that a Marine collects until you find yourself standing in all of your worldly possessions.

Aside from the above, however, the trip to this country was rather dull, long and uneventful.

Our arrival in London was marked by a very enthusiastic welcome, and as soon as we were partly settled there was a round of parties of welcome. These were greatly enjoyed, except for one very great drawback, we haven't learned to enjoy a cup of tea, as yet.

Letters of welcome have been received from practically every Royal Marine Barracks in the country with the suggestion that we permit some of our Detachment to pay them a visit. Due to the importance of the duties that we are performing at the present time this will have to be delayed until things quiet down. We are looking forward to making these visits and to seeing how those men carry out their barracks routine.

London was rather a surprise to us. Having faithfully perused the American newspapers and being an ardent reader of magazines such as *Life* and *Time* we expected to find a city as much in ruins as the Coliseum of Rome, but instead found that there are only sections where considerable damage has been done, the remainder of the city showing very little damage, except for a building here and there.

Life in the city goes on rather merrily. Shows are open. Dance halls are filled (but here we are at a loss as we check out on liberty in civilian clothing and the local girls prefer the uniforms). The streets are well crowded with pedestrians and everyone seems to be real happy and cheerful.

Of course we find the air raid shelters plainly marked and we carry our gas masks and helmets at all times when we are out of our quarters, but this is rather the routine for all the residents of this city so it does not appear unusual.

Our quarters are very comfortable, two men to a room, plenty of fresh air and water, easily kept clean, and shower rooms on each floor. We have a large recreation room fitted out with table tennis and the most popular of British indoor games—darts. The reading room has a short-wave radio with which we receive broadcasts from Boston, Schenectady, and other American cities. There are also tables which may be utilized for writing—one of the indoor sports being to write a letter which will pass the censors without a deletion.

We have started a library to replace the one Davey Jones is now using. So far we have 40 books, most of them real good.

So far we have had but one bit of excitement, and that was the night when a German plane got lost and came wandering over the city. Of course there was the alarm and the anti-aircraft firing, all of which was very new to us, but served to let us know the signals used and the method of attack.

No, I have not mentioned the duties we are performing nor our address, but that is only half of the story, as they will not be mentioned. You will have to learn that from the usual Marine Corps grape-vine.

November, 1941

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We do not hesitate to mention the duties of our cooks, however, as they have really been on the job. Their utensils to cook with, as well as the supplies they have are anything but those desired, still none of us have had to have the Vs removed from the backs of our trousers, as yet, and from the present indications the only altering that will be necessary will be to have the Vs enlarged. Our cook force consists of: Chief Cook U. G. Knox, Jr., Fd. Ck. F. V. Byers, Pfc. J. B. Bouchie and Pfc. P. E. Cramer.

We have had many visitors which has proven the truth of that old saying: "Once a Marine, always a Marine." Several ex-Marines who are with the British forces have dropped in to say hello and from the sharp creases in their battle uniforms and the stripes on their arms it has proven that the habits started with the Leathernecks have paid dividends.

If you like to see names of persons in print, here goes:

Major Walter I. Jordan is our Commanding Officer; Captain John B. Hill, our Detachment Executive Officer; and Second Lieutenant Roy J. Batterton, Jr., our detachment Officer.

First Sergeant Jack Eden is the top-kick, who claims he is rapidly going screwy trying to figure the pay in pounds and ounces.

Supply (Yep, since 18 July) Sergeant Willis G. Smith is taking care of the Quartermaster work, drinking coffee, and "waiting for ships."

Platoon Sergeant Emmett B. Cook is all settled as he has a room on the 1st floor and the mess hall is just one floor below.

Sergeant George V. Clark is in charge of transportation which is on Smith's ships; John H. Allen, Jr., is orderly to the Ambassador of the United States of America to the Court of Saint James; Walter B. Russell is doing double duty as police and property sergeant; Way Holland, Curtis A.

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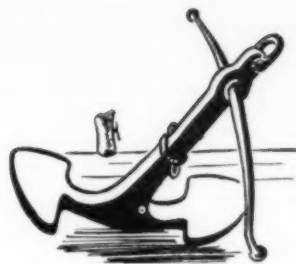
Among the Pfes, we have Harvey H. Brockway as detachment clerk; John F. Sudro, Naval Attache's Orderly; and Kenneth A. Smith driving a station wagon and trying to keep to the left side of the road.

Private Francis M. Connolly is Orderly to the Senior Observer and Edgar E. Reynolds to the Executive Officer, Naval Attache. Pvt. William E. Peterson is the guy no one likes to see; you are right, he is the detachment runner.

Will try to let you know how this detachment makes out in the future, and everything of interest from this place.

Till then, cheerio, from the gang that has found out that the nightingales don't sing in Berkeley Square, and that there are lots of advantages to be gained from black-outs.

Sea Going



The **MARINE DETACHMENT, USS "COLORADO"** is once again represented and we intend to keep the information rolling for all you people who are interested in the Colorado Marine Detachment in particular.

We always seem to have a few of our buddies leaving, and we really hate to see them go. The latest are three Pfc.s: Finnie, Kirby and Marangi, who have been transferred to MB, PSNYd., Bremerton, Wash. We believe their new post will find them a fine group of fellows. A few days later we also lost Field Cook Bagley to the same station, and now our food doesn't taste exactly the same.

Naturally with vacancies we have advancements and so we report the promotion of assistant cook Rowley to field cook, and Pvt.s Snider and Peyper to Pfc. Pvt. Haenelt is making his debut into the galley life of the Navy.

We are glad to welcome Pl-Sgt. Simmons aboard ship. He should prove to be an experienced "sea soldier" after eight years of previous sea duty aboard various ships. He has just left recruiting duty in Walla Walla, Wash., and is once again reviving his sea legs and renewing his commanding voice to cast that spell of authority that all sergeants seem to have after three or four cruises. We also have aboard as newcomers, Pvt.s Haenelt, Russell, Ford, Meeks, and Farabough.

Paint chips are still flying, and Police Sgt. Warnke intends to get the work done on schedule. More power to him for we really do like him a lot.

We were greatly honored recently by an inspection of our Marine Guard by Captain Terry of His Majesty's Royal Marines. Captain Terry is connected with the Royal Marines aboard the popular British battleship "Warspite." The inspection was a great success.

Football seems to be the main topic of discussion at present with all its angles and possibilities. One seems to hear a constant chatter about points here or there. It's all very mysterious.

The "Colorado" Marines have a good basketball team that is destined to go far. It is remarkable the ambition those boys have for the spirit of the team. All hands are anxious to see the new suits which have been ordered. They are to be carmine and gold which of course are the Marine colors.

Tune in next month for the results of our team's future battles. They should be on top all the way through.

The **USS NORTHAMPTON** returns to Pearl Harbor after a forty-day cruise into the South Seas. This trip made our Marine Detachment old sea salts and the envy of all sea-going Marines. All hands became shellbacks and golden dragons after crossing the equator and the international

date line. Lots of fun was had the day before and the day of initiation and good sportsmanship was shown by all.

The long awaited liberty port turned out to be Brisbane, Australia. On the first day our Marines did a good job of rendering honors to the different officials and were proud to hear Sir Leslie Wilson, governor of Queensland, say, "The fame of United States Marines is known over all the world." We paraded through the main streets of Brisbane on the third day of our stay. The parade consisted of Marines and Bluejackets from the "Northampton" and "Salt Lake City." Australian Airforce and Australian Imperial Forces. Streets were lined with thousands of wildly cheering Australians, throwing paper and confetti, making the streets and sky look as though it were snowing. The parade broke up at the City Hall, for a large banquet presided over by the Lord Mayor of Brisbane. Food and drinks were the best. Two unique speeches, one by the Lord Mayor, giving us the key to the city, and the second by the Executive Officer of the "Salt Lake City," thanking the Lord Mayor, saying we were happy to visit Brisbane. With a suggestion by the Lord Mayor that we adjourn (the girls were waiting outside), toasts to His Majesty the King and President Roosevelt were given. A swell time was had by all hands after the banquet. We left Brisbane Sunday morning with the Detachment at quarters on the well deck, getting a last look and good bye waves from shore.

During the past few weeks, the **MARINE DETACHMENT, USS AUGUSTA**, has had the responsibility of teaching pistol marksmanship to the Sailors aboard. Acting as instructors are our Commanding Officer, 1st Lt. Edwin L. Hamilton, who, as everyone knows, is quite an authority on the subject, 2d Lt. Walter Holomon, and Gy. Sgt. John L. Neel. Sergeant Cabral, Corporals Albers, Lea, Muck, and Privates First Class Jerome, Bradley, Peterson, Melton, Hope, and Thompson are assisting with the instruction and acting as coaches. We are sure that with the above-named staff, our sea-going brothers will learn to squeeze their shots off into the bull.

First Sergeant Williams, Corporal Knight, and Corporal Casdorph are at this time on a well-earned two weeks' furlough. Private First Class Essary has just returned from a fifteen-day sojourn in the Windy City.

We "Augie" Marines are expecting quite a few promotions in the very near future, for a group of "Asiatics" are hoping to be transferred to the beach on the termination of their two-year sea-going cruise. We hope that they are not disappointed at having to leave us.

Private L. A. Sok, on top of the Pfc. list, is looking forward to sewing on stripes right away, since Private First Class Dibeck, our husky first-loader, was transferred to the hospital—of all things: tonsillitis. Platoon Sergeant Kemp left for the hospital a few days earlier; and in closing, we all join in wishing them the best of luck in the future.

Shaking off the dust of ages, the **MARINE DETACHMENT, USS ARKANSAS**, once again steps into the pages of THE LEATHERNECK. Six months have elapsed since the "Arkie" has submitted any data on her whereabouts, but now we emerge from the category of mystery ships and give you a brief summary of what has occurred during that time.

Several transfers have taken place, and for a while ratings were flying around like confetti. Sgt. Bean has become a Son of the Beach, having been transferred to the Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, Rhode Island. Lieut. F. H. Collins, our Junior Officer, was transferred to the staff of the Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va. Lieut. J. F. Holt, the replacement for Mr. Collins, was transferred from MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill. We have sent Great Lakes an oversized handkerchief for them to weep into. However, their loss is our gain. Sgt. Daniels, our tobacco chewing "Sarge," has been transferred to MB, Quantico, Va.

Many new faces have appeared at the Non-Com's table, and they certainly enjoy the chow now, judging from the noises.

Congrats to the men who have been recently promoted: Corporals Meehan and Moharsky have both entered the sanctity of the fourth pay grade and can still smile. Pfc.s Suess and Little have advanced to Corporal, and Amaral and Mancini have been promoted to Pfc. All men concerned have added at least two inches to their chest measurements.

The "Arkie" fired Short Range a while ago, making the gun crews feel quite salty now. Naval censorship forbids our telling you how the Marines made out, so we'll give you readers two guesses.

The Ninth Division Softball Team had a good season, being the leading contenders for the Division Championship until the game with the Third Division, which we lost. Too bad.

Here is the **MARINE DETACHMENT, USS TENNESSEE**, back again with more "dope" for you "old timers" on just what's going on around here. Aside from the preparation of what looks to be a very

THE LEATHERNECK

promising whale boat crew things have been pretty quiet for the past month.

We wish to congratulate Sgt. G. L. Ferguson who was recently transferred to the Naval Academy Preparatory School in Virginia. Lots of luck, Fergie; we hope to see you again some day when you're wearing the bars. Congratulations are also in order to C. P. Hare who was promoted to the rank of sergeant.

We regret the loss of Pfc. E. L. Whiteley, who was transferred to the MB, Puget Sound Navy Yard, upon his completion of sea duty.

In the past month we have had two men join us. Pvt. William E. Loveless from the sea school, MBC, San Diego, Calif., and Field Music Edward L. Killeen from the USS "Honolulu." Glad to have you aboard fellows, we hope you like the outfit.

That's thirty for this month, but look for us again next month, for we'll be back.

It has been a long time since anyone has heard from the **MARINE DETACHMENT- USS CHESTER**, but we shall try and make up for it now.

Things have been pretty dead for the detachment since returning to Pearl Harbor, but we did manage to get in one beer party at Nanakuli last week where all hands had a swell time. The sun came out on top for some of us because of bad sunburn. There were two parties, one for the Port Watch and one for the Starboard Watch. The Marine Barracks at Pearl Harbor furnished the transportation while the ship came across with the chow. We wish to take this opportunity to recommend "Bambino" Hetman as top man when it comes to broiling steaks.

All of us wish to welcome aboard Second Lieutenant Eugene N. Thompson and First Sergeant John R. Blackett as reliefs for Second Lieutenant Robert Philip, who went to the Marine Corps Base, and First Sergeant Edward E. Harris, who went to the Naval Ammunition Dump at Hawthorne, Nevada. Second Lieutenant Thompson comes to us direct from the Rifle Range at San Diego while First Sergeant Blackett hails from the Base Service Battalion, Marine Corps Base.

Among other newcomers joining from Sea School were Privates Salaets and Wetzel, who we welcome aboard and hope that their tour of sea duty will be pleasant and profitable.

The cigars passed around last month were those of Corporals James C. Morgan and Perry C. O'Briant. Private William C. Ewing was a happy lad when he tacked his Pfc. stripes on. We congratulate all of them.

The "Chester" lost ComSecFor to the USS "Louisville" and with him went Sergeant George F. Hyland and his gang of "wanderers" who we hope have a pleasant sojourn.

We also lost a couple of swell fellows last month. Corporals Raymond A. Knoll and Frank T. Morrow, both to the Second Marine Division. We wish to extend to them both our wishes for a pleasant tour of duty at their new station. After being aboard about a month Private Donald Eggert was sent to the U. S. Naval Hospital for treatment. We extend our wishes for a speedy recovery and hope that he will rejoin us soon.

This is enough for our first attempt at reporting in a long time, so we shall sign off for the present and say so long.



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PASADENA NAVY MOTHERS' CLUB, tenth club to be organized in California, held its first get-together meeting November 14, 1940, was named December 5, 1940, by eighteen charter members, becoming an official member of the NMCA family March 27, 1941, by charter presentation and installation of its officers.

Chief David Gallagher of the Pasadena Naval Recruiting office spoke to us, and our Marine Mothers, who comprise nearly one-half of our membership, were represented by Platoon Sgt. Jack Goodall of the Los Angeles Marine Recruiting office.

We now have forty-five members.

Our club was the recipient of a number of gifts, a Bible, two Flag standards, orange wood gavel, altar cloth, and a guest book. Also a check for \$25.00 from a Los Angeles Municipal Judge. Our NMCA banner was hand made of marine blue satin and gold felt letters, by the commander, Besse Couch, whose son drew the emblem and letters to scale, while home on Christmas leave.

Three of our club members are to be on

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a Quiz program at KHJ on September 22, 1941, at 12:15 P. M. on the Homemakers' Club program. Two clubs to participate, the winner receiving \$30.00 and the loser, \$10.00.

To date our club has donated a check for a layette, \$16.50 toward entertainment for sailors and Marines at San Diego, six lots of good used clothing for relief, about twelve dozen cans of baby food and as many cans of milk to the Naval Relief at Long Beach, Calif., also a donation through the National NMCA for the USO.

Our Commander was complimented at the National Convention at Omaha, Nebr., in June, by the National Commander, on the high percentage of Marine Mothers in our Club. We find them as efficient workers in the club as their sons are efficient sea soldiers in the U. S. Navy.

JUMPING GYRENES

Continued from page 13

jump ever attempted by Marine Parachute Troops, using three planes. Company "A," Second Parachute Battalion less one platoon remained at Quantico and made the first massed jump ever executed in that area at Nottingham Field near Fredericksburg. On this occasion due to a sudden wind shift several men landed in trees without mishap.

In August both companies were attached to the First Marine Aircraft wing and were based at New Bern, N. C., during the maneuvers of the Atlantic Amphibious Force in the New River Area. For the first time in this hemisphere parachute troops engaged in a large scale maneuver. In all, three jumping missions were executed totaling 164 jumps. For the first time Marines jumped into corn and tobacco fields which they had not seen until they left the plane at 700 feet.



Shortly after returning to Quantico a Headquarters Company was organized and on 15 August, Company "A," 2nd Parachute Battalion came into being. Meanwhile the 6th and 7th classes at Lakehurst were ordered to the 2nd Division and organized Company "B," 2nd Parachute Battalion. The 8th and 9th classes came to the First Battalion in September and October, respectively.

Though we are hampered a good deal by not having sufficient transport planes to use, progress is continuous. The impression must not be held that parachute troops do nothing but jump. Lieutenant Pat W. Densman's platoon of "A" Company decided to make a practice march to end all practice marches. On September 12th Lieutenant Densman and 33 men entrucked at Quantico and detrucked at a point about seven miles above Linton, Va., and 40 miles from the Post. They marched back to the Post in 12 hours 35 minutes. Not a man fell out.

After a final two days of jumping before leaving Quantico, the First Parachute Battalion entrained for New River where it is now living under canvas and undertaking a rigorous training program.

Today the problem in parachute troops is one of education and organization, condition and split-second timing. But no such problems faced the early chutists. Back in the days when man first conceived the idea of parachutes, the problem was strictly a mechanical one, a problem, which in solving, took nearly four and a half centuries.

Leonardo de Vinci, an Italian, in 1495 had an interest in parachutes and exhibited enough interest to take the time to draw a complete diagram of a parachute, accurately describing the principles of operation.



Actual knowledge as to who was the first parachutist is dim. A book by Simon de la Loubere in 1618 tells of a Siamese ruler being amused by a tumbler who jumped from high places with two umbrellas fastened to his girdle. Fauste Veranzio in 1617 jumped from a high tower with a wood and canvas affair, landing successfully, and in 1783 an unknown Frenchman safely descended from a high tower via parachute.

By this time the hot air balloon was having its fling. Taking advantage of the chances for aerial flights, in 1785 J. P. Blanchard, an Englishman, constructed a parachute with a basket attached, using dogs as passengers. After considerable success with his canine freight, Blanchard himself decided to try the parachute. However, he used better arithmetic on the dogs' parachutes than on his own, because he fell faster. The resulting injuries discouraged him.

The first balloonist generally credited with being a consistently successful parachutist was Andre Jacques Garnerin. His elder brother was probably the first to think about the military advantages of a parachute, conceiving the idea that a parachute would enable soldiers to descend on troops from a passing balloon. Since this idea was worked out while the elder Garnerin was in Budapest as a war prisoner, he had to wait until his release before he could even construct a parachute.



The younger Garnerin continued with his work. His first public demonstration was on October 22, 1797, at Monceau Park, Paris. Garnerin descended, uninjured, but suffered somewhat from the violent oscillation he had to undergo on his rapid trip downwards.

Garnerin's parachute was an interesting affair. Fashioned of canvas with a wood frame, the chute had a canopy 23 feet in diameter, with a passenger basket four feet deep and 21½ feet in diameter. Estimates today figure the parachute to have weighed over 100 pounds.

Jodaki Kuparento is alleged to have been the first man to use the parachute to save his life. On July 24, 1808, Jodaki's balloon caught fire over Warsaw and he was forced to jump.

Robert Cocking, a young Englishman, didn't like the way the Garnerin parachute oscillated during its descent. Garnerin's chute was said to have oscillated so badly that at one time the basket maintained a horizontal level with the parachute canopy. Cocking, therefore, built one that resembled an umbrella turned inside out. Since his parachute, after putting in numerous wood ribs and a canopy 24 feet in diameter, weighed 223 pounds, and Cocking himself weighed 177 pounds, there represented 400 pounds which had to be borne by the affair.

Cocking came down without oscillating. He also came down too fast. He was killed. His death made evident the rule of lightness of construction in parachute design.

John Wise, an American balloon experimenter, made several models of Cocking's parachute because he was attracted by the design. His tests proved that the design was sound as long as the framework did not collapse.



The development of the airplane created new problems for the parachute designer. Balloon parachutes can be roomy as bloomers, while the airplane type needed to be as compact as an evening gown. Increased speed of airplanes over balloons necessitated the need for stronger fabrics in the parachutes. New techniques in jumping also had to be devised.

American and French engineers went to work on the project, and on March 1, 1912, Captain Albert Berry at Jefferson, Mo., barracks made the first successful descent from an airplane. The parachute was packed in a metal cylinder attached to the underside of the fuselage directly over the axle. When ready for the jump, Berry climbed down to the axle, slipped into the harness, and jumped. The weight of the falling body pulled the parachute from the metal container and Berry fell gently to earth. A year later Adolphe Pegoud, prominent French aviator, also made a successful jump from a plane.

During 1913 several knapsack types were developed, and strangely enough it was the circus people, not the Army, who did the developing. Charles Broadwick, a balloon exhibitionist, made a parachute of the knapsack type, 32 feet in diameter, and weighing about 11 pounds without

the harness. To his daughter, Miss Tiny Broadwick, goes the credit for making the first free fall parachute jump. Using this 'chute as an attached type, Miss Broadwick toured the country during 1913-14, making jumps from a plane piloted by Glenn Martin. Floyd Smith also used the Broadwick parachute in making jumps from Martin's plane.



The attached type parachute, while functioning satisfactorily for exhibition purposes, was too involved for emergency use, and since the very meaning of the word parachute means to protect the wearer from the fall, the need for a real protection parachute became vital during the war which had started by that time.

The use of parachutes in the captive balloons to save the lives of the observers when the sausages caught fire marked the baptism of parachutes being normally utilized to save the lives of the wearers. In these types, the canopy was attached to the balloon basket and connected by shroud lines to a harness worn by the observer. When the balloon was fired by incendiary bullets, the balloonist immediately jumped over the side of the basket and upon releasing the retaining cord, the parachute automatically opened.

A German is supposed to have been the first to have his life saved by a parachute from a heavier than air craft. In the spring of 1918 his plane caught fire during flight and being unable to extinguish the flames, he leaped trusting his parachute.

The war ended before more experiments in actual combat could be made and the American Air Service perfected the finest parachute existing at that time. Known as the A.E.F. Parachute, it came in two types, silk and cotton.

These, too, were attached parachutes, and did not have the qualities needed to make them perfect parachutes. Consequently, a board composed of Major E. I. Hoffman, Guy M. Ball, J. J. Higgins, J. M. Russell and Floyd Smith, met at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio, to work out the solution to the problem.

In July, 1919, a new parachute was made which solved the problem. Known as Type "A" it consisted of a silk canopy 26 feet in diameter, the removal of which was facilitated during flight by a small pilot chute. The entire affair was folded into a back pack. This was known as a flat type, which when spread formed a perfect polygon. Complete the parachute weighed 22 pounds.

On October 22, 1922, Lt. H. R. Harris, while flying over McCook Field, pulled the wings off his plane. He bailed out making the first emergency use of a free type pack parachute.

By this time the parachutes were designed into back, chest, seat and lap styles. A further modification of the type "A" parachute, known as Type "S" was put out at this time. Basically, the service parachute by 1924 was thus: 24 feet in diameter with a center puckered vent of 18 inches; canopy changed from a formed to a flat shape; shroud lines reduced from 36 to 24; strength increased from 250 to 350 pounds.



In March, 1924, all Army and Navy fliers were required to wear the service pack.

It wasn't until the perfection of the safety parachute that the armies of the world turned to the parachute as an offensive weapon. Until the parachute was perfected, no leader had conceived the idea of dropping troops via parachute except the elder Garnerin late in the 18th century.

Parachute troops are mainly air-bourne fighting men who are transported to enemy territory and dropped there to

perform a mission. They may be dropped either for a covering mission or a destructive, sabotaging mission. Basically the men are infantry fighters. Aircraft can attack but cannot hold. Consequently, a well organized, well trained parachute troop can become a liaison, effectively combining holding and attacking practices.

The Germans were first to employ the use of parachute troops—in the first World War—two men are supposed to have been dropped behind the Russian lines with a mission to blow up a portion of a railroad. In 1925, French troops were landed in Morocco via parachute. During mass maneuvers in 1935, Russian bombers dropped 2,200 parachute troopers, each man armed with a pistol while rifles and machine-gun parts, carefully packed in containers were dropped in other parachutes, thus affording the troops armament sufficient for immediate attack.



French military leaders, seeing the advantages of such troops, had by 1937 two active parachute troop units, one in Algeria, the other in continental France. Germany first showed its parachute troops to the world in the 1936 maneuvers. In the Nazi arrangement, the air force has taken over all responsibility for training and the provision of these parachute troops, and they were first employed in the Austrian Occupation in 1938. The English failed to adopt the parachute troop organization and took a rather apathetic attitude toward the entire system, although a few progressives in the Royal Army advocated the adoption of parachute troops.

The excellent use of parachutists by the Nazis in the Rotterdam offensive led eventually to the surrender of the entire Army as already described. Since that time, a defense conscious America, seeking to employ every known device to make the forces over here the best in the world, has started once again to revitalize its infantry divisions in both the Marines and Army by the use of Parachute Troops.

This revitalization means more than accumulating good parachutes and putting them on men. Were the problem that easy it would have been solved long ago. What does face the organizers of our new parachute divisions is the task of finding men who can carry on the rigorous routine of a parachute trooper without having either the nervous system or the muscular system fail.



In analyzing the situations which a parachute trooper must face, the United States Army Medical Corps, with Capt. Harry G. Armstrong in charge, has opened a physiological research laboratory at Dayton, Ohio. Here tests are being held which help the medicos arrive at some definite conclusions as to what faces a parachutist before and during his descent.

Consider the problem of the parachutist. In combat warfare he faces the possibility of being forced to leave a ship when the plane is going at a terrifically high rate of speed. For a few moments, then, the 'chutist is going as fast as the ship, and if he were to open his parachute before his speed had slackened, then the strain placed upon the parachute would be enough to break both leg straps and the breast straps.

The perfection of the parachute has enabled the medical men to find out answers concerning man's physical behavior during a long fall to questions which have been puzzles for centuries. Before research was made it was common belief that a fall of 100 feet produced unconsciousness in a man.

After considerable experimenting, the medical authorities have drawn these conclusions:

1. Were it not for fear and excitement before the jump,

Please turn page



there would be little or no mental reaction. Fear of falling being one of the oldest inborn phobias in a man, only constant practice in parachute jumping, and strongly exerted control, can abolish this fear. Many of the accidents which result in fatalities in aircraft today are purely because the sense of fear in the pilot forced him to trust his disabled ship rather than his parachute.

2. In this free fall in space only one abnormal physical sensation is perceived, that of a very gentle, evenly distributed superficial pressure on the downward surface of the body. This is a phenomenon which yet puzzles the medical authorities. Normally there would be expected a rush of strong air around the body, giving the sensation of brisk winds blowing. Airplane designers have given the theory that because of the fairly streamlined shape of the body, there is produced a turbulent airflow around it which produces small eddies and air currents instead of a small blast. Then again they believe that there is a static air condition around the body which prevents a flow of the air in contact with the body and that the pressure in this static area is actually a partial vacuum. It is because of this phenomenon that a parachute jump is a pleasing sensation.

3. Hearing is affected in the descent. While the 'chutist can hear a little, experiments have shown that while descending the noise of a score of airplanes in the immediate vicinity of the 'chutist was unperceptible to him. The reason for this has as yet not been determined.

4. The eyes determine the sense of balance in these falls. The fact that even though the hearing has been diminished, the 'chutist still can maintain his sense of balance purely through vision.

5. Depth perception is such that the 'chutist must be going 100 feet per second when he is 1900 feet away from the ground before he can perceive that he is moving toward it.

6. Delayed parachute jumps are not only safe but recommended during many of the combat tactics. Since the authorities have proven that a person may fall through space without becoming unconscious, a 'chutist may now drop from 30,000 feet, and not opening the parachute until the 15,000-foot level is reached, he would spend but one

and a half minutes in that atmosphere, thus making it perfectly safe for him. In other military maneuvers, it is necessary for the 'chutist to fall as quickly as he can to avoid fire from enemy troops. The delayed jump gives him an advantage.

On these six premises the medical authorities are hoping to instill greater confidence in the parachute troops. In addition to these premises, they have also discovered that a tumbling man falls slower than one who fall straight, accounting for the "jack-knife" dive that many good 'chutists go into before pulling the cord. And, much to the layman's surprise, a 'chutist actually slows down while falling! This means that if the 'chutist leaves his ship while going 250 miles per hour, in a free fall without a parachute open, he will slow down to 120 miles an hour, a safe speed at which he can then open his parachute. This slowing down is a physical phenomenon known for years to scientists, and is due to the friction incurred by the object flowing through the air.

Young as parachuting is today, it already is developing a lore of its own which will in time compare with that of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. Stories about 'chutists, parachutes, and the things which have happened to pilots with their 'chutes are already gathering, passing from man to man in the newly organized divisions.

The care which a parachute must be given is extremely meticulous. Each parachute carries with it at all times a ticket which tells when and where it was last tested, and by whom. The 'chutes are repacked at regular intervals, dried in towers especially prepared for this purpose. So careful are the officers in charge of parachute maintenance that not even the slightest chance of mishap is permitted. At Ellington Field, Texas, the parachute officers noticed one hot summer afternoon how the sweat of the men repacking the parachutes was dropping on the silk. Realizing how a weak place in the silk might give way under strain, and that the salt in the perspiration might bring about a rotting of the silk, the officer ordered an air conditioning unit put in to prevent any more possibilities of sweat falling on the parachutes.

In smaller ships the parachute is used as a seat and is worn by the pilot at all times during the flight. In large bombers, where frequent moving about in the ship is necessary, the parachutes are kept in racks, and only the harness is worn by the men.

Maneuvering a parachute into a spot landing, taking advantage of wind drifts and calms, is an art which can be compared with the most intricate of stunts. Like an actor, a good parachutist must know his lines. By slackening or shortening the shroud lines, the 'chutist is able to maneuver the parachute to avoid collision with undesirable objects on the ground, such as trees, tension wires, or bridges.

Striking with devastating efficiency on every occasion the Leatherneck paratroops today have added a new meaning to the Marine Corps slogan, "The Marines have landed and have the situation well in hand."



DEVIL DOGS . . .

(Continued from page 25)

human interest, of men's comradeship, of sentimentality shown by strong and fearless fighters, of affection born amidst the throes of shot and shell; affection not only for comrades, but for animals, flags, surroundings, equipment, and in this case for an old battered, shell-wrecked model "T" Ford automobile. Tough Marines who fought in the big fight at Belleau Wood still speak of Elizabeth Ford with a certain reverence and a tinge of pride.

Elizabeth Ford, "Spunky Elizabeth," as much a Marine as any other member of the Old Sixth Marines, was just another Ford before the Battle of Belleau Wood, and like thousands of other raw recruits that swelled the ranks of that now famous body, she was little known. Miss Elizabeth Pearce, of New York City, donated Elizabeth Ford to the 6th Marines in 1917, and when they went overseas she was carried as part of their standard equipment. Elizabeth Ford had many duties to perform before she was given the job that won her recognition. She started out as an ambulance, went through the stages of degeneration to a mail truck, a passenger vehicle, and finally a supply truck. It was in this stage that she entered the fray at Belleau Wood on June the 4th. The Marines who pushed forward got out of the supply range and the Leathernecks were beginning to tighten belts and shoot less often when Elizabeth charged into the battle carrying emergency rations and ammunition. For five long days and nights, two without pause, her driver kept Elizabeth going. They made numerous trips under fire (two of them with ammunition in broad daylight and in plain view of the enemy) and each time arrived safely, even under terrific shell-fire directed at them. Elizabeth, with her body torn and battered, her radiator shot to shreds, her wheels splintered from enemy fire, emaciated and on her death bed, never refused an inch of the way. Within two hundred yards of the enemy she sustained direct shrapnel hits in her engine which hastened her end, and in the words of Wallace Erwin:

"'Twas on the day at those murder woods,
Which the Yankees pronounce Belloo;
We were sent to knock silly, the hopes of Prince Willie
And turn them around D. Q.
We prayed for munitions and cleared our throats
With a waterless eliek . . . Good Lord!
When out of a crater, with bent radiator,
Climbed faithful Elizabeth Ford.
"Cute little 'Lizabeth, dear little 'Lizabeth,
Bonnie Elizabeth Ford!
She was short and squat, but her nose was sot
For the Hindenburg Line . . . O Lord!
She hated a hun like a son-of-a-gun,
The Kaiser she plumb abhorred,
Did chunky Elizabeth, hunky Elizabeth,
Spunky Elizabeth Ford!"

Her driver, Morris F. Fleitz, of Kentucky, was awarded the American Distinguished Service Cross for his fearless action and Elizabeth sported a bright new Croix de Guerre, painted on her shot-ridden body by thankful Marines. After the battle, a Major in the Marine Corps wrote, "How she and the man escaped being annihilated is a mystery, but Elizabeth has won a place in the hearts of the men and she will be repaired if we have to rob six other cars for necessary parts."

Of the many traditions that are handed down from Marine to Marine, perhaps none is more strangely entrenched than their famous hymn which is sung around the world. "From the Halls of Montezuma . . ." harks

back to their invasion of Mexico City in September, 1847, in the days of the Mexican War.

Elated with the victory of American Marines over the Mexicans, a Marine officer sat down in the Aztec Club of the Mexican capitol and scribbled the first verse of the popular ballad. Thus the Marines account for the beginning of the sprightly Hymn which has become a bulwark of their "esprit de corps." The song grew by leaps and bounds and after each important maneuver by the Corps another verse was added. Finally stock of the Hymn was taken by the Marines and a pruning took place which resulted in the song becoming a standard known by Marines from Maine to Shanghai. The music is in an old French opera, "Genevieve de Brabant," but the verses appear to be the work of several unknown authors.

The unknown author of the first verse little thought that his words would be an inspiration to Marines of succeeding generations who were to fight in the Civil and Spanish-American Wars, and on the battlefields of France. For while the Fourth Brigade of Marines was serving overseas, they fought side by side with a French Cavalry Unit and, when one of the French officers was wounded, he was carried to a Yankee field hospital. He could not identify the troops which had fought at his regiment's left. "A lot of them are mounted by this time," he said, "for when our men would be shot from their mounts, these youngsters would give one running leap and gallop ahead as cavalry. I believed they are your soldiers from Montezuma. At least when they advanced this morning they were all singing 'From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli.'"

On the night of July 18, just after the Marines had taken Vierzy, a patrol was sent out to dig entrenchments on the side of a hill. One lad on an isolated post failed to get the word to come in with the rest and was trying to entrench himself when the Germans counterattacked. He found himself alone, surrounded by what seemed to be a thousand Boches. He reached for his rifle and found its stock shattered by a piece of shell. A young Boche lieutenant confronted him. There was nothing to do but surrender. He signified his helplessness, but the Germans didn't appear anxious to molest him. The lieutenant began to jabber at Johnnie, who couldn't comprehend. Several non-coms took up the one-sided conversation when the officer gave up and Johnnie got disgusted. "H—," says he, "if you don't want me, I'm goin' back." So saying he swung the shovel over his shoulder and boldly marched toward the Yankee bivouac. To his surprise and discomfiture the German lieutenant, nodding and smiling, immediately fell in behind, followed in single file by his men.

Suddenly it dawned upon Johnnie that the Germans wished to become prisoners. The fire of conquest ran through his veins. He stopped and counted them, fifty-nine and one officer! What a haul! With a lilting step, head up, shoulders squared and chest thrown out, he peacocked back to our lines and ran directly into company headquarters, the shovel still on his shoulder. When his comrades spied the Huns, most of them armed and equipped, there was a sharp intake of breath, a spontaneous, unanimous "What the . . ." followed by a riotous grabbing of rifles. The alert Germans averted a massacre by promptly sticking up their mitts while Johnnie explained. He was finally given a firearm and permitted to march his prisoners to the rear. It was the only incident in the war in which sixty of the enemy were captured by a Marine armed with a shovel.

It was in 1932 at the Cleveland Air Races that the Devil-Dogs of the Air first gave to the world a new type

(Please turn page)

of aerial warfare. The Marines were asked to show up at the Races and give an aerial exhibition for the multitude of people who had gathered from all over the country. Among the interested spectators were many foreign aviators and diplomats and one Lieutenant Colonel Ernst Udet, a member of Germany's famed Luftwaffe Reserve, became very engrossed in the performance given by the United States Marine Air Corps. Especially when they demonstrated how an objective could effectively be bombed by the use of dive bombing. After the show, Lieutenant Colonel Udet was overheard in a conversation with one of his countrymen.

"We ought to try that in Germany."

THEY DID. . . .

In 1937, just before the Japanese decided that China needed "civilizing," there was only one regiment of Marines in China, and they were scattered out in various Posts. With the threatened war looming ever larger and larger to the residents of Shanghai's Foreign Settlement, the President of the United States ordered the Sixth Marines over to augment the Detachment stationed in Shanghai. Three War correspondents were in the International Club just after the news about the pending arrival of the Marines came over the wire and two of them were definitely disgusted.

"Here we are with fifty thousand howling Chinamen on one side of us, the whole Japanese Army and Navy on our other side, combined air forces flying over us, and what does the Government send us for protection? One regiment of Marines!! One regiment!"

His fellow newspapermen stared at him. One thought he perceived the hilarious action taken by our nation in sending the Sixth Marine over and agreed.

"Yeh! One regiment! What can one regiment of Marines do?"

The third correspondent rose to his feet. Once a Marine, always a Marine, is no piece of fiction. He was angry. There was no doubt about that, for he pounded the table with his clenched fist until every glass in the Club was bouncing.

"Sure one regiment. One regiment of MARINES. What the —!! There's only one war, isn't there?"

Tales told by and about Marines are endless and to gather them all up for publication would take years and volumes would be filled. But the most important fact about the United States Marine Corps is that since its organization in 1775 the Marines have been busy protecting American lives, rights, and property through the world, and have never failed our nation in a time of need.



"Shall I board her, Sir!" called 1st Lt. Will S. Bush to Capt. Hull of the *Constitution* in her battle with the *Guerrier*, Aug. 19, 1812, just before Lt. Bush was killed.

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November, 1941

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Marine Corps Institute Page

3515 So. 10th St.
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June 4, 1941

The Director
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Dear Sir:

In this short letter I should like to show my most profound gratitude for the patience of the staff and opportunity to take this Aviation Engines Course.

While I am not actively employed in aviation mechanics, I fly a plane of an incorporated flying club of which I am a member and though more or less mechanically inclined, this Aviation Engines Course has taught me the intricacy yet comparative simplicity of design of the radial type engines. In general, the course has given me everything pertaining to engines and mechanics, and I sincerely believe I have gained everything possible from my course.

Gratefully and sincerely,
Pvt. R. E. Anderson.

YOU MUST PREPARE

It's an old adage that the best way to meet the future is to take care of the present—which is true with certain reservations. Any man or woman with important work to do today should do it with the very fullest measure of ability and responsibility. This is no time for idle dreaming or leisurely loafing on the job. America is facing a great crisis, the nature of which no one yet fully understands. Great changes are in the making; but we do not know, nor can we accurately forecast, the direction in which the changes will take place. Thus today's vital work is the most essential task for each citizen. But what of tomorrow? The

question, "Where will you be five years from now?" is old-fashioned. Yet it is more fundamental than ever before.

John D. Rockefeller is quoted as having said that occasionally every man ought to stop working and look out of the window to think about his future. Those who are familiar with Mr. Rockefeller's personal life and habits appreciate that he was hardly an advocate of day-dreaming. What he evidently meant was that there are times when nothing you can do now is quite so important as serious reflection on what you may be able to accomplish later. In this way you prepare yourself to meet difficulties which must inevitably arise; you make ready to adapt yourself to changes which cannot be avoided; you arm yourself for progress that can only be made with the help of knowledge gained in advance. This kind of thinking is not the work of a casual hour or of a single

day. The period of staring out of the window is only the commencement of a process.

In brief, your work today needs to be done well, done successfully; but you cannot afford to forget about the future. The clear lofty, and easily perceived horizons of former years are not to be seen. Your future, our whole future, is veiled in mist or shrouded in smoke because of the vast, world-wide upheaval. It is more difficult to plan your future. Therefore, it is more necessary to think about it now. You can do this thinking without deserting or neglecting your present task. You MUST do it to protect intelligently your own self-interest, and to safeguard the general welfare. An alert and progress-minded people is a bulwark of strength in any hour of national stress or strain. A nation of individuals who are concerned for their own good, not in a narrow or petty sense, but in a broad and responsible manner, is a

nation ready to meet and to surpass tomorrow's difficulties.

There are prophets of doom and of gloom abroad in America. Few of them dare to speak openly, but in corners they whisper of impending and on-rushing disaster for our land. Wiser and braver men have neither patience nor tolerance for such mutterings. But this rattling of the bones cannot be ignored. It is not entirely without some meaning. If there is no ghost in the closet, there may be a skeleton. Life does not go on without alterations, and it takes no soothsayer or crystal-gazer to predict that American ways five or ten years hence may for all of us be substantially different from what they are and have been. But it is not change that we should fear. What matters most is how we shall meet the change.

Excerpt from Bulletin Mass. Dept. of Education.



Staff Photo

Corp. Carlos Smith, left, and T. Sgt. Clarence Brown of the Aviation and Automobile Section of the Industrial School.

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

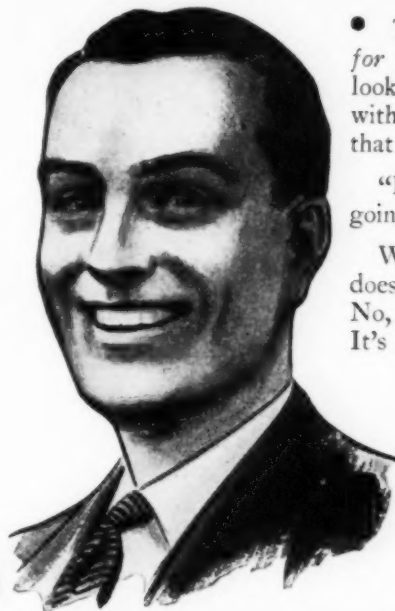
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From the Editor's Desk

OUR COVER: This month The Leatherneck sent Master Technical Sergeant Donald M. Hyde to Quantico for a color shot of a parachutist. What we consider his best Kodachrome you can see on the cover. We wish that we could have run them all—they were one of the best sets of color shots it has been our good fortune to see. Subject for the cover is Corp. John V. Poziemski, Co. A, 1st Parachute Bn.

ABOUT THIS EDITION: Theme of this edition, since magazines, we hear, are supposed to have a theme, is an attempt on our part to show how much progress has been made in modern warfare. The 'jeeps,' and the parachutists are all new phases in the Marine Corps. We thought you would like to know about them. Our thanks to every one who assisted us in preparing this Anniversary Edition.

OUR NEWEST BASE: At New River, S. C., today the First Division is now busy working on its new home. The excodus from Quantico and Parris Island and the arrival at the new base was covered by a staff photographer who made the trip. His comment: "Good chow down there!"

ANOTHER BIRTHDAY: On November 10th, the Marine Corps will be 166 years old. We always get a twinge of pride about this time of the year for being associated with America's oldest fighting force. Possibly you do, also. Being a Marine means something to us. Everytime we hear the Hymn, everytime we see the blue of our corps, everytime we read about the Marines—we stop for a second, throw out our chest and say softly to ourselves: "Swell organization" Semper Fidelis!

FOR NEXT MONTH: On the boards for December is an exciting account of the ferry pilots, those aviators who wing their way back and forth across the North Atlantic. And, an up-to-the-minute yarn on the amphibian tractors. See you in December.



The Editor, THE LEATHERNECK,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

Would you please advise me as to cost and where the new handbooks, "The First Sergeant's Handbook," can be obtained. This book is mentioned in THE LEATHERNECK.

Yours truly,
H. L. MAYFIELD, Sgt., USMC.

Ed.—United States Naval Institute,
Annapolis, Maryland.

The Editor, THE LEATHERNECK,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

On your "Sound Off" page in THE LEATHERNECK for the month of July: The letter from B. Williams asking if he was the smallest man in the Marine Corps. I believe not. There is a man, Pvt. Richard Maney, in Platoon No. 59, Recruit Depot, Parris Island, S. C., undergoing training, who is 64" high, weighs 114 pounds and wears size 5 shoes.

This should be sufficient evidence to prove that Pvt. Williams is not the smallest man in the Marine Corps.

Yours very truly,
PFC. M. F. CLONINGER.

Ed.—Why did we ever start this.

The Editor, THE LEATHERNECK,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I understand that it is possible to transfer from the Marine Corps to guard duty on the Burma Road, China. I would appreciate any information regarding the pay and duties. Does this duty cause a person to lose his United States citizenship.

I have over two years to do on my present enlistment.

Yours truly,
PVT. WILLIAM PHILLIPS.

Ed.—It appears that you have been misinformed or you have been listening to some tall tales by your shipmates.

The Editor, THE LEATHERNECK,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I have a request to make of you. In 1938 I had a letter written to Headquarters with a recommendation for a Gold Life Saving Medal, and as yet I have never received a reply. Would you be so kind as to look into this matter and let me know if I rate one.

Yours very truly,
PFC. LEWIE COSTA.

Ed.—You will be notified officially, as soon as this matter is cleared up.

THE LEATHERNECK

THE GAZETTE

REGULARS

Commissioned and Warrant—September 30 1,868
Enlisted—September 30 47,027

RESERVES ON ACTIVE DUTY

Commissioned and Warrant—September 30 1,575
Enlisted—September 30 11,491

RETIRED ON ACTIVE DUTY

Commissioned and Warrant—September 30 158
Enlisted—September 30 4

AGGREGATE

Commissioned and Warrant—September 30 3,801
Enlisted—September 30 58,522

Total Strength Marine Corps—September 30 62,323



THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, The Major General Commandant.
Brig. Gen. Edward A. Ostermann, The Adjutant and Inspector.
Brig. Gen. Seth Williams, The Quartermaster.
Brig. Gen. Russell B. Putnam, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. C. B. Vogel.
Brig. Gen. J. C. Smith.
Col. J. W. Webb.
Lt. Col. J. N. Frisbie.
Maj. Jaime Sabater.
Capt. T. F. Riley.
1st Lt. J. W. Burkhardt.

Officers last to make numbers in grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. C. B. Vogel.
Brig. Gen. J. C. Smith.
Col. J. W. Webb.
Lt. Col. J. N. Frisbie.
Maj. W. R. Williams.
Capt. T. G. Roe.
1st Lt. J. W. Burkhardt.

RECENT OFFICER NOMINATIONS

Brig. Gen. (acting Maj. Gen.) Holland M. Smith, was nominated to the Senate for promotion to permanent major general in the Marine Corps. Also nominated for promotion to general officer rank was Col. Roy S. Geiger, to be Brigadier General.

These officers will rank from 1 Oct., as will Lt. Col. Louis E. Woods, nominated for colonel; Maj. Gordon Hall, nominated for Lt. Col., and Capt. Roger T. Carlson, nominated for major.

The following first lieutenants were nominated for promotion to captain:

E. P. Henderson
Gordon A. Bell
James M. Clark
Peter J. Spackman
Roy L. Kline
Louis C. Reinberg
John W. Easley
Robert D. Moser
Joseph N. Renner
William R. Collins
Norman Van Dam
John C. Miller, Jr.
Dwight M. Guilloffe
Loren B. Fraser
Harry O. Smith, Jr.
Wendell H. Duplantis
Joseph H. Little, Jr.
Paul R. Tyler
Jean W. Moreau
A. B. Galatian, Jr.
Richard W. Wallace
Wilfrid H. Stiles
W. K. Davenport, Jr.
Donald E. Merker
Harrison Brent, Jr.
James W. Ferguson

Edwin L. Hamilton
Noah J. Rodeheffer
Robert G. McGlachan
Harold J. Mitchener
Joseph P. Sayers
Zane Thompson, Jr.
Daniel J. Hennessy
John L. Smith
James S. Blais
Henry H. Crockett
David W. Stonecliff
Gene S. Neely
S. M. Charlesworth
Robert F. Scott
Thomas C. Moore, Jr.
Paul J. Fontana
George S. Bowman, Jr.
James G. Bishop
Thornton M. Hinkle
Ronald K. Miller
Edward W. Johnston
Louis A. Ennis
Charles L. Banks
James L. Neafus
James C. Murray, Jr.
Wade H. Britt, Jr.

William F. Kramer
Louis B. Robertshaw
Ralph Haas
Ben F. Prewitt
Maynard M. Nohrden
Richard Rothwell
DeWolf Schatzel
John H. Earle, Jr.
William T. Winge, Jr.

Appointed to Second Lieutenants
Andrew I. Lyman

Tom C. Loomis
George F. Britt
Otis B. Brown
A. F. Penzold, Jr.
Noah P. Wood, Jr.
Jean H. Buckner
Frederick H. Lemmer
George T. Skinner
Oscar K. LaRoque, Jr.

Appointed to Second Lieutenants
A. Thur C. Lowell

John D. Jones

Ferranto, Felix L.
Her, Fred B.
Loesch, Robert J.
Chance, James C.
Gillette, Wallace M.
(COMM)

(COMM)
Buck, Carl H.
(BAKER)
Jones, Virgil
(BAKER)

TO SUPPLY SERGEANT:

Martin, Marion K.

Schick, Michael J.

TO PLATOON SERGEANT:

Fields, James S.
Flattery, John E.
Olsen, Thorvald B.
Potts, John M.
Scobell, John J.
Scott, Lawrence J.
Vaughn, Ernest E.
Ckaminsky, Charles
Barrett, Roy
Schilling, Floyd O.
Lofland, Boyd L.
Smith, Erwin S.
Derwae, Clarence L.
Eskew, Jesse J.
Julius, Edward P.
Gaddis, George V.
Julius, Edward P.
Mason, Russell U.
Rizer, John F.

Saurborne, Sa
Stevens, Fred W.
Stickles, Harry H.
Simon, Arthur A.
Malone, John C.
McCluskey, Charles W.
Frank, Theodore L.
Haney, St. Elmo M.
McKevitt, Gerald A.
Roszell, Harold E.
Scott, Wallace "W"
Strain, Vincent P.
Thomas, Alvie L.
Wilson, Alva B.

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Harris, Rolland W.
Horton, Edward F.
(QM Clerk)
Hydrick, Lawrence J.
(COMM)
Nees, Leo Edward
(QM MECH)
Mulrennan, Timothy C.
(MECH FIRE)
Busch, Charles F.
(FIRE)
Dempsey, Ralph P.
(COMM)
Hanft, George J.
(FIRE)
Hollaway, Stanley C.
(BAKER)
Lamoureux, Wesley D.
LePare, William R.
(AVIA)
Scarborough, Otis C.
Miller, Alfred R.
(CLER)
Weindner, James M.
(CLER PAY)
Walters, Albert
(BAKER)
Bailey, Roy C.
(COMM)
Schneider, Loren O.
(QM MECH)
Doneson, Joseph

Baratta, Thomas F.
(PAY)
Ford, Cecil C.
(QM)
Marill, Robert M.
(BAKER)
Mencner, Eric M.
(LINE)
Rindfleisch, Walter F.
(BAKER)
Staley, William R.
(LINE)
Hornaby, Willie D.
(BAKER)
Montgomery, Ralph
(QM CLER)
Warthen, Meade H.
(LINE)
Sorley, Elmer H.
(COMM)
Cotton, Joah Jr.
(BAKER)
Magee, Paul E.
(BAKER)
Mobley, Winston S.
(PAY)
Fraioli, Gerard F. J.
(PAY)
Deck, Donald M.
(COMM)
Ezakovich, Stephen, Jr.
(BAKER)

TO SERGEANT:
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Hayes, Marvin F.
(LINE)

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(LINE)
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Hacker, Frederick

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(COMM)
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Eachliman, Charles
Wingo, Adolph P.

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Schlesinger, Louis

Hughes, William R.

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Fleeman, James D.
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Hemingway, William E.

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Olson, Melvin C.
Carey, John C.

King, Harvey

TO TECHNICAL SERGEANT:

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(COMM)
Peper, Fremont H.
Reeves, Wilford E.
Coburn, Lonice E.
Carraway, Cecil T.
Cody, Alton T.

Kowalski, John
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(QM)
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